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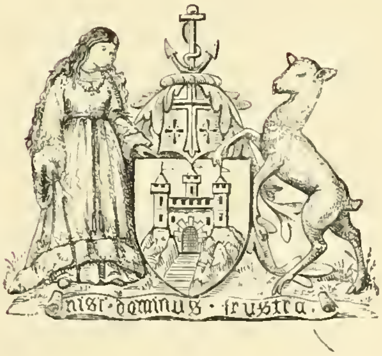
Its History, its People, and its Places.

Illustrated by numerous Engravings.

By JAMES GRANT,

AUTHOR OF "MEMORIALS OF EDINBURGH CASTLE," ETC.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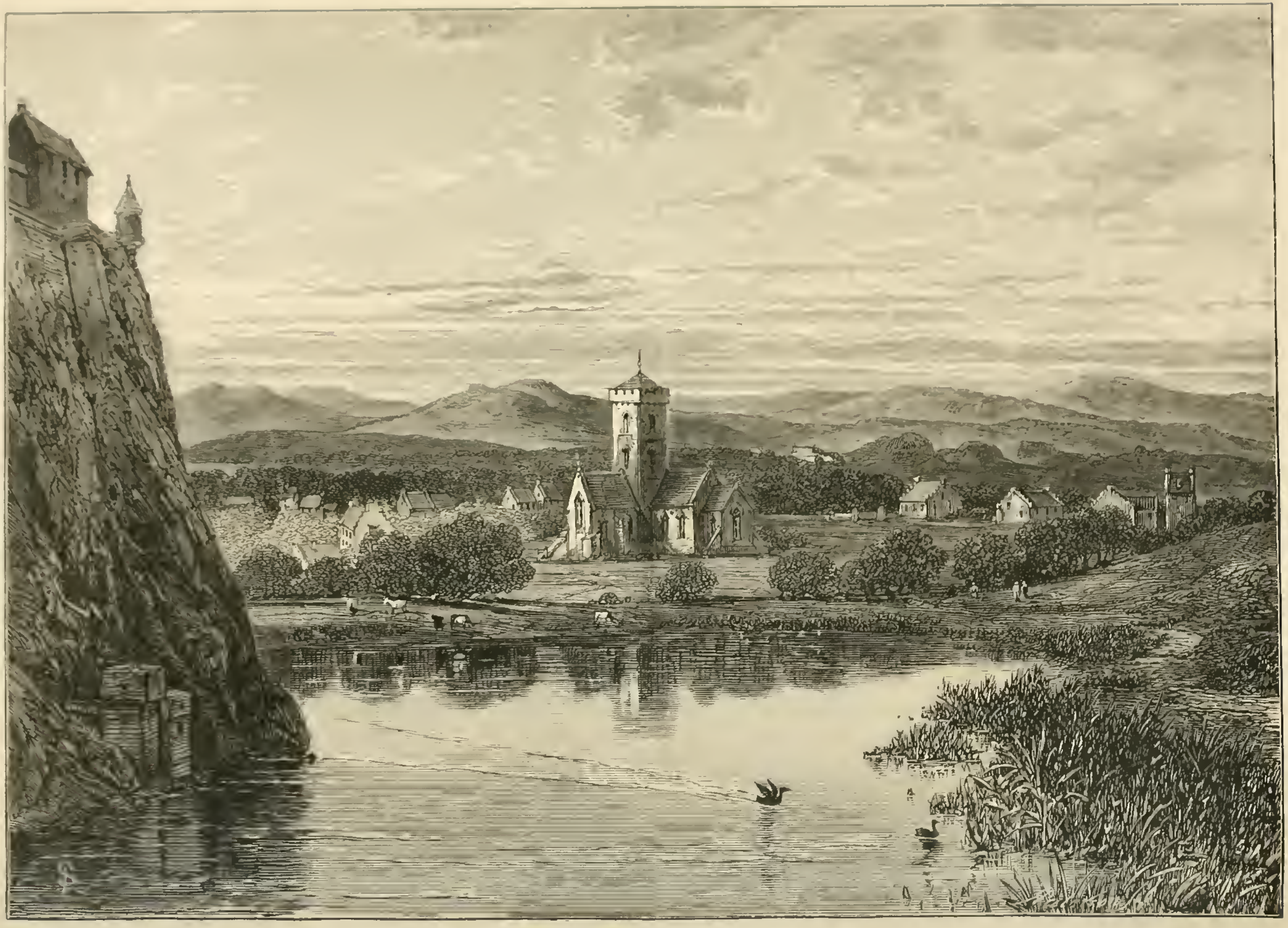

THE OLD CHURCH OF ST. CUTHBERT'S, AND THE NORTH LOCH. (*After Clerk of Eldin*)

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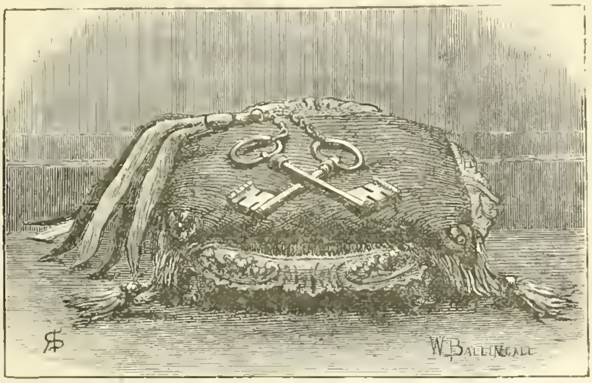

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PAUL'S WORK.

(The room in which Sir Walter Scott corrected his proofs)

OLD AND NEW EDINBURGH.

INTRODUCTION.

EVERY old city has its origin generally placed among the fables and obscurity that envelop the infant state of society, and thus, like that of many other towns and cities, the origin of Edinburgh, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Scotland, recedes so far back into pre-historic times as almost to elude the most patient investigation and labours of research; but in these pages we propose to trace its annals, and to describe the varied and stirring events of which it has been the scene, from those days when all around its site was a wilderness of wood and water, when first the hardy warriors of the Gadeni raised some rude rampart on the precipitous cliffs of the Castle rock, and saw perhaps the gleam of the Roman arms, when, amid the snows of the winter of A.D. 80, Julius Agricola halted on the heights above Dalkeith, down to what we may well call the Edinburgh of the Victorian age, a vast city stretching nearly from the wild and pastoral hills of Braid to the sandy shores of the Firth of Forth.

Edinburgh, now within a few hours' journey from London, was long the capital of a land that was almost a *terra incognita*, not only to England, but to the greater part of Europe, and remained so till nearly the era of the Scott novels. Spreading over many swelling hills and deep ravines, that in some instances are spanned by enormous bridges of stone, it exhibits a striking peculiarity and boldness in its features that render it totally unlike any other city in the world, unless we admit its supposed resemblance to Athens.

Its lofty and commanding site ascends gradually from the shore of the great estuary, till it terminates in the stupendous rock of the Castle, 500 feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded on the southward, east, and west, by an amphitheatre of beautiful hills, covered either with purple heath or the richest copse-wood; while almost from amid its very streets there starts up the lion-shaped mountain named Arthur's Seat, the bare and rocky cone of which has an altitude of 822 feet.

In Edinburgh every step is historical; the memories of a remote and romantic past confront us at every turn and corner, and on every side arise the shades of the dead. Most marked, indeed, is the difference between the old and the new city—the former being so strikingly picturesque in its broken masses and the disorder of its architecture, and the latter so symmetrical and almost severe in the Grecian and Tuscan beauty of its streets and squares; and this perhaps, combined with its natural situation quite as much as its literary character, may have won for it the fanciful name of "the Modern Athens."

On one hand we have, almost unchanged in general aspect, yet changing in detail at the ruthless demands of improvement, the Edinburgh of the Middle Ages—"the Queen of the North upon her hilly throne"—the city of the Davids and of five gallant Jameses—her massive mansions of stone, weather-beaten, old, dark, and time-worn, teeming with historical recollections of many generations of men; many painful and many pitiful memories, some of woe, but more of war and wanton cruelty; of fierce combats and feudal battles; of rancorous quarrels and foreign invasions; and of loyal and noble hearts that were wasted and often broken in their passionate faith to religion and a regal race that is now no more.

On the other hand, and all unlike the warrior city of the middle ages, beyond the deep ravine overlooked by Princes Street—that most beautiful of European terraces—and by that noble pinnacled cross which seems the very shrine of Scott, we have the modern Edinburgh of the days of peace and prosperity, with all its spacious squares and far-stretching streets, adorned by the statues of those great men who but lately trod them. And so the Past and the Present stand face to face, by the valley where of old the waters of the North Loch lay.

In these pages, accordingly, we intend to summon back, like the dissolving views in the magic mirror of Cornelius Agrippa, the Edinburgh of the past, with all the stirring, brilliant, and terrible events of which it has been the arena.

The ghosts of kings and queens, of knights and nobles, shall walk its old streets again, and the brave, or sad, or startling, story of every time-worn tenement will be told; nor shall those buildings that have passed away be forgotten. Again the beacon fires shall seem to blaze on the grassy summits of Soltra and Dunpender, announcing that southern hosts have crossed the Tweed, and summoning the sturdy burgesses, from every echoing close and wynd, in all the array of war, to man their gates and walls, as all were bound, under pain of death, to do when the Deacon Convener of the Trades unfurled "the Blue Blanket" of famous memory.

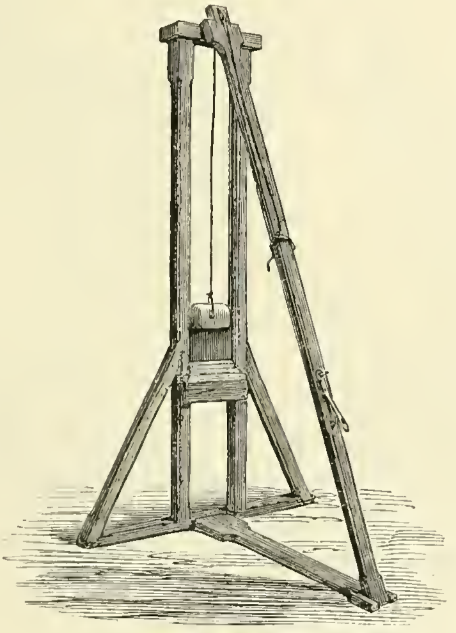
In the ancient High Street we shall meet King David riding forth with hound and horn to hunt in his forest of Drumsheugh, as he did on that Rood-day in harvest when he had the alleged wondrous escape which led to the founding of Holyrood; or we may see him seated at the Castle gate, dispensing justice to his people—especially to the poor—in that simple fashion which won for him the proud title of the Scottish Justinian.

In the same street we shall see the mail-clad Douglases and Hamiltons carrying out their mortal feud with horse and spear, axe and sword; and anon meet him "who never feared the face of man," John Knox, grown old and tottering, white-bearded and wan, leaning on the arm of sweet young Margaret Stewart of Ochiltree, as he proceeds to preach for the last time in St. Giles's; and we shall also see the sorrowing group that gathered around his grave in the old churchyard that lay thereby, and where still that grave is marked by bronzes let into the pavement.

Again the trumpets that breathed war and defiance shall ring at the Market Cross, and we may hear the mysterious voice that at midnight called aloud the death-roll of those who were doomed to fall on Flodden field, and the wail of woe that went through the startled city when tidings of the fatal battle came.

We shall see the countless windows of those towering mansions again filled with wondering, exulting, or sorrowing faces, as the wily Earl of Morton lays his head under the axe of the "Maiden," and the splendid Montrose, as he is dragged to a felon's doom, with the George sparkling on his breast and the Latin history of his battles tied in mockery to his neck; again, we shall see Jenny Geddes hurl her fauldstool at the dean's head as he gives out the obnoxious liturgy; and, anon, the resolute and sombre Covenanters, grasping their swords in defence of "an oppressed Kirk and a broken Covenant."

In the Cowgate—whilom a pleasant country lane between green hedgerows, with its southern slope covered by yellow corn or grass, among which the cattle browsed knee deep till the thrifty monks of Melrose began to speculate in household property, in the days when James I. was king—in the Cowgate we shall again see the fated Cardinal Beaton occupying his turreted mansion at the corner of the Blackfriars Wynd; and, anon, Mary Stuart, nearly a mother, yet in all her girlish loveliness, afoot under a silken canopy, escorted by her archer guard and torch-bearers, proceeding to the ball at Holyrood on that fatal night in February, when a flood of red flame was seen to rise near the Dominican garden, and a roar as of thunder shook the city wall, when the dissolute Darnley was done to death in the lonely Kirk-of-field.



THE "MAIDEN."
(*From the Instrument in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.*)

Again we shall see her, when she is led in from Carberry Hill, a helpless captive in the midst of her rebel nobles, and thrust—pale, dishevelled, in tears, and covered with dust—into the gloomy stone-chambers of the famous Black Turnpike, while the fierce and coarse revilings of the inflamed multitude made her woman's heart seem to die within her.

Turning into the High School Wynd, under the shadow of its quaint, abutting, and timber-fronted mansions, we shall meet the Princess—for such she was—Elizabeth St. Clair of Roslin, surrounded by the state which Hay records; for he tells us that she "was served (in the days of James II.) by seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, clothed in velvet and silks, with their chains of gold and other ornaments, and was attended by 200 riding gentlemen in all journeys; and if it happened to be dark when she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings were at the foot of the Blackfriars Wynd, eighty lighted torches were carried before her."

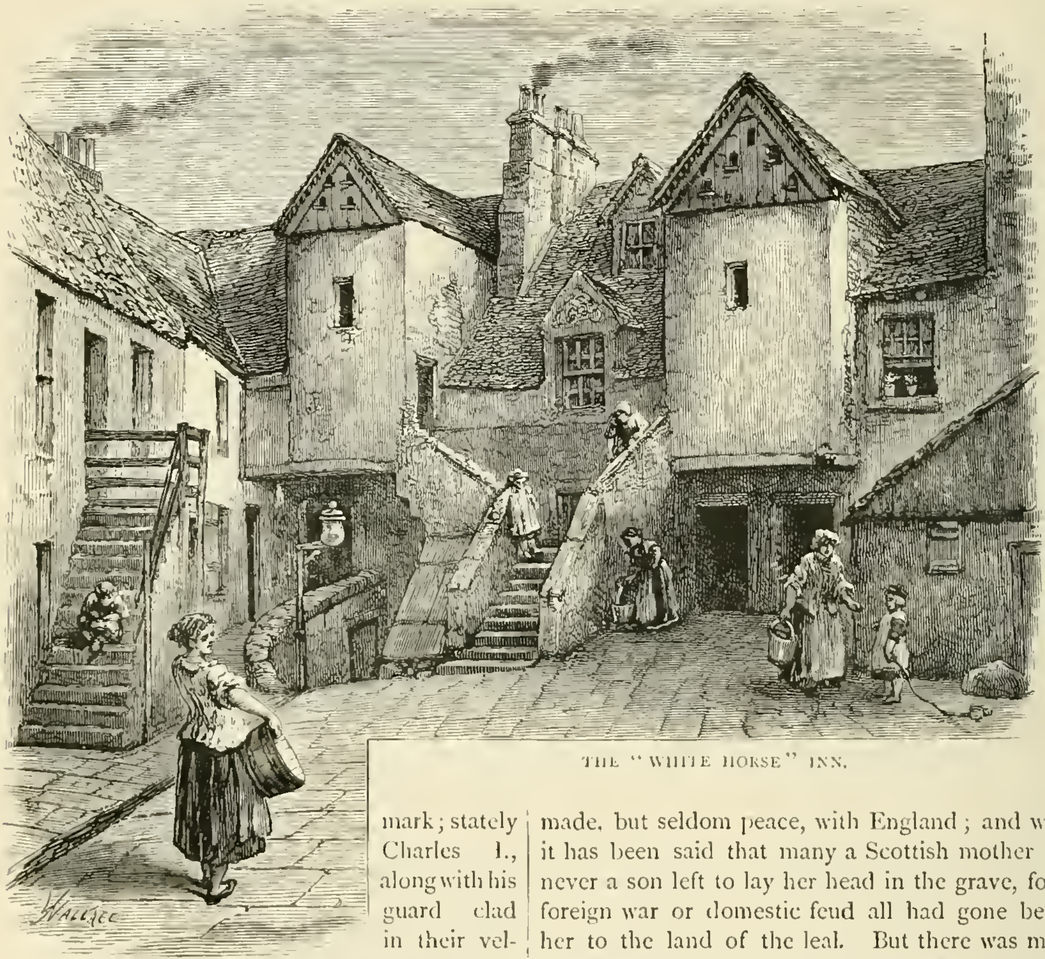
Here, in later years, was often seen one who was to write of all these things as no man ever wrote before or since—a little lame boy, fair-haired and blue-eyed, named Walter Scott, limping to school with satchel on back, and playing, it might be, "the truant," with Skene, Graham Dalzell, or others, who in future days were to add to the literary glory of their country and the intellectual supremacy of their native city.

In Liberton's Wynd we shall visit Dowie's Tavern, one of the most popular in its day, the resort of the Lords of Session on leaving Court, and, more than all, the resort of Robert Burns, who may have indited there some of his famous letters to "Clarinda," at her abode in Alison Square—Burns, "the burly ploughman from Ayrshire, with swarthy features and wonderful black eyes," who stood reverently bareheaded by the then unmarked grave of Fergusson in the grass-grown Canongate churchyard.

Again shall be seen the city girt by its lofty walls and those embattled gates, which were seldom without a row of human heads on iron spikes—the grisly relics of those who were too often the victims of dire misrule—with the black kites, then the chief scavengers in the streets, hovering about them.

In the steep and quaint West Bow—now nearly all removed—dwelt the Wizard, Weir of Kirkton, who perished at the stake in 1670, together with his sister and the wonderful walking-stick, which was surmounted by a carved head, and performed his errands. His lofty mansion, long the alleged abode of spectres, and a source of terror to the neighbourhood, was demolished only in the spring of 1878.

In that ancient street, long deemed the grand entrance to Edinburgh, we shall see once more the long lines of gilded sedans, attended by linkmen and armed servants, escorting belles and beaux, powdered and patched, proceeding in state to the old Assembly Room; and also the monarchs who have entered the city by that remarkable route, ascending it in succession, surrounded by all their bravery: James VI. and his bride, Anne of Denmark; stately Charles I., along with his guard clad in their velvet doublets with gilded partisans; Oliver Cromwell, with his grim Ironsides; Charles II., before Dunbar was fought and lost; and, lastly, James VII. of Scotland, when Duke of Albany and High Commissioner to the Parliament.



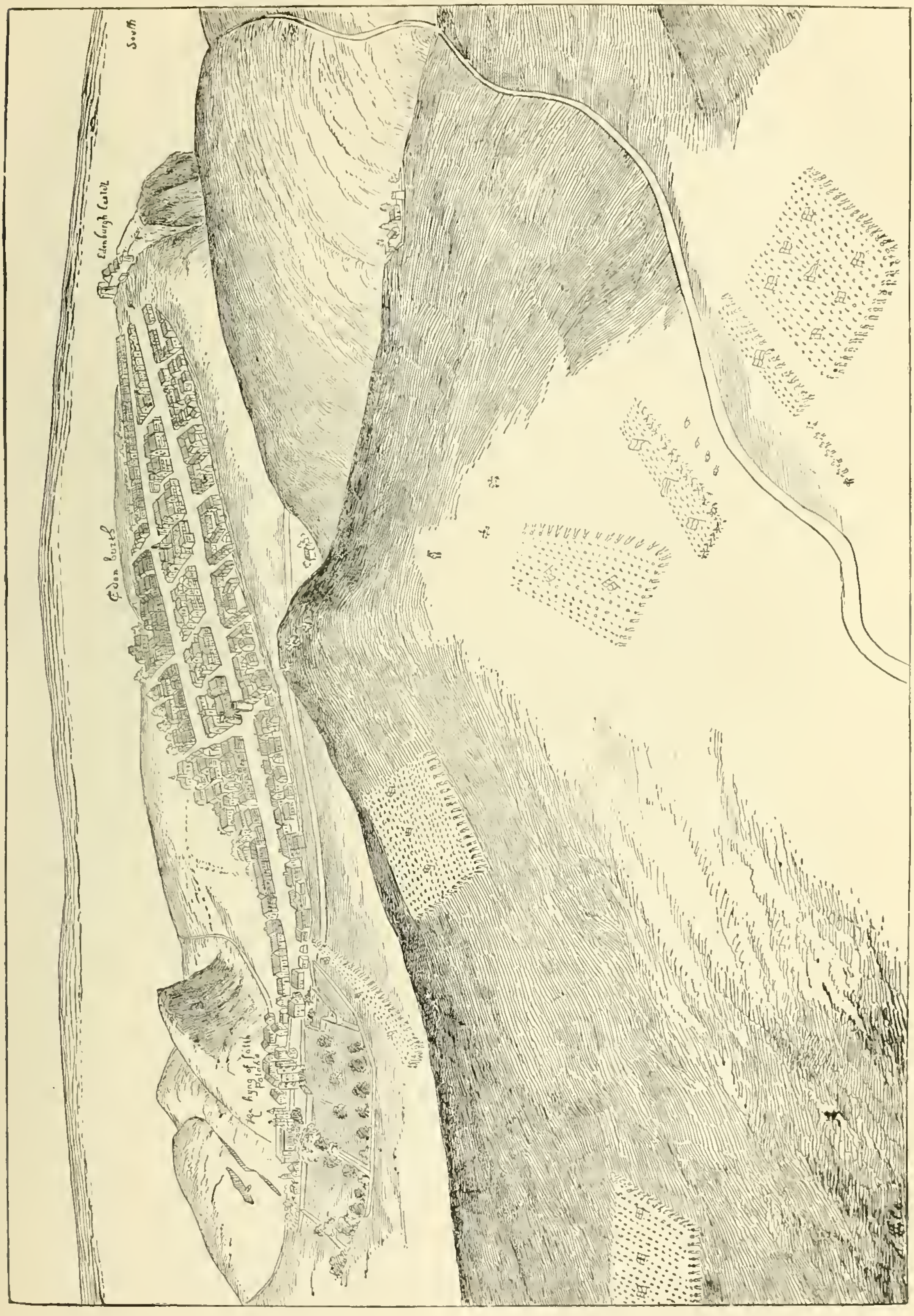
THE "WHITE HORSE" INN.

Down that steep street went a horde of unfortunates in early times to the place of doom; thus, it had acquired a peculiar character, till the hand of improvement changed it; and in later years down it came a victim of another kind, the frantic and shrieking Porteous, borne by that infuriated mob, which spread over all the spacious Grassmarket like a human surge, and strung him up to a dyer's pole.

In the old city there is not a street wherein blood has not been shed again and again, in war and local tumult, for it is the Edinburgh of those days when the sword was never in its scabbard; when to settle a quarrel *à la mode d'Edimbourg* was a European proverb; when the death-bed advice of Bruce was carried out, and truces were made, but seldom peace, with England; and when it has been said that many a Scottish mother had never a son left to lay her head in the grave, for in foreign war or domestic feud all had gone before her to the land of the leal. But there was much of the Spartan spirit in the Scottish matron of those and later times—a feeling that is embodied in the well-known Jacobite song, in which one of these mothers is made to say:—

> "I once had sons, I now hae nane,
> I bore them, toiling sairlie;
> But I would bear them a' again,
> To lose them a' for Charlie!"

We are told that when David Home of Wedderburn, father of the historian of the Douglases, died, in 1574, of consumption, in his fiftieth year, he was the first of his race who had died a



FACSIMILE OF A VIEW OF EDINBURGH IN 1544—THE ARMY OF THE EARL OF HERTFORD APPROACHING THE CITY BY THE CALTON HILL AND WATERGATE. *(From the Original in the Cottonian MSS., British Museum.)*

natural death—all the rest having lost their lives in defence of their country."

If we turn to Holyrood, what visions and memories must arise of Knox, standing grim and stern before his queen, in his black Geneva cloak, with his hands planted on the horn handle of his long walking-cane, daringly rebuking her love of music and dancing—unbending, unyielding, and unmelted, by either her exalted rank, her beauty, or her tears; and of that terrible night in the Tower of James V., when sickly Ruthven, looking pale as a spectre under the open visor of his helmet, drew back with gauntleted hand the ancient arras as the assassins stole up the secret stair,—and then Rizzio, clinging wildly to the queen's skirt, and dying beneath her eyes of many a mortal wound, with Darnley's dagger planted in his body; of Charles Edward, in the prime of his youth and comeliness, already seeing the crown of the Stuarts upon his exiled father's head, surrounded by exultant Jacobite ladies, with white cockades on their bosoms, and dancing in the long gallery of the kings to the sound of the same pipes that blew the onset at Falkirk and Culloden!

A very few years later, and Boswell, and Dr. Johnson in his brown suit with steel buttons, might have been seen coming arm-in-arm from the White Horse Hostel in Boyd's Close—the burly lexicographer, as his obsequious follower tells us, grumbling and stumbling in the dark, as they proceeded on their way to the abode of the latter in James's Court; but his visit to Scotland compelled the pedant, who trembled at the Cock Lane ghost and yet laughed at the idea of an earthquake in Lisbon, to have, as Macaulay says, "a salutary suspicion of his own deficiencies, which seems on that occasion to have crossed his mind for the first time."

In yonder house, in Dunbar's Close, the Ironsides of Cromwell had their guard-house; and on the adjacent bartizan, that commanded a view of all the fields and farms to the north, in the autumn evenings of 1650, the Protector often sat with Mathew Thomlinson, Monk, and Ireton, each smoking their yards of clay and drinking Scottish ale, or claret, and expounding, it might be, texts of Scripture, while their batteries at the Lang-gate and Heriot's Hospital threw shot and shell at the Castle, then feebly defended by the treacherous Dundas, from whom the Protector's gold won what, he himself admitted, steel and shot might never have done, the fortress never before being so strong as it was then, with all its stores and garrison. And in that wynd, to which, in perishing, he gave his name, we shall see the sturdy craftsman Halkerston fighting to the death, with his two-handed sword, against the English invaders. Turn which way we may in Edinburgh, that stirring past attends us, and every old stone is a record of the days, the years, and the people, who have passed away.

In a cellar not far distant the Treaty of Union was partly signed, in haste and fear and trembling, while the street without rang with the yells and opprobrious cries of the infuriated mob; and after that event, by the general desertion of the nobility, came what has been emphatically called the *Dark Age* of Edinburgh—that dull and heartless period when grass was seen to grow around the market-cross, when a strange and unnatural stillness—the stillness of village life—seemed to settle over every one and everything, when the author of "Douglas" was put under ban for daring to write that tragedy, and when men made their last will and testament before setting out by the stage for London, and when such advertisements appeared as that which we find in the *Edinburgh Courant* for 7th March, 1761—"A young lady who is about to set out for London in a post-chaise will be glad of a companion. Enquire at the publisher of this paper;" —when Edinburgh was so secluded and had such little intercourse with London, that on one occasion the mail brought but a single letter (for the British Linen Company), and the dullness of local life received a fillip only when Admiral de Fourbin was off the coast of Fife, or the presence of Thurot the corsair, or of Paul Jones, brought back some of the old Scottish spirit of the past.

The stately oaks of the Burghmuir, under which Guy of Namur's Flemish lances fled in ruin and defeat before the Scots of Douglas and Dalhousie, have long since passed away, and handsome modern villas cover all the land to the base of the bordering hills; but the old battle stone, in which our kings planted their standards, and which marked the Campus Martius of the Scottish hosts, still lingers there on the south; and the once lonely Figgatemuir on the east, where the monks of Holyrood grazed their flocks and herds, and where Wallace mustered his warriors prior to the storming of Dunbar, is now a pleasant little watering place, which somewhat vainly boasts itself "the Scottish Brighton."

The remarkable appearance and construction of old Edinburgh—towering skyward, storey upon storey, with all its black and bulky chimneys, crow-stepped gables, and outside stairs—arise from the circumstance of its having been twice walled, and the necessity for residing within these barriers, for protection in times of foreign or domestic war. Thus, what Victor Hugo says of the Paris of Philip

Augustus seems peculiarly applicable to the Edinburgh of James V., and still more to that of James II.

"He imprisoned Paris in a circular chain of great towers, high and solid," says the author of "Notre Dame;" "for more than a century after this the houses went on pressing upon each other, accumulating and rising higher and higher. They got deeper and deeper; they piled storeys on storeys; they mounted one upon another; they shot up monstrously tall, for they had not room to grow breadthwise; each sought to raise its head above its neighbour to have a little air; every open space became filled up, and disappeared. The houses at length leaped over the wall of Philip Augustus, and scattered themselves joyously over the plain. Then they did what they liked, and cut themselves gardens out of the fields."

And of the old walled city the well-known lines of Scott are most apposite :—

"Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
When the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!"

New Edinburgh appeals to us in a different sense. It tells peculiarly in all its phases of modern splendour, wealth, luxury, and all the arts of peace, while "in no other city," it has been said, "will you find so general an appreciation of books, arts, music, and objects of antiquarian interest. It is peculiarly free from the taint of the ledger and counting-house. It is a Weimar without a Goethe—Boston without its twang."

This is the Edinburgh through the noble streets of which Scott limped in his old age, white-haired and slow, leaning often on the arm of Lockhart or the grey-plaided Ettrick Shepherd; the Edinburgh where the erect and stalwart form of the athletic "Christopher North," with his long locks of grizzled yellow—his "tawny mane," as he called them—floating on the breeze, his keen blue eyes seemingly fixed on vacancy, his left hand planted behind his back, and his white neckcloth oft awry, strode daily from Gloucester Place to the University, or to "Ebony's," to meet Jeffrey, Rutherford, Cockburn, Delta, Aytoun, Edward Forbes, and Carlyle; the Edinburgh where Simpson, the good, the wise, and the gentle, made his discovery concerning chloroform, and made his mark, too, as "the grand old Scottish doctor," whose house in Queen Street was a focus for all the learned and all the *literati* of Europe and America —the Edinburgh of the Georgian and Victorian age.

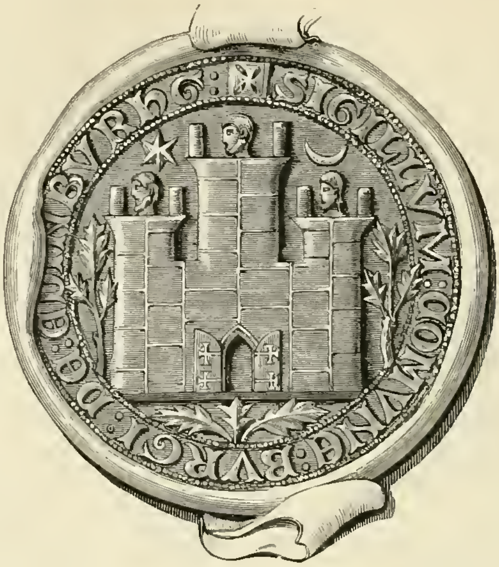
We propose to trace the annals of its glorious University, from the infant establishment, founded by the legacy of Robert Bishop of Orkney, in 1581, and which was grafted on the ancient edifice in the Kirk-of-Field, and the power of which, as years went on, spread fast wherever law, theology, medicine, and art, were known. The youngest and yet the noblest of all Scottish universities, enrolling yearly the greatest number of students, it has been the *alma mater* of many men, who, in every department of learning and literature, have proved themselves second to none; and from the early days when Rollock taught, to those when it rose into repute as a great school of medicine under the three Munroes, who held with honour the chair of anatomy for 150 years, and when, in other branches of knowledge, its fame grew under Maclaurin, Black, Fergusson, Stewart, Hamilton, Forbes, Syme, and Brewster, we shall trace its history down to the present day, when its privileges and efficiency were so signally augmented by the Scottish University Act of 1858.

Nor shall we omit to trace the origin and development of the stage in Edinburgh, from the time when the masks or plays of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount were performed in the open air in the days of James V., "when weather served," at the Greenside-well beneath the Calton Hill, and the theatre at the Watergate, when "his Majesty's servants from London" were patronised by the Duke of Albany and York, then resident in Holyrood, down to the larger establishments in the Canongate, under the litigious Tony Aston, and those of later years, which saw the performances of Kean, Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, and the production of the Waverley dramas, under the auspices of Terry, who, as Scott said, laughingly, had "terrified" his romances into plays.

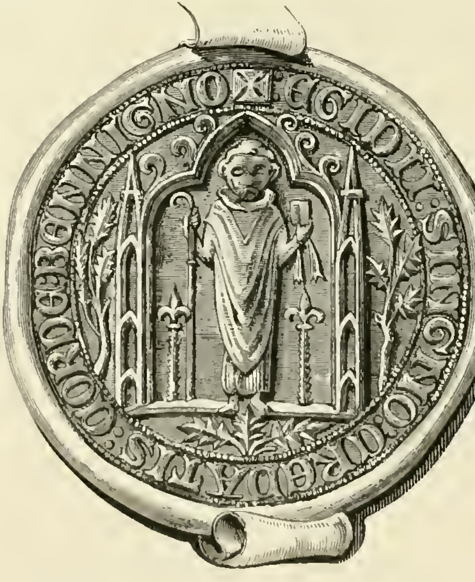
Arthur's Seat and the stupendous craigs, the name of which is so absurdly and grotesquely corrupted into "Salisbury," alone are unchanged since those pre-historic days, when, towering amid the wilderness, they overlooked the vast forest of oaks that stretched from the pastoral hills of Braid to the sea—the wood of Drumsheugh, wherein roamed the snow-white Caledonian bull, those ferocious Caledonian boars, which, as Martial tells us, were used to heighten the torments of unhappy sufferers on the cross; the elk the stag, and the wolf; and amid which rose the long ridgy slope—the *Edin*—that formed the site of the future old city, terminating in the abrupt bluff of the Castle rock. There, too, rose the bare round mass of the Calton, the abode of the fox and hare, and where the bustard had its nest amid the gorse;

and here and there were sedgy pools and lonely tarns, where the heron fished and waded, with the great sheet of the South Loch, where now the Meadows lie; and there, too, was Duddingston, but in size twice the extent we find it now.

Of all these hills have looked on since the Roman altars of Jove smoked at Inveresk and Cramond, of all the grim old fortress on its rock and St. Giles's Gothic and imperial crown have seen, we shall endeavour to lay the wondrous story before our readers.


COMMON SEAL OF EDINBURGH.* (*After Henry Laing.*)

The generations of men are like the waves of the sea; we know not whence they come or whither they go; but generation after generation of citizens shall pass before us like Banquo's spectral line of kings; the men of Dinas-Eiddyn, with their glittering torques, armlets, and floating hair; the hooded Scoto-Saxons of Lothian and the Merse, with ringed byrnes and long battle-axes; the steel-clad knights of the Bruces and the Jameses; merchants and burghers in broadcloth; monks, abbots, and nuns; Templars on their trial at Holyrood for sorcery and blasphemy; Knights-hospitallers and hermits of St. Anthony; the old fighting merchant mariners of Leith, such as the Woods, the Bartons, and Sir Alexander Mathieson, "the king of the sea;" witches and wizards perishing in the flames at the Grassmarket or the Gallowlee; the craftsmen in arms, with their Blue Banner displayed; stout and true Covenanters borne forth in groups to die at the gallows or in the Greyfriars churchyard, where stands the tomb which tells us how 18,000 of them perished as "noble martyrs for Jesus Christ;" cavaliers in all their bravery and pride, and in the days of their suffering and downfall; the brawling gallants of a century later, who wore lace ruffles and rapiers, and "paraded" their opponents on the smallest provocation in the Duke's Walk behind Holyrood; the grave senators and jovial lawyers of the last century, who held their "high jinks" in dingy taverns near the Parliament House; and many of the quaint old citizens who figure in the valuable repertory of Kay:—all shall pass in review before us, and we shall touch on them one and all, as we think of them, tenderly and kindly, as of those who are long since dead and gone—gone to their solemn account at the foot of the Great White Throne. In picturesque beauty the capital of Scotland is second to none. "What the tour of Europe was necessary to see, I find congregated in this one city," said Sir David Wilkie. "Here alike are the beauties of Prague and of Salzburg, the romantic sites of Orvieto and Tivoli, and all the magnificence of the Bays of Naples and Genoa. Here, indeed, to the painter's fancy may be found realised the Roman Capitol and the Grecian Acropolis."


COUNTER SEAL OF THE ABOVE † (*After Henry Laing.*)

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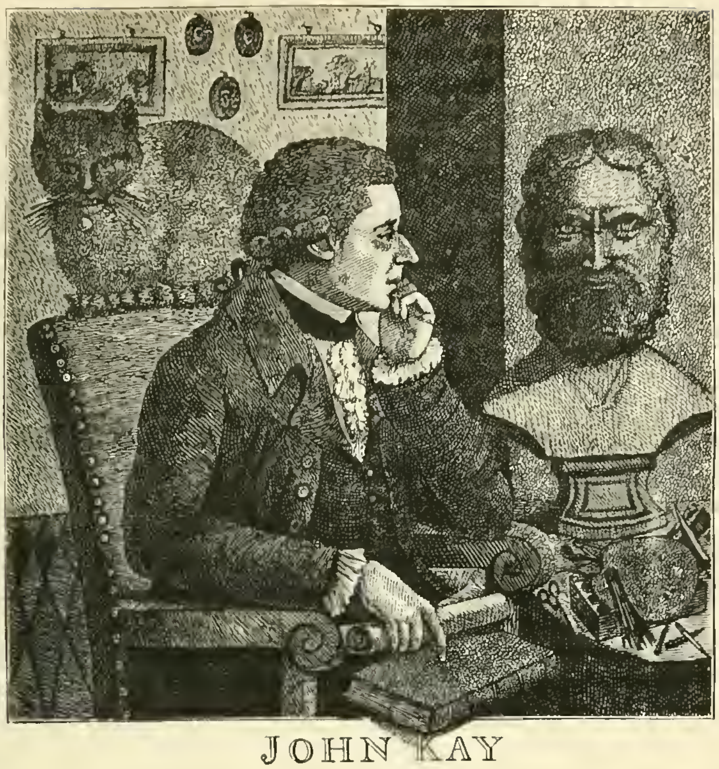
* The device of the common seal represents a castle triple-towered, the gates thrown open. In each of the towers is the head of a soldier. Foliage appears at the lower part and sides of the seal, and above the towers may be seen a crescent and a mullet. The lettering is "SIGILLUM COMMUNE BURGI DE EDINBURHG."

† A full length figure of St. Giles standing within a Gothic porch in pontifical vestments but without a mitre; in his right hand he holds a crozier, and in his left a book. At each side is a short staff terminating in a fleur-de-lis. Branches of foliage ornament the lower part and sides of the design. The lettering is "EGIDII SINGNO CREDATIS (COROR BENNI) GNO." (*From a Document dated* 1392).



JOHN KAY (1786). (*Fac-simile of the Portrait etched by himself.*)

CHAPTER I.

PREHISTORIC EDINBURGH.

The Site before the Houses—Traces of Early Inhabitants—The Caledonian Tribes—Agricola's Invasion—Subjection of the Scottish Lowlands—The Roman Way—Edinburgh never occupied permanently—Various Roman Remains: Urns, Coins, Busts; Swords, Spears, and other Weapons—Ancient Coffins—The Camus, or Cath-stone—Origin of the name "Edinburgh"—Dinas-Eiddyn—The Battle of Catraeth.

On the arrival of Agricola's Roman army in the Lothians, about the year A.D. 80, the Ottadeni appear, according to Chalmers, to have occupied the whole extent of coast from the Tyne to the Firth of Forth, including, that is, a part of Northumberland and Roxburghshire, the whole of the Merse, and Haddingtonshire. The Gadeni, whose territory lay in the interior country, parallel and contiguous to that of the Ottadeni, had all the land from the Tyne to the south of the Forth; they held, namely, the western parts of Northumberland, Roxburghshire, the whole of Falkirk, Tweeddale, and much of the Lothians.

These were two of the twenty-one Caledonian tribes who were connected by such slight ties as scarcely to enjoy a social state, and who then occupied the whole of Northern Britain.

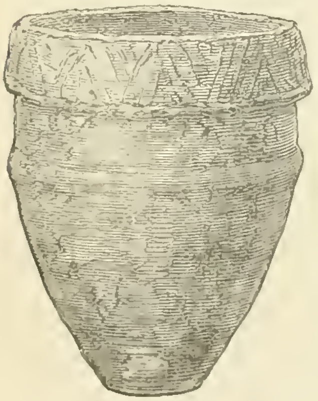
That these Ottadeni and Gadeni were well armed, and resisted bravely, the number of camps and battle-stones scattered throughout the country amply attests; and it is not improbable that the site of Dalkeith (*Dalcath*, or the field of battle) may have seen some struggle with Agricola's Roman, Batavian, and Tungrian cohorts.

It was not until the year 83 that Agricola resolved to penetrate into the districts beyond the Forth, as he dreaded a more united resistance from the Caledonian tribes, who had hitherto been hostile to each other. Guided by the information of naval officers who had surveyed the coast, his army crossed the Forth at Inchgarvie, and landed at the north ferry, from whence he proceeded to fight his way towards the Grampians; but it was not until the year 140 that the Scottish Lowlands were entirely subjected to Roman sway, by Lollius Urbicus, whose legions have left so many rough-hewn votive altars and graven memorials of the Valens Victrix, with devotional dedications, Imperatori Cæsari. Tito. Œlio. Hadriano. Antonino. Aug. Pio. Patri. Patriæ.

Although the Roman military causeway—of which some fragments still remain—from Brittanodunum to Alterva (*i.e.* from Dunbar to Cramond) passed close to it, the Castle rock never appears to have become a Roman station; and it is sufficiently curious that the military engineers of the invaders should have neglected such a strong and natural fortification as that steep and insulated mass, situated as it was in Valentia, one of their six provinces in Britain.

Many relics of the Romans have been turned up from time to time upon the site of Edinburgh, but not the slightest trace has been found to indicate that it was ever occupied by them as a dwelling-place or city. Yet, Ptolemy, in his "Geography," speaks of the place as the *Castrum alatum*, "a winged camp, or a height, flanked on each side by successive heights, girded with intermediate valleys." Hence, the site may have been a native fort or hill camp of the Ottadeni.

When cutting a new road over the Calton Hill, in 1817, a Roman urn was found entire; another (supposed to be Roman), eleven and a half inches in height, was found when digging the foundation of the north pier of the Dean Bridge, that spans a deep ravine, through which the Water of Leith finds its way to the neighbouring port. In 1782 a coin of the Emperor Vespasian was found in a garden of the Pleasance, and is now in the Museum of Antiquities; and when excavating in St. Ninian's Row, on the western side of the Calton, in 1815, there was found a quantity of fine red Samian ware, of the usual embossed character. In 1822, when enlarging the drain by which the old bed of the North Loch was kept dry, almost at the base of the Castle rock, portions of an ancient Roman causeway were discovered, four feet below the modern road. Another portion of a Roman way, composed of irregular rounded stones, closely rammed together on a bed of forced soil, coloured with fragments of brick, was discovered beneath the foundations of the Trinity College Church, when it was demolished in 1845. The portions of it discovered in 1822 included a branch extending a considerable way eastward along the north back of the Canongate, towards the well-known Roman road at Portobello, popularly known as "The Fishwives' Causeway." "Here," says Dr. Wilson, "we recover the traces of the Roman way in its course from Eildon to Cramond and Kinneil, with a diverging road to the important town and harbour at Inveresk, showing beyond doubt that Edinburgh had formed a *link* between these several Roman sites."



ROMAN URN FOUND AT THE DEAN.
(*From the Antiquarian Museum.*)

Within a few yards of the point where this road crossed the brow of the city ridge were built into the wall of a house, nearly opposite to that of John Knox, two beautifully sculptured heads of the Emperor Septimius Severus and his wife Julia. These busts, which Maitland, in his time (1750), says were brought from an adjacent building, Wilson the antiquary conjectures were more probably found when excavating a foundation; but under the causeway of High Street, in 1850, two silver denarii of the same emperor were found in excellent preservation.

These busts were doubtless some relic of the visit paid to the colony by Septimius Severus, for Alexander Gordon, in his "Itinerarium Septentrionale," published in 1726, says:—"About this time it would appear that Julia, the wife of Severus, and the greatest part of the imperial family, were in the country of Caledonia; for Xephilin, from Dio, mentions a very remarkable occurrence which there happened to the Empress Julia and the wife of Argentocoxus, a Caledonian."

Passing, however, from the Roman period, many distant traces have been found of people who dwelt on, or near, the site of Edinburgh, in what may be called, if the term be allowable, the prehistoric period.

In constructing the new road to Leith, leading from the centre of Bellevue Crescent, in 1823, several stone cists, of circumscribed form, wherein the bodies had been bent double, were found; and these being disposed nearly due east and west, were assumed, but without evidence, to have been the remains of Christians. In 1822 another was found in the Royal Circus, buried north and south; the skeleton crumbled into dust on being exposed, all save the teeth.

During the following year, 1823, several rude stone coffins were discovered when digging the foundations of a house in Saxe Coburg Place, near St. Bernard's Chapel. One of them contained two urns of baked clay, from which circumstance it was supposed that this was a place of interment, at the period when the Romans had penetrated thus far north, and the Ottadeni, in imitation of their practice, had adopted the cremation of their dead, while adhering to their ancient form of sepulchre. Similar evidences of the occupation of the locality by an ancient people have been found all round Edinburgh.

The skeleton of a woman buried in the same fashion, with head and feet together, was found on the eastern slope of Arthur's Seat in 1858, and within the cist lay the lid of a stone quern or hand-mill. Of the same early period was, perhaps, the cist which was found on the coast of the Firth, when the Edinburgh and Granton Railway was made, the skeleton in which had on it ornaments formed of the common cockle-shell.

Some graves of a later and more civilised period were found in 1850, when the immense reservoir was excavated on the Castle Hill, on the highest ground, and in the very heart of the ancient city. On the removal of some buildings of the seventeenth century, and after uprooting some portions of the massive wall of 1450, lower down, at a depth of twenty-five feet, and entirely below the foundation of the latter, "the excavators came upon a bed of clay, and beneath this was a thick layer of moss, or decayed animal and vegetable matter, in which was found a coin of the Emperor Constantine, thus suggesting a date approximating to the beginning of the fourth century. Immediately under this were two coffins, each formed of a solid trunk of oak, measuring about six feet in length. They were rough, and unshapen externally, as when hewn down in their native forest, and appeared to have been split open; but within they were hollowed out with considerable care, a circular space being formed for the head, and, indeed, the interior of both had considerable resemblance to what is usually seen in the stone coffins of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. They lay nearly due east and west, with their heads to the west. One of them contained a male and the other a female skeleton, unaccompanied by any weapons or other relics; but between the two coffins the skull and antlers of a gigantic deer were found, and alongside of them a portion of another horn, artificially cut, forming, most probably, the head of the spear with which the old hunter armed himself for the chase. The discovery of such primitive relics in the very heart of a busy population, and the theatre of not a few memorable historical events, is even more calculated to awaken our interest, by the striking contrast which it presents, than when found beneath the low, sepulchral mound, or exposed by the operations of the agriculturist. An unsuccessful attempt was made to remove one of the coffins. Even the skulls were so much decayed that they went to pieces on being lifted; but the skull and horns of the deer found alongside of them are now deposited in the Scottish Museum."*

Many relics and weapons of the bronze period have been discovered in and around the site of Edinburgh. Some of the most perfect and polished of these weapons are now in the Museum at Abbotsford; and about fifty pieces of swords, spear-heads, and other fragments of weapons, all more or less affected by fire, are in the collection of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. The swords are of the leaf-shaped form, with perforated handles, to which bone or wood has been attached, and many of the large spear-heads are pierced with a variety of ornamental designs.

During the construction, in 1846, of that part of the Queen's Drive which lies directly above the loch, on the southern slope of Arthur's Seat, two of the most beautiful and perfectly leaf-shaped swords ever found in Scotland were discovered in a bed of charcoal, and are now in the Scottish Antiquarian Museum. The blade of the largest measures 26¼ inches in length, and 1¾ inches at the broadest part. Not far from the same place a cup or lamp of clay and celts of bronze were also discovered, and, at "Samson's Ribs," a cinerary urn.

On the green slopes of the same hill may be seen still the traces of ancient civilisation, in some now-forgotten mode of cultivating the soil—forgotten unless we recall the terraces of the Rhine, or the ancient parallels of the Peruvians in the Cordilleras of the Andes. "On the summer evenings, while the long shadows still linger on the eastern slope of Arthur's Seat, it is seen to rise from the margin of Duddingston Loch to the higher valley in a succession of terrace-steps, in some cases with indications of retaining walls still discoverable. It is on the slope thus furrowed with the traces of a long extinct system of agriculture that the bronze swords and celts, and the ancient pottery already described, have been dug up; while wrought deers' horns, weapons, and masses of melted bronze, were dredged from the neighbouring loch in such quantities as to suggest that at some remote age weapons of the Scottish bronze period had been extensively manufactured on the margin. Following up the connection between such evidences of ancient art and agriculture, Mr. Chambers suggests the probability that the *daisses* of Arthur's Seat and the bronze weapons dug up there or dredged from the loch are all works of the same ingenious handicraftsmen. Thus we see in the terraced slopes illustrations of a mode of agriculture pertaining to times before all written history, when iron had not yet been forged to wound the virgin soil."*

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* "Pre-historic Annals of Scotland."

In those days the Leith must have been a broader and a deeper river than now, otherwise the term "Inverleith," as its mouth, had never been given to the land in the immediate vicinity of Stockbridge.

THE ROMAN ROAD, NEAR PORTOBELLO—THE "FISHWIVES' CAUSEWAY."
(From a Drawing by Walter H. Paton, R S.A.)

Other relics of the unwritten ages exist near Edinburgh in the shape of battle-stones; but many have been removed. In the immediate neighbourhood of the city, close to the huge monolith named the Camus Stone, were two very large conical cairns, named Cat (or *Cath*) Stones, until demolished by irreverent utilitarians, who had found covetable materials in the rude memorial stones.

Underneath these cairns were cists containing human skeletons and various weapons of bronze and iron. Two of the latter material, spear-heads, are still preserved at Morton Hall. Within the grounds of that mansion, about half a mile distant from where the cairns stood, there still stands an ancient monolith, and two larger masses that are in its vicinity are not improbably the relics of a ruined cromlech. "Here, perchance, has been the battle-ground of ancient chiefs, contending, it may be, with some fierce invader, whose intruded arts startle us with evidences of an antiquity which seems primeval. The locality is peculiarly suited for the purpose. It is within a few miles of the sea, and enclosed in an amphitheatre of hills; it is the highest ground in the immediate neighbourhood, and the very spot on which the warriors of a retreating host might be expected to make a stand ere they finally betook themselves to the adjacent fastnesses of the Pentland Hills."

The origin of the name "Edinburgh" has proved the subject of much discussion. The prenomen is a very common one in Scotland, and is always descriptive of the same kind of site—a *slope*. Near Lochearnhead is the shoulder of a hill called *Edin*-a-chip, "the slope of the repulse," having reference to some encounter with the Romans; and *Edin*-ample is said to mean "the slope of the retreat." There are upwards of twenty places having the same descriptive prefix; and besides the instances just noted, the following examples may also be cited:—Edincoillie, a "slope in the wood," in Morayshire; Edinmore and Edinbeg, in Bute; Edindonach, in Argyllshire; and Edinglassie, in Aberdeenshire. Nearly every historian of Edinburgh has had a theory on the subject. Arnot suggests that the name is derived from *Dunedin*, "the face of a hill;" but this would rather signify the fort of Edin; and that name it bears in the register of the Priory of St. Andrews, in 1107. Others are fond of asserting that the name was given to the town or castle by Edwin, a Saxon prince of the seventh century, who "repaired it;" consequently it must have had some name before his time, and the present form may be a species of corruption of it, like that of Dryburgh, from *Darrach-bruach*, "the bank of the grove of oaks."

Another theory, one greatly favoured by Sir Walter Scott, is that it was the Dinas Eiddyn (the slaughter of whose people in the sixth century is lamented by Aneurin, a bard of the Ottadeni); a place, however, which Chalmers supposes to be elsewhere. The subject is a curious one, and

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* On the eastern slope of the same hill there was found a singular relic of a later period, which merits special notice from its peculiar characteristics. It is a bronze matrix, bearing the device of a turbaned head, with the legend SOLOMON BAR ISAAC round it in Hebrew characters; and by some it has been supposed to be a talisman or magical signet. ("Prehist. Ann. Scot.")

ARTHUR'S SEAT, FROM ST. LEONARDS. *(From a Drawing by Walter H. Paton, R.S.A.)*

well worth consideration; but, interesting as it is, it need not detain us long here.

In the "Myrvyian, or Cambrian Archæology," a work replete with ancient lore, mention is made of Caer-Eiddyn, or the fort of Edin, wherein dwelt a famous chief, Mynydoc, leader of the Celtic Britons in the fatal battle with the Saxons under Ida, the flame-bearer, at Catraeth, in Lothian, where the flower of the Ottadeni fell, in 510; and this is believed to be the burgh subsequently said to be named after Edwin.

In the list of those who went to the battle of Catraeth there is record of 300 warriors arrayed in fine armour, three loricated bands (*i.e.*, plated for defence), with their commanders, wearing torques of gold, "three adventurous knights," with 300 of equal quality, rushing forth from the *summits* of the mighty Caer-Eiddyn, to join their brother chiefs of the Ottadeni and Gadeni.

In the "British Triads" both Caer-Eiddyn (which some have supposed to be Carriden), and also Dinas-Eiddyn, the city of Eiddyn, are repeatedly named. But whether this be the city of Edinburgh it is exceedingly difficult to say; for, after all, the alleged Saxon denominative from Edwin is merely conjectural, and unauthenticated by remote facts.

From Sharon Turner's "Vindication of Ancient British Poems," we learn that Aneurin, whose work contains 920 lines, was taken prisoner at the battle of Catraeth,* and was afterwards treacherously slain by one named Eiddyn; another account says he died an exile among the Silures in 570, and that the battle was lost because the Ottadeni "had drunk of their mead too profusely."

The memory of Mynydoc Eiddyn is preserved in a beautiful Welsh poem entitled "The Drinking Horn," by Owain, Prince of Powis. The poem is full of energy.

> "When the mighty bards of yore
> Awoke the tales of ancient lore,
> What time resplendent to behold,
> Flashed the bright mead in vase of gold!
> The royal minstrel proudly sung
> Of Cambria's chiefs when time was young;
> How, with the drink of heroes flushed,
> Brave Catraeth's lord to battle rushed,
> The lion leader of the strong,
> And marshal of Galwyiada's throng;
> The sun that rose o'er Itun's bay
> Ne'er closed on such disastrous day;
> There fell Mynydoc, mighty lord,
> Beneath stern Osway's baneful sword;
> Yet shall thy praise, thy deathless name,
> Be woke on harps of bardic fame,
> Sung by the Cymri's tuneful train,
> Aneurin of celestial strain."

Daniel Wilson, one of the ablest writers on Scottish antiquities, says that he thinks it useless "to follow the fanciful disquisitions of zealous antiquarians respecting the origin and etymology of Edinburgh; it has successively been derived, both in origin and in name, from Saxon, Pict, and Gael, and in each case with sufficient ingenuity to leave the subject more involved than at first." But while on this subject, it should be borne in mind that the unfortunate destruction of the national records by the invaders, Edward I. and Oliver Cromwell, leaves the Scottish historian dependent for much of his material on tradition, or information that can only be obtained with infinite labour; though it may no doubt be taken for granted that even if these archives had been preserved in their entirety they could scarcely have thrown much, if any, light upon the *quæstio vexata* of the origin of the name of Edinburgh.

CHAPTER II.

THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH.

Of its Origin and remoter History—The Legends concerning it—Ebranke—St. Monena—Defeat of the Saxons by King Bridei—King Edwin—King Grime—The Story of Grime and Bertha of Badlieu—The Starting-point of authentic Edinburgh History—St. Margaret—Her Piety and amiable Disposition—Her Chapel—Her Death—Restoration of her Oratory—Her Burial—Donald Bane King David I.—The Royal Gardens, afterwards the North Loch.

AFTER the departure of the Romans the inhabitants of Northern Britain bore the designation of Picti, or Picts; and historians are now agreed that these were not a new race, but only the ancient Caledonians under a new name.

The most remote date assigned for the origin of the Castle of Edinburgh is that astounding announcement made in Stow's "Summarie of Englyshe Chronicles," in which he tells us that "Ebranke, the sonne of Mempricius, was made ruler of Britayne; he had, as testifieth Policronica, Ganfride, and others, twenty-one wyves, of whom he receyved twenty sonnes and thirty daughters, which he sent into Italye, there to be maryed to the blood of the Trojans. In Albanye (now called Scotland) he edified the Castell of Alclude, which is Dumbreyton; he made the Castell of Maydens, now called Edinburgh; he also made the Castell of Banburgh, in the twenty-third year of his reign." All these events occurred, according to Stow, in the year 989 *before* Christ; and the information is quite as veracious as much else that has been written concerning the remote history of Scotland.

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* The famous Catrail, or Picts-work-ditch, is supposed to have had some connection with this battle of Catraeth. (Girald. Cambrensis, II.)

From sources that can scarcely be doubted, a fortress of some kind upon the rock would seem to have been occupied by the Picts, from whom it was captured in 452 by the Saxons of Northumbria under Octa and Ebysa; and from that time down to the reign of Malcolm II. its history exhibits but a constant struggle for its possession between them and the Picts, each being victorious in turn; and Edwin, one of these Northumbrian invaders, is said to have rebuilt it in 626. Territories seemed so easily overrun in those times, that the latter, with the Scots, in the year 638, under the reign of Valentinian I., penetrated as far as London, but were repulsed by Theodosius, father of the Emperor of the same name. This is the Edwin whose pagan high-priest Coifi was converted to Christianity by Paulinus, in 627, and who, according to Bede, destroyed the heathen temples and altars. A curious and very old tradition still exists in Midlothian, that the stones used in the construction of the castle were taken from a quarry near Craigmillar, the *Craig-moilard* of antiquity.

Camden says, "The Britons called it *Castel Mynedh Agnedh*—the maidens' or virgins' castle—because certain young maidens of the royal blood were kept there in old times." The source of this oft-repeated story has probably been the assertion of Conchubhranus, that an Irish saint, or recluse, named Monena, late in the fifth century founded seven churches in Scotland, on the heights of Dun Edin, Dumbarton, and elsewhere. This may have been the St. Monena of Sliabh-Cuillin, who died in 518. The site of her edifice is supposed to be that now occupied by the present chapel of St. Margaret—the most ancient piece of masonry in the Scottish capital; and it is a curious circumstance, with special reference to the fable of the Pictish princesses, that close by it (as recorded in the *Caledonian Mercury* of 26th September, 1853), when some excavations were made, a number of human bones, apparently *all* of females, were found, together with the remains of several coffins.

"*Castrum Puellarum*," says Chalmers, "was the learned and diplomatic name of the place, as appears from existing charters and documents; *Edinburgh*, its vulgar appellation;" while Buchanan asserts that its ancient names of the Dolorous Valley and Maiden Castle were borrowed from ancient French romances, "devised within the space of three hundred years" from his time.

The Castle was the nucleus, so to speak, around which the city grew, a fact that explains the triple towers in the arms of the latter — three great towers connected by a curtain wall—being the form it presented prior to the erection of the Half-Moon Battery, in Queen Mary's time.

Edwin, the most powerful of the petty kings of Northumberland, largely extended the Saxon conquests in the Scottish border counties; and his possessions reached ultimately from the waters of Abios to those of Bodoria—*i.e.*, from Humber to Forth; but Egfrid, one of his successors, lost these territories, together with his life, in battle with the Pictish King Bridei, or Brude, who totally defeated him at Dun-nechtan, with terrible slaughter. This was a fatal blow to the Northumbrian monarchy, which never regained its previous ascendency, and was henceforth confined to the country south of Tweed. Lodonia (a Teutonic name signifying marshes or borders) became finally a part of the Pictish dominions, Dunedin being its stronghold, and both the Dalriadic Scots and Strathclyde Britons were thus freed from the inroads of the Saxons.

This battle was fought in the year 685, the epoch of the bishopric of Lindisfarne, and as the Church of St. Giles was a chaplainry of that ancient see, we may infer that some kind of town—of huts, doubtless—had begun to cluster round the church, which was a wooden edifice of a primitive kind, for as the world was expected to end in the year 1000, sacred edifices of stone were generally deemed unnecessary. From the time of the Saxon expulsion to the days of Malcolm II.—a period of nearly four hundred years—everything connected with the castle and town of Edinburgh is steeped in obscurity or dim tradition.

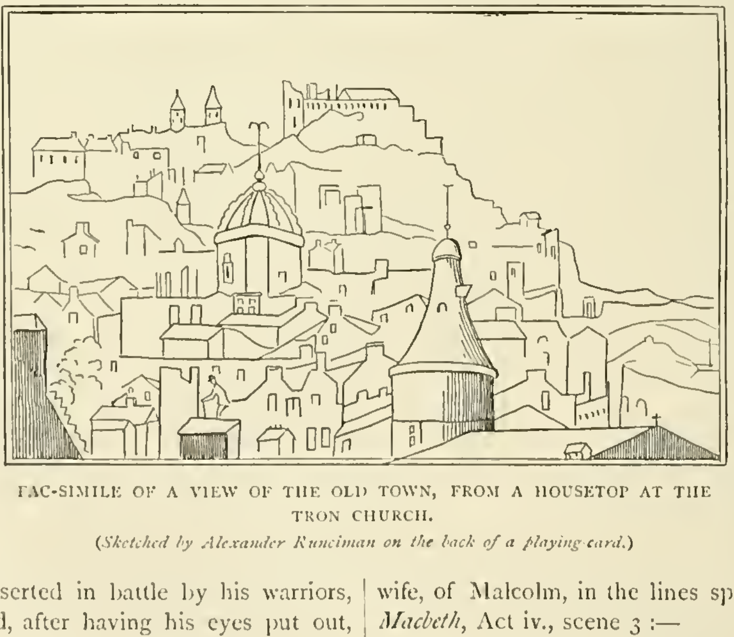
According to a curious old tradition, preserved in the statistical account of the parish of Tweedmuir, the wife of Grime, the usurper, had her residence in the Castle while he was absent fighting against the invading Danes. He is said to have granted, by charter, his hunting seat of Polmood, in that parish, to one of his attendants named Hunter, whose race were to possess it while wood grew and water ran. But, as Hogg says in his "Winter Evening Tales," "There is one remarkable circumstance connected with the place that has rendered it unfamous of late years, and seems to justify an ancient prediction that the hunters of Polmood *were never to prosper*."

Leaving his queen in the then solitary Castle, Grime (who, according to Buchanan, began his reign in the year 996) often pursued the pleasures of the chase among the wilds of Polmood, in the neighbourhood of which he saw a woman of great beauty, named Bertha, of Badlieu, whose charms soon proved more attractive than the pursuit of the wild boar or Caledonian bull, and he became her captive—her lover. In process of time a son was the result of their intimacy, and the forgotten queen, though residing quietly in solitude at Edinburgh, resolved on deadly vengeance.

THE ARMS OF THE CITY OF EDINBURGH.
(*From Edmonson's "Heraldry."*)

Selecting a time when Grime was again fighting the Danes, she dispatched to Badlieu certain assassins, who murdered Bertha, her aged father, and infant son, and, burying them in one grave, heaped above it a rough tumulus, which still marks the spot.

Full of remorse and fear, the queen died before the return of Grime, who, after defeating the Danes, and destroying their galleys, hastened to Badlieu, where the huge grave alone awaited him. In a gust of morbid horror the half-barbarian prince commanded the tumulus to be opened, that he might behold the remains of those who had perished; and from that moment he lost all relish for life, and plunging into a war with Malcolm, his successor, was deserted in battle by his warriors, taken captive, and, after having his eyes put out, died in grief and misery in the eighth year of his reign.



FAC-SIMILE OF A VIEW OF THE OLD TOWN, FROM A HOUSETOP AT THE TRON CHURCH.
(*Sketched by Alexander Runciman on the back of a playing-card.*)

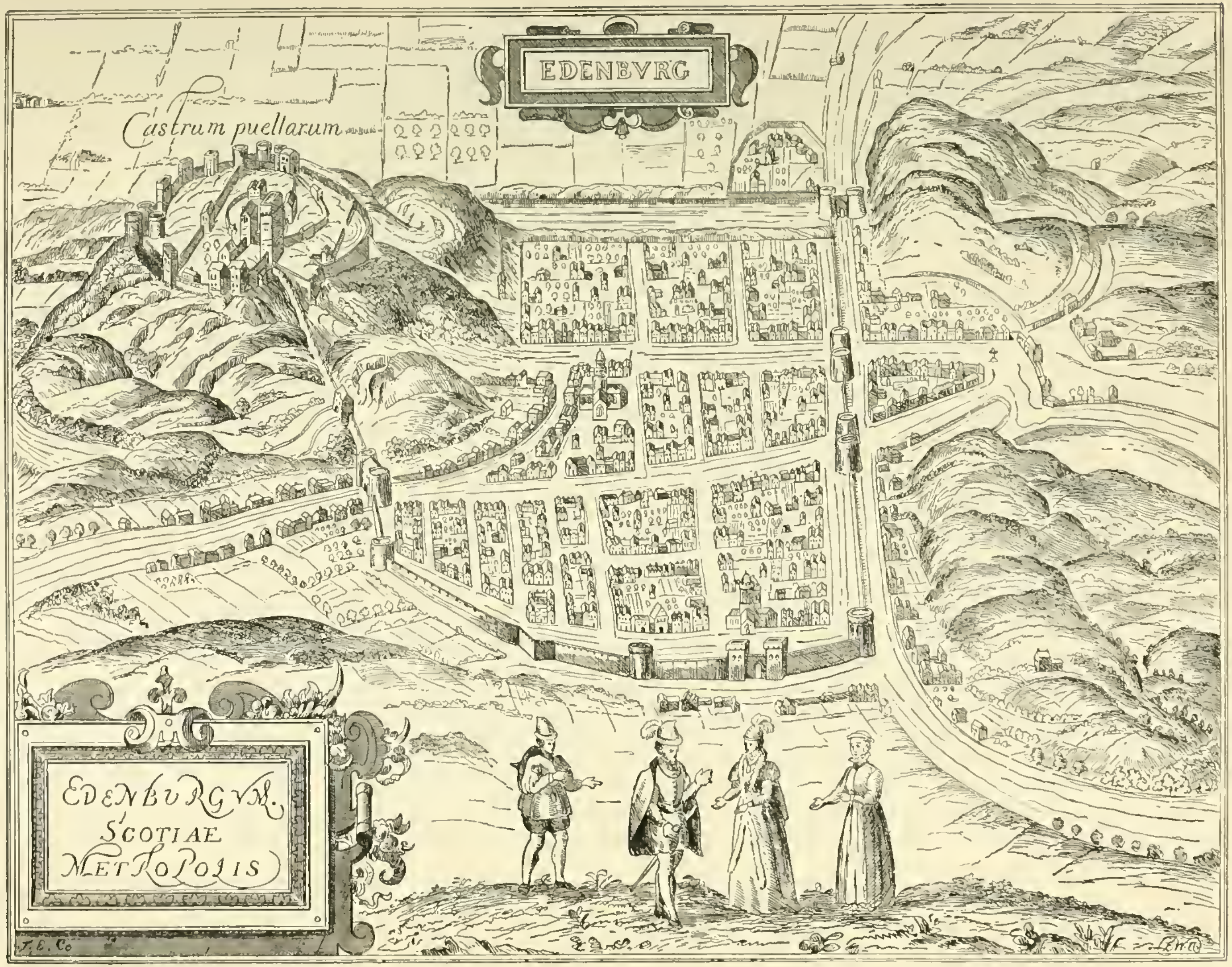
He was succeeded, in 1004, by Malcolm II., who had Lothian formally ceded to him by Eadulf-Cudel, Earl of Northumberland, who had previously exercised some right of vassalage over it, probably a remnant of Edwin's departed power; and from this period begins the authentic history of Edinburgh and its castle, as from that time it continued to be almost permanently the residence of the early and later monarchs and their officers of state.

The history of Edinburgh Castle is much associated with the memory of St. Margaret, the pious and beautiful queen of Malcolm III. (the successor of Macbeth) who often resided in it, and ultimately died in a tower on the west side of the rock, which bore her name till it was demolished in the siege of 1573. In recording her demise, ancient chroniclers have not failed to add much that is legendary to the truth, and this invests the solemn event with a peculiar charm.

The grand-niece of Edward the Confessor, she had fled from her own country on the usurpation of Harold, but was wrecked on the Forth, at the place still called Queensferry. She and her retinue were hospitably entertained by Malcolm III., who had formerly, in his exile, been treated with kindness at the Saxon court of England, and who married her at Dunfermline. Malcolm was the son of Duncan, whom Macbeth slew; and Shakspere, in his tragedy, must have been alluding to St. Margaret when he wrote of her as the mother, instead of the wife, of Malcolm, in the lines spoken by Macduff, *Macbeth*, Act iv., scene 3:—

> "The queen that bore thee,
> Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
> Died every day she lived."

In 1087 William Rufus made war on Scotland, and, taking the castle of Alnwick by surprise, wantonly put its garrison to the sword. Malcolm,



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CASTLE AND CITY OF EDINBURGH. *(Reduced Fac-simile of a Print published in 1575.)*

a brave prince, demanded instant restitution, and, at the head of an army, laid siege to the Normans in the border stronghold.

At this time the winter snow was covering all the vast expanse of leafless forest, and the hills—then growing only heath and gorse—around the Castle of Edinburgh; and there the queen, with her sons Edmond, Edgar, and David, and her daughters Mary and Matilda (surnamed the Good, afterwards queen of Henry I. of England), were anxiously waiting tidings from the king and his son Edward, who had pressed the siege of Alnwick with such severity that its garrison was hourly expected to surrender. A sore sickness was now preying on the wasted frame of the queen, who spent her days in prayer for the success of the Scots and the safety of the king and prince.

All old historians vie with each other in praise of the virtuous Margaret. "When health and beauty were hers," says one writer, "she devoted her strength to serve the poor and uncultivated people whom God had committed to her care; she fed them with her own hand, smoothed their pillow in sickness, and softened the barbarous and iron rule of their feudal lords. No wonder that they regarded her as a guardian angel among them."

"She daily fed three hundred," says another authority, "waiting upon them on her bended knees, like a housemaid, washing their feet and kissing them. For these and other expenses she not only parted with her own royal dresses, but more than once she drained the treasury."

Malcolm, a Celt, is said to have been unable to read the missals given him by his fair-haired Saxon, but he was wont to kiss them and press them to his heart in token of love and respect.

In the castle she built the little oratory on the very summit of the rock. It stands within the citadel, and is in perfect preservation, measuring about twenty-six feet long by ten, and is spanned by a finely ornamented apse arch that springs from massive capitals, and is covered with zig-zag mouldings. It was dedicated to her in after years, and liberally endowed.

"There she is said to have prophetically announced the surprise of the fortress in 1312, by causing to be painted on the wall a representation of a man scaling the Castle rock, with the inscription underneath, '*Gardez-vous Français*,' a prediction which was conveniently found to be verified when the Castle was re-taken from the English by William Frank (or Francis) and Earl Randolph; though why the Saxon saint should prophesy in French we are left to conjecture."

Connected with the residence of Edgar Atheling's sister in Edinburgh Castle there is another legend, which states that while there she commissioned her friend St. Catharine—but which St. Catharine it fails to specify—to bring her some oil from Mount Sinai; and that after long and sore travel from the rocks of Mount Horeb, the saint with the treasured oil came in sight of the Castle of Edinburgh, on that ridge where stood the Church of St. Mary, built by Macbeth, baron of Liberton. There she let fall the vessel containing the sacred oil, which was spilt; but there sprang up in its place a fountain of wonderful medicinal efficacy, known now as the Balm Well of St. Catharine, where the oil — which practical folk say is bituminous and comes from the coal seams—may still be seen floating on the limpid water. It figured long in monkish legends. For ages a mound near it was alleged to be the tomb of St. Catharine; and close by it James IV. erected a beautiful little chapel dedicated to St. Margaret, but long since demolished.

During the king's absence at Alnwick, the queen, by the severity of her fastings and vigils, increased a heavy illness under which she laboured. Two days before her death, Prince Edgar, whom some writers call her brother, and others her son, arrived from the Scottish camp with tidings that Malcolm had been slain, with her son Edward.

"Then," according to Lord Hailes, who quotes Turgot's Life of St. Margaret, "lifting up her eyes and hands towards heaven, she said, 'Praise and blessing be to Thee, Almighty God, that Thou hast been pleased to make me endure so bitter anguish in the hour of my departure, thereby, as I trust, to purify me in some measure from the corruption of my sins; and Thou, Lord Jesus Christ, who through the will of the Father, hast enlivened the world by Thy death, oh, deliver me!' While pronouncing 'deliver me' she expired."

This, according to the Bishop of St. Andrews, Turgot, previously Prior of Durham, was after she had heard mass in the present little oratory, and been borne to the tower on the west side of the rock; and she died holding in her hand a famous relic known as "the black rood of Scotland," which according to St. Ælred, "was a cross an ell long, of pure gold and wonderful workmanship, having thereon an ivory figure of our Saviour marvellously adorned with gold."

This was on 16th of November, 1093, when she was in the forty-seventh year of her age. Unless history be false, with the majesty of a queen and the meekness of a saint Margaret possessed a beauty that falls but seldom to the lot of women; and in her time she did much to soften the barbarism of the Scottish court. She was magnificent in her own attire; she increased the number of persons in attendance on the king, and caused him to be served at table in gold and silver plate.

She was canonised by Innocent IV. in 1251. For several ages the apartment in which she expired was known as "ye blessit Margaret's chalmer" (*i.e.*, chamber). A fountain on the west side of the fortress long bore her name; and a small guardhouse on the western ramparts is still called the Queen's, or St. Margaret's, Post.

The complete restoration of her oratory (says an *Edinburgh Courant* of 1853) "has been effected in a very satisfactory manner, under the superintendence of Mr. Grant. The modern western entrance has been built up, and an ancient one re-opened at the north-west corner of the nave. Here a new doorway has been built in the same style with the rest of the building. The three small round-headed windows have been filled with stained glass—the light in the south side of the apse representing St. Margaret, the two in the side of the nave showing her husband, King Malcolm Canmore and their son St. David, and the light in the west gable of the nave having a cross and the sacred monogram with this inscription:—"*Hæc ædicula olim Beatæ Margaretæ Reginæ Scotiæ, quæ obiit M.XCIII., ingratæ patriæ negligentia lapsa, Victoriæ Reginæ prognatæ auspiciis restituta, A.D. M.DCCCLIII.*"

St. Margaret had scarcely expired, when Bishop Turgot, her children, and the whole court, were filled with terror, on finding the fortress environed by an army composed of fierce western Highlanders, "clad in the dun deer's hide, striped breacan, and hauberks (or lurichs) of jingling rings," and led by Donald Bane, or the fair-haired, the younger brother of Malcolm III., who had fled to the Hebrides, as the latter did to England, on the usurpation by Macbeth.

PASADENA PUBLIC LIBRARY

Without opposition he had himself proclaimed king, and promised to give the Hebrides and other isles to Magnus Barefoot, King of Norway, for assistance if it were required.

He had resolved to put the orphan children of Malcolm to death, but believing that egress from the fortress on the steep could only be had by the gates facing the little town, he guarded them alone. The children thus escaped by a western postern, and fled to England, where they found protection with their uncle, Edgar Atheling. The two princesses were afterwards married: Mary to Eustace, Count of Boulogne, the great Crusader; and Matilda to Henry of England—a union extremely popular with the Saxon people.

By the same postern Turgot and others carefully and reverently conveyed the body of the queen, and carried it "to Dunfermline, in the woods; and that Heaven might have some share in protecting remains so sacred, the legendaries record that a miraculous mist arose from the earth, concealing the bishop, the royal corpse, and its awe-stricken bearers, from the half-savage Donald and his red-haired Islesmen, and did not pass away until they had crossed in safety the *Passagium Reginæ*, or Queen's Ferry, nine miles distant, where Margaret had granted land for the maintenance of a passage boat"—a grant still in force.

She was buried at Dunfermline, under the great block of grey marble which still marks her grave; and in the sides thereof may yet be seen the sockets of the silver lamps which, after her canonisation, burned there until the Reformation, when the Abbot of Dunfermline fled to the Castle of Edinburgh with her head in a jewelled coffer, and gave it to some Jesuits, who took it to Antwerp. From thence it was borne to the Escurial in Spain, where it is still preserved by the monks of St. Jerome.

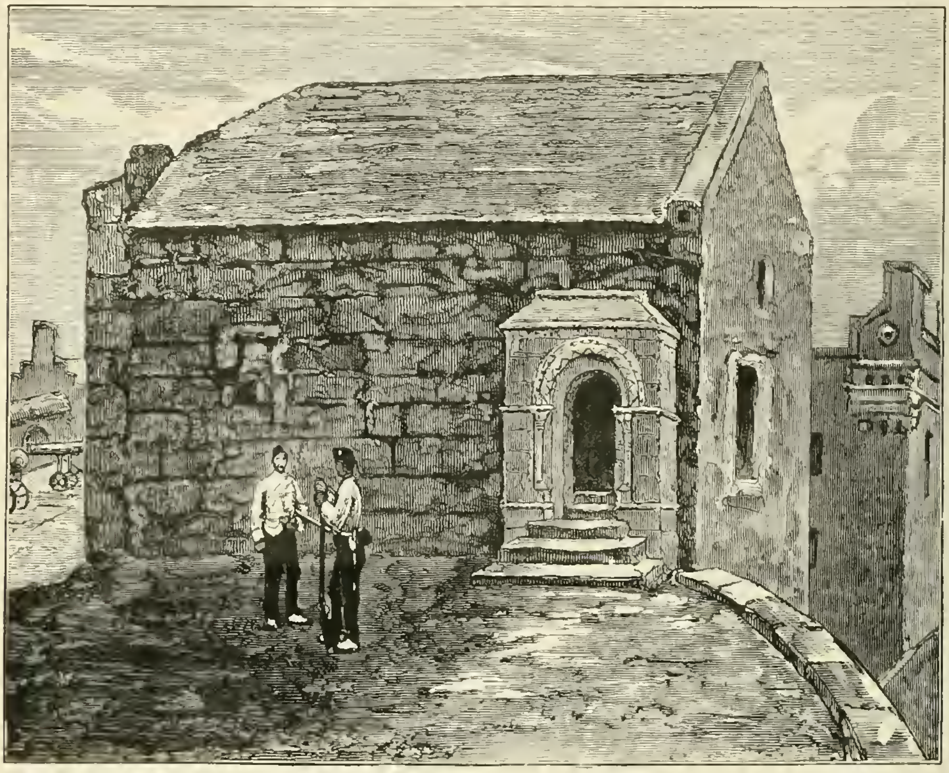
Her son Edgar, a prince of talent and valour, recovered the throne by his sword, and took up his residence in the Castle of Edinburgh, where he had seen his mother expire, and where he, too, passed away, on the 8th of January, 1107. The register of the Priory of St. Andrews, in recording his demise, has these words:—"*Mortuus in Dun-Edin, est sepultus in Dunfermling.*"

On his death-bed he bequeathed that part of Cumberland which the kings of Scotland possessed to his younger brother David. Alexander I., surnamed "the Fierce," eldest brother of the latter, was disposed to dispute the validity of this donation; but perceiving that David had won over the English barons to his interest, he acquiesced in this partial dismemberment of the kingdom.

It is in the reign of this monarch, in the first years of the twelfth century, that the first notices of Edinburgh as a royal city and residence are most distinctly found, while in that of his successor, David I., crowned in 1124, after being long resident at the court of his sister Matilda, where, according to Malmesbury, "his manners were polished from the rust of Scottish barbarity," and where he married Matilda daughter of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, we discover the origin of many of the most important local features still surviving. He founded the abbey of Holyrood, called by Fordun "*Monasterium Sanctæ Crucis de Crag.*" This convent, the precursor of the great abbey, he is said to have placed at first within the Castle, and some of the earliest gifts of its saintly founder to his new monastery were the churches of St. Cuthbert and of the Castle, among which one plot of land belonging to the former is marked by "the fountain which rises near the king's garden, on the road leading to St. Cuthbert's church," *i.e.*, the fountain in the Well-house Tower.

This valley—the future North Loch—was then the garden, which Malcolm, the son of Pagan, cultivated for David II., and where tournaments were held, "while deep pools and wide morasses, tangled wood and wild animals, made the rude diverging pathways to the east and westward extremely dangerous for long after, though lights were burned at the Hermitage of St. Anthony on the Crag and the spire of St. John of Corstorphin, to guide the unfortunate wight who was foolhardy enough to travel after nightfall."

In 1144 we find King David resident in the Castle, where, in the twenty-first year of his reign, he granted a charter to the Abbey of Kelso, the witnesses to which, apud *Castrum Puellarum*, were John, Bishop of Glasgow; Prince Henry, his son; William, his nephew; Edward, the Chancellor; "*Bartholomeo filio Comitis, et Willielmo frater ejus;* Jordano Hayrum;" Hugo de Morville, the constable; Odenell de Umphraville; Robert Bruce; William of Somerville; David de Oliphant; and William of Lindsay.



ST. MARGARET'S CHAPEL, EDINBURGH CASTLE.

The charter of foundation to the abbey of Holyrood—which will be referred to more fully in its place—besides conferring valuable revenues, derivable from the general resources of the city, gave the monks a right to dues to nearly the same amount from the royal revenues of the port of Perth, which was the more ancient capital of Scotland.

DUNGEONS IN THE CASTLE BELOW QUEEN MARY'S ROOM.

CHAPTER III.

CASTLE OF EDINBURGH—(*continued.*)

The Legend of the White Hart—Holyrood Abbey founded—The Monks of the Castrum Puellarum—David I.'s numerous Endowments—His Death—Fergus, Lord of Galloway, dies there—William the Lion—Castle Garrisoned by the English for Twelve Years—The Castle a Royal Residence—The War of the Scottish Succession—The Castle in the hands of Edward I.—Frank's Escalade—The Fortress Dismantled—Again in the hands of the English—Bullock's Stratagem for its Re-capture—David's Tower.

"The well-known legend of the White Hart," says Daniel Wilson, "most probably had its origin in some real occurrence, magnified by the superstition of a rude and illiterate age. More recent observations at least suffice to show that it existed at a much earlier date than Lord Hailes referred it to."

It is recorded that on Rood-day, the 14th of September, in the harvest of 1128, the weather being fine and beautiful, King David and his courtiers, after mass, left the Castle by that gate before which he was wont to dispense justice to his people, and issued forth to the chase in the wild country that lay around—for then over miles of the land now covered by the new and much of the old city, for ages into times unknown, the oak-trees of the primeval forest of Drumsheugh had shaken down their leaves and acorns upon the wild and now extinct animals of the chase. And here it may be mentioned that boars' tusks of most enormous size were found in 1846 in the bank to the south of the half-moon battery, together with an iron axe, the skull and bones of a man.

On this Rood-day we are told that the king issued from the Castle contrary to the advice of his confessor, Alfwin, an Augustinian monk of great sanctity and learning, who reminded him that it was the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, and should be passed in devotion, not in hunting; but of this advice the king took no heed.

Amid the dense forest and in the ardour of the chase he became separated from his train, in "the vail that lyis to the eist fra the said castell," and found himself at the foot of the stupendous crags, where, "under the shade of a leafy tree," he was almost immediately assailed by a white stag of gigantic size, which had been maddened by the pursuit, "noys and dyn of bugillis," and which, according to Bellenden, was now standing boldly at bay, and, with its branching antlers, put the life of the pious monarch in imminent jeopardy, as he and his horse were both borne to the ground.

With a short hunting-sword, while fruitlessly endeavouring to defend himself against the infuriated animal, there appeared—continues the legend—a silver cloud, from the centre of which there came forth a hand, which placed in that of David a sparkling cross of miraculous construction, in so far that the material of which it was composed could never be discovered. Scared by this interposition, the white stag fled down the hollow way between the hills, but was afterwards slain by Sir Gregan Crawford, whose crest, a stag's head *erased* with a a cross-crosslet between the antlers, is still borne by his descendants, the Crawfords of Kilbirnie, in memory of that eventful day in the forest of Drumsheugh.

Thoughtful, and oppressed with great awe, the king slowly wended his way through the forest to the Castle; but the wonder did not end there, for when, after a long vigil, the king slept, there appeared by his couch St. Andrew, the apostle of Scotland, surrounded by rays of glory, instructing him to found, upon the exact spot where he had been miraculously saved, a *twelfth* monastery for the canons regular of St. Augustine; and, in obedience to this vision, he built the noble abbey of Holyrood, "in the little valley between two mountains"—*i.e.*, the Craigs and the Calton. Therein the marvellous cross was preserved till it was lost at a long subsequent period; but, in memory of St. David's adventure on Rood-day, a stag's head with a cross between the antlers is still borne as the arms of the Canongate. Alfwin was appointed first abbot, and left a glorious memory for many virtues.*

Though nobly endowed, this famous edifice was not built for several years, during which the monks were received into the Castle, and occupied buildings which had been previously the abode of a community of nuns, who, by permission of Pope Alexander III., were removed, the monks, as Father Hay tells us, being deemed "as fitter to live among soldiers." Abbot William appears, in 1152, as second superior of the monks in the Castrum Puellarum, where they resided till 1176.

A vehement dispute respecting the payment of tithes having occurred between Robert bishop of St. Andrews and Gaufrid abbot of Dunfermline, it was decided by the king, *apud Castellum Puellarum*, in presence of a great convention, consisting of the abbots of Holyrood and Stirling, Gregory bishop of Dunkeld, the Earls of Fife and March, Hugo de Morville the Lord High Constable, William Lord of Carnwarth, David de Oliphant a knight of Lothian, Henry the son of Swan, and many others, and the matter in debate was adjudicated on satisfactorily.

David—"sair sanct for the crown" though King James I. is said to have styled him—was one of the best of the early kings of Scotland. "I have seen him," remarks Aldred, "quit his horse and dismiss his hunting equipage when any, even the humblest of his subjects, desired an audience; he sometimes employed his leisure hours in the culture of his garden, and in the philosophical amusement of budding and engrafting trees."

In the priory of Hexham, which was then in Scottish territory, he was found dead, in a posture of devotion, on the 24th of May, 1153, and was succeeded by his grandson Malcolm IV. who, though he frequently resided in the Castle, considered Scone his capital rather than Edinburgh. In 1153 he appointed Galfrid de Melville, of Melville in Lothian, to be sheriff of the fortress, and became a great benefactor to the monks within it.

In 1160, Fergus, Lord of Galloway, a turbulent thane, husband of the Princess Elizabeth daughter of Henry I. of England, having taken arms against the Crown, was defeated in three desperate battles by Gilbert de Umfraville; after which he gave his son Uchtred as a hostage, and assumed the cowl as an Augustine friar in the Castle of Edinburgh, where—after bestowing the priory of St. Marie de Trayll as a dependant on Holyrood—he died, full of grief and mortification, in 1161.

Malcolm died in 1165, and was succeeded by William the Lion, who generally resided at Haddington; but many of his public documents are dated "*Apud Monasterium Sanctæ Crucis de Castello.*"

In 1174 the Castle fell, for the first time, into the hands of the English. William the Lion having demanded the restitution of Northumberland, Henry of England affected to comply, but afterwards invaded Scotland, and was repulsed. In turn William entered England at the head of 80,000 men, who sorely ravaged the northern counties, but being captured by treachery near Alnwick, and treated with wanton barbarity and indecency, his vast force dispersed. A ransom of £100,000—an enormous sum in those days—was demanded, and the Castle was given, with some others, as a hostage for the king. Fortunately, however, that which was lost by the chances of war was quickly restored by more pleasant means, for, a matrimonial alliance having been concluded between Ermengarde de Beaumont (cousin of Henry) and King William, the Castle was thriftily given up as part of her dowry, after having had an English garrison for nearly twelve years.

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* "Memorials of Edinburgh Castle."

Alexander II., their son, convened his first parliament in Edinburgh in 1215. Alexander III., son of the preceding, having been betrothed to Margaret daughter of Henry III. of England nine years before their nuptials were celebrated at York in 1242, the queen, according to Arnot, had Edinburgh Castle appointed as her residence; but it would seem to have been more of a stronghold than a palace, as she complained to her father that it was a "sad and solitary place, without verdure, and, by reason of its vicinity to the sea, unwholesome;" and "that she was not permitted to make excursions through the kingdom, nor to choose her female attendants." She was in her sixteenth year.

Walter Earl of Menteith was at this time governor of the fortress, and all the offices of the city and of the nation itself were in the hands of his powerful family. Many Englishmen of rank accompanied the young queen-consort, and between these southern intruders and the jealous Scottish nobles there soon arose disputes that were both hot and bitter. As usual, the kingdom was rent into two powerful factions—one secretly favouring Henry, who artfully wished to have Scotland under his own dominion; another headed by Walter Comyn, John de Baliol, and others, who kept possession of Edinburgh, and with it the persons of the young monarch and his bride. These patriotically resisted the ambitious attempts of the King of England, whose emissaries, on being joined by the Earls of Carrick, Dunbar, and Strathearn, and Alan Dureward, High Justiciary, while their rivals were preparing to hold a parliament at Stirling, took the Castle of Edinburgh by surprise, and liberated the royal pair, who were triumphantly conducted to a magnificent bridal chamber, and afterwards had an interview with Henry at Wark, in Northumberland.

During the remainder of the long and prosperous reign of Alexander III. the fortress continued to be the chief place of the royal residence, and for holding his courts for the transaction of judicial affairs, and much of the public business is said to have been transacted in St. Margaret's chamber.

In 1278 William of Kinghorn was governor, and about this period the Castle was repaired and strengthened. It was then the safe deposit of the principal records and the regalia of the kingdom.

And now we approach the darkest and bloodiest portion of the Scottish annals; when on the death of the Maid of Norway (the little Queen Margaret) came the contested succession to the crown between Bruce, Baliol, and others; and an opportunity was given to Edward I. of England of advancing a claim to the Scottish crown as absurd as it was baseless, but which that ferocious prince prosecuted to the last hour of his life with unexampled barbarity and treachery.

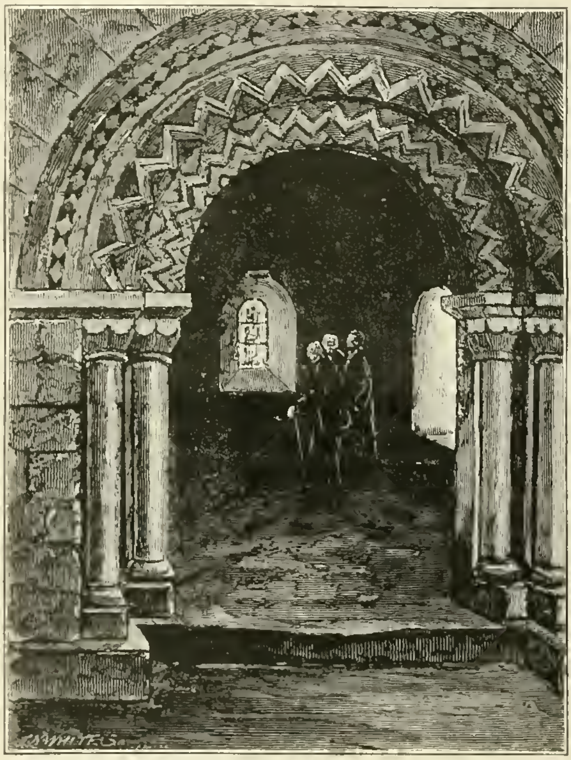
On the 11th of June, 1291, the Castle of Edinburgh and all the strongholds in the Lowlands were unwisely and unwarily put into the hands of the crafty Plantagenet by the grasping and numerous claimants, on the ridiculous pretence that the subject in dispute should be placed in the power of the umpire; and the governors of the various fortresses, on finding that the four nobles who had been appointed guardians of the realm till the dispute was adjusted had basely abandoned Scotland to her fate, they, too, quietly gave up their trusts to Edward, who (according to Prynne's "History") appointed Sir Radulf Basset de Drayton governor of Edinburgh Castle, with a garrison of English soldiers. According to Holinshed he personally took this Castle after a fifteen days' siege with his warlike engines.

On the vigil of St. Bartholomew a list was drawn up of the contents of the Treasury in the *Castra de Edinburg;* and among other religious regalia we find mentioned the Black Rood of Scotland, which St. Margaret venerated so much. By Edward's order some of the records were left in the Castle under the care of Basset, but all the most valuable documents were removed to England, where those that showed too clearly the ancient independence of Scotland were carefully destroyed, or tampered with, and others were left to moulder in the Tower of London.

On the 8th of July, 1292, we find Edward again at Edinburgh, where, as self-styled Lord Paramount, he received within the chapel of St. Margaret the enforced oath of fealty from Adam, Abbot of Holyrood; John, Abbot of Newbattle; Sir Brian le Jay, Preceptor of the Scottish Templars; the Prior of St. John of Jerusalem; and Christina, Prioress of Emanuel, in Stirlingshire.

Bruce having refused to accept a crown shorn of its rank, Edward declared in favour of the pitiful Baliol, after which orders were issued to the captains of the Scottish castles to deliver them up to John, King of Scotland. Shame at last filled the heart of the latter; he took the field, and lost the battle of Dunbar. Edward, reinforced by fifteen thousand Welsh and a horde of Scottish traitors, appeared before Edinburgh Castle; the soldiers of the garrison made a fruitless defence till the 6th of June, 1296, when they were compelled to capitulate—the weather being intensely sultry and the wells having dried up. In accordance with Edward's usual sanguinary policy, the whole garrison was put to the sword with ruthless cruelty, and Walter de Huntercombe, a baron of Northumberland, was made governor of the new one; but in the next year Wallace with his patriots swept like a torrent over the Lowlands. Victorious at Stirling, in particular, he slew Cressingham, and recaptured all the fortresses — Edinburgh among them. Scotland was cleared of the English; but the invasion of 1298 followed; Wallace was betrayed, and too well do we know how he died.

The year 1300 saw "Johan de Kingeston, Connestable et Gardeyn du Chastel de Edenburgh," and four years afterwards he was succeeded by Sir Piers de Lombard, a brave knight of Gascony.



CHANCEL ARCH OF ST. MARGARET'S CHAPEL.

Robert Bruce was now in arms. He in turn had became conqueror; he invaded England in 1311, and by the following year had re-captured nearly every castle but that of Edinburgh, the reduction of which he entrusted to the noble Sir Thomas Randolph of Strathdon, Earl of Moray, who has been described as "a man altogether made up of virtues."

The English or Norman garrison suspecting the fidelity of Sir Piers, placed him in a dungeon, and under a newly-elected commander, were prepared to offer a desperate resistance, when a romantic incident restored the Castle to the king of Scotland.

Among the soldiers of Randolph was one named William Frank, who volunteered to lead an escalade up a steep and intricate way by which he had been accustomed in former years to visit a girl in the city of whom he was enamoured. Frequent use had made him familiar with the perilous ascent, and it was made on the night of the 14th of March—which proved dark and stormy—at the most difficult part of those precipitous bluffs which overhang the Princes' Street Gardens, where a fragment of ruin, named Wallace's Cradle, is still visible. Under his guidance, with only thirty resolute men, Randolph scaled the walls at midnight, and, after a fierce resistance, the garrison was overpowered. There are indications that some secret pathway, known to the Scottish garrison, existed, for during some operations in 1821 traces were found of steps cut in the rock, about seventy feet above the fragment named "Wallace's Cradle"—a path supposed to have been completed by a movable ladder.

Sir Piers de Lombard (sometimes called Leland) joined King Robert, who, according to Barbour, created him Viscount of Edinburgh; but afterwards suspecting him of treason, and "that he had an English hart, made him to be hangit and drawen."

To prevent it from being re-captured or re-garrisoned, Randolph dismantled the Castle, which for four-and-twenty years afterwards remained a desolate ruin abandoned to the bat and the owl.

While in this state its shattered walls afforded shelter for a single night, in 1335, to the routed troops of Guy, Count of Namur, who had landed at Berwick, and was marching to join Edward III., but was encountered on the Burghmuir by the Earls of Moray and March, with powerful forces, when a fierce and bloody battle ensued. Amid it, Richard Shaw, a Scottish squire, was defied to single combat by a Flemish knight in a closed helmet, and both fell, each transfixed by the other's lance. On the bodies being stripped of their armour, the gallant stranger proved to be a woman! While the issue of the battle was still doubtful, the earls were joined by fresh forces under Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, William Douglas, and Sir David de Annan. The

Count's troops, chiefly cavalry, now gave way, but still fighting with the dogged valour of Walloons. Part of them that fled by St. Mary's Wynd were nearly cut to pieces by Sir David de Annan, who led his men battle-axe in hand. The few that escaped him joined others who had reached the Castle. There they slaughtered their horses, made a rampart of the bodies, and fought behind it with an energy born of despair, till hunger and thirst on the following day compelled them to capitulate, and the Earl of Moray suffered them to depart on giving oath never again to bear arms against David II. of Scotland.

In 1867 a great quantity of bones—the relics of this conflict—were discovered about five feet below the surface, on the northern verge of the Burghmuir, where now Glengyle Terrace is built, and were decently re-interred by the authorities.

In 1336 Edward III., still prosecuting the cause of the minion Baliol against King David, re-fortified the ruin; and on the 15th June Sir John de Kingeston was again appointed its governor; but he had a hard time of it; the whole adjacent country was filled by adventurous bands of armed Scots. The most resolute and active of these was the band of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, whose place of retreat was in the caves beneath the romantic house of Hawthornden, then the abode of a traitor named Abernethy, and which are so ingeniously constructed as to elude the vigilance of the most cunning enemy to whom the secret is unknown. The entrance is still seen in the side of the deep draw-well, which served alike to cloak their purpose and to secure for the concealed a ready supply of pure water. From this point Ramsay often extended his ravages into Northumberland.

"WALLACE'S CRADLE," EDINBURGH CASTLE.

Covered with glory and honour, the noble King Robert, the skilful Randolph, and the chivalrous Sir James Douglas, had all gone down to the silent tomb; but other heroes succeeded them, and valiant deeds were done. The Scots thought of nothing but battle; the plough was allowed to rust, and the earth to take care of itself. By 1337 the English were again almost entirely driven out of Scotland, and the Castle of Edinburgh was re-captured from them through an ingenious stratagem, planned by William Bullock, a priest, who had been captain of Cupar Castle for Baliol, "and was a man very brave and faithful to the Scots, and of great use to them," according to Buchanan.

Under his directions, Walter Curry, of Dundee, received into his ship two hundred select Scottish soldiers, led by William Douglas, Sir Simon Fraser, Sir John Sandilands, and Bullock also. Anchoring in Leith Roads, the latter presented himself to the governor as master of an English ship just arrived with wines and provisions, which he offered to sell for the use of the garrison. The bait took all the more readily that the supposed captain had closely shaven himself in the Anglo-Norman fashion. On the following day, accompanied by twelve armed men, disguised as seamen, with hoods over their helmets, he appeared at the Castle gates, where they contrived to overturn their casks and hampers, so as to prevent the barriers being closed by the guards and warders, who were instantly slain. At a given signal—the shrill blast of a bugle-horn—Douglas and his companions, with their war-cry, rushed from a place of concealment close by. Sir Richard de Limoisin, the governor, made a bitter resistance, but was overpowered in the end, and his garrison became the prisoners of David II., who returned from France in the following month, accompanied by his queen Johanna; and by that time not an Englishman was left in Scotland. But miserable was the fate of Bullock. By order of a Sir David Berkeley he was thrown into the castle of Lochindorb, in Morayshire, and deliberately starved to death. On this a Scottish historian remarks, "It is an ancient saying, that neither the powerful, nor the valiant, nor the wise, long flourish in Scotland, since envy obtaineth the mastery of them all."

When, a few years afterwards, the unfortunate battle of Durham ended in the defeat of the Scots, and left their king a prisoner of war, we find in the treaty for his ransom, the merchants of Edinburgh, together with those of Perth, Aberdeen, and Dundee, binding themselves to see it paid. In 1357 a Parliament was held at Edinburgh for its final adjustment, when the Regent Robert (afterwards Robert II.) presided; in addition to the clergy and nobles, there were present delegates from seventeen burghs, and among these Edinburgh appeared at the head for the *first* time.

In 1365 we find a four years' truce with England, signed at London on the 20th May, and in the Castle on the 12th of June; and another for fourteen years, dated at the Castle 28th October, 1371.

So often had the storm of war desolated its towers, that the Castle of Edinburgh (which became David's favourite residence after his return from England in 1357) was found to require extensive repairs, and to these the king devoted himself. On the cliff to the northward he built "David's Tower," an edifice of great height and strength, and therein he died on the 22nd February, 1370, and was buried before the high altar at Holyrood. The last of the direct line of Bruce—a name inseparably connected with the military glory and independence of Scotland—David was a monarch who, in happier times, would have done much to elevate his people. The years of his captivity in England he beguiled with his pencil, and in a vault of Nottingham Castle "he left behind him," says Abercrombie, in his "Martial Achievements," "the whole story of our Saviour's Passion, curiously engraven on the rock with his own hands. For this, says one, that castle became as famous as formerly it had been for Mortimer's hole."

It was during his reign that, by the military ingenuity of John Earl of Carrick and four other knights of skill, the Castle was so well fortified, that, with a proper garrison, the Duke of Rothesay was able to resist the utmost efforts of Henry IV., when he besieged it for several weeks in 1400. The Castle had been conferred as a free gift upon Earl John by his father King Robert, and in consequence of the sufferings endured by the inhabitants when the city was burned by the English, under Richard II., he by charter empowered the citizens to build houses within the fortress, free of fees to the constable, on the simple understanding that they were persons of good fame.

CHAPTER IV.

CASTLE OF EDINBURGH—(*continued*).

Progress of the City—Ambassador of Charles VI.—Edinburgh burned—Henry IV. baffled—Albany's Prophecy—Laws regarding the Building of Houses—Sumptuary Laws, 1457—Murder of James I.—Coronation of James II.—Court Intrigues—Lord Chancellor Crichton—Arrogance of the Earl of Douglas—Faction Wars—The Castle Besieged—"The Black Dinner"—Edinburgh walled—Its Strength—Bale-fires.

THE chief characteristic of the infant city now was that of a frontier town, ever on the watch to take arms against an invader, and resolute to resist him. Walsingham speaks of it as a village; and in 1385 its population is supposed to have barely exceeded 2,000; yet Froissart called it the Paris of Scotland, though its central street presented but a meagre line of thatched or *stane-sclated* houses, few of which were more than twenty feet in height. Froissart numbers them at 4,000, which would give a greater population than has been alleged. With the accession of Robert II.—the first of the

Stuart monarchs—a new era began in its history, and it took a standing as the chief burgh in Scotland, the relations of which with England, for generations after, partook rather of a vague prolonged armistice in time of war than a settled peace, and thus all rational progress was arrested or paralysed, and was never likely to be otherwise so long as the kings of England maintained the insane pretensions of Edward I., deduced from Brute the fabulous first king of Albion!

In 1383 Robert II. was holding his court in the Castle when he received there the ambassador of Charles VI., on the 20th August, renewing the ancient league with France. In the following year a truce ended; the Earls of March and Douglas began the war with spirit, and cut off a rich convoy on its way to Roxburgh. This brought the Duke of Lancaster and the Earl of Buckingham before Edinburgh. Their army was almost innumerable (according to Abercrombie, following Walsingham), but the former spared the city in remembrance of his hospitable treatment by the people when he was among them, an exile from the English court—a kindness for which the Scots cared so little that they followed up his retreat so sharply, that he laid the town and its great church in ashes when he returned in the following year.

In 1390 Robert III. ascended the throne, and in that year we find the ambassadors of Charles VI. again witnessing in the Castle the royal seal and signature attached to the treaty for mutual aid and defence against England in all time coming. This brought Henry IV., as we have said, before the Castle in 1400, with a well-appointed and numerous army, in August.

From the fortress the young and gallant David Duke of Rothesay sent a herald with a challenge to meet him in mortal combat, where and when he chose, with a hundred men of good blood on each side, and determine the war in that way. "But King Henry was in no humour to forego the advantage he already possessed, at the head of a more numerous army than Scotland could then raise; and so, contenting himself with a verbal equivocation in reply to this knightly challenge, he sat down with his numerous host before the Castle till (with the usual consequences of the Scottish reception of such invaders) cold and rain, and absolute dearth of provisions, compelled him to raise the inglorious siege, and hastily re-cross the borders, without doing any notable injury either in his progress or retreat."*

When unable to resist, the people of the entire town and country, who were not secured in castles, resorted to the simple expedient of driving off all the cattle and sheep, provisions and goods, even to the thatch of their houses, and leaving nothing but bare walls for the enemy to wreak their vengeance on; but they never put up their swords till, by a terrible retaliating invasion into the more fertile parts of England, they fully made up for their losses. And this wretched state of affairs, for nearly 500 years, lies at the door of the Plantagenet and Tudor kings.

The aged King Robert III. and his queen, the once beautiful Annabella Drummond, resided in the Castle and in the abbey of Holyrood alternately. We are told that on one occasion, when the Duke of Albany, with several of the courtiers, were conversing one night on the ramparts of the former, a singular light was seen afar off at the horizon, and across the starry sky there flashed a bright meteor, carrying behind it a long train of sparks.

"Mark ye, sirs!" said Albany, "yonder prodigy portends either the ruin of a nation or the downfall of some great prince;" and an old chronicler omits not to record that the Duke of Rothesay (who, had he ascended the throne, would have been David III.), perished soon after of famine, in the hands of Ramornie, at Falkland.

Edinburgh was prosperous enough to be able to contribute 50,000 merks towards the ransom of James I., the gifted author of "The King's Quhair" (or Book), who had been lawlessly captured at sea in his boyhood by the English, and was left in their hands for nineteen years a captive by his designing uncle the Regent Albany; and though his plans for the pacification of the Highlands kept him much in Perth, yet, in 1430, he was in Edinburgh with Queen Jane and the Court, when he received the surrender of Alexander Earl of Ross, who had been in rebellion but was defeated by the royal troops in Lochaber.

As yet no Scottish noble had built a mansion in Edinburgh, where a great number of the houses were actually constructed of wood from the adjacent forest, thatched with straw, and few were more than two storeys in height; but in the third Parliament of James I., held at Perth in 1425, to avert the conflagrations to which the Edinburghers were so liable, laws were ordained requiring the magistrates to have in readiness seven or eight ladders of twenty feet in length, with three or four large saws, for the common use, and six or more "cliekes of iron, to draw down timber and ruiffes that are fired;" and that no fire was to be conveyed from one house to another within the town, unless in a covered vessel or lantern. Another law forbade people on visits to live with their friends, but to resort to "hostillaries," for the encouragement of the latter.

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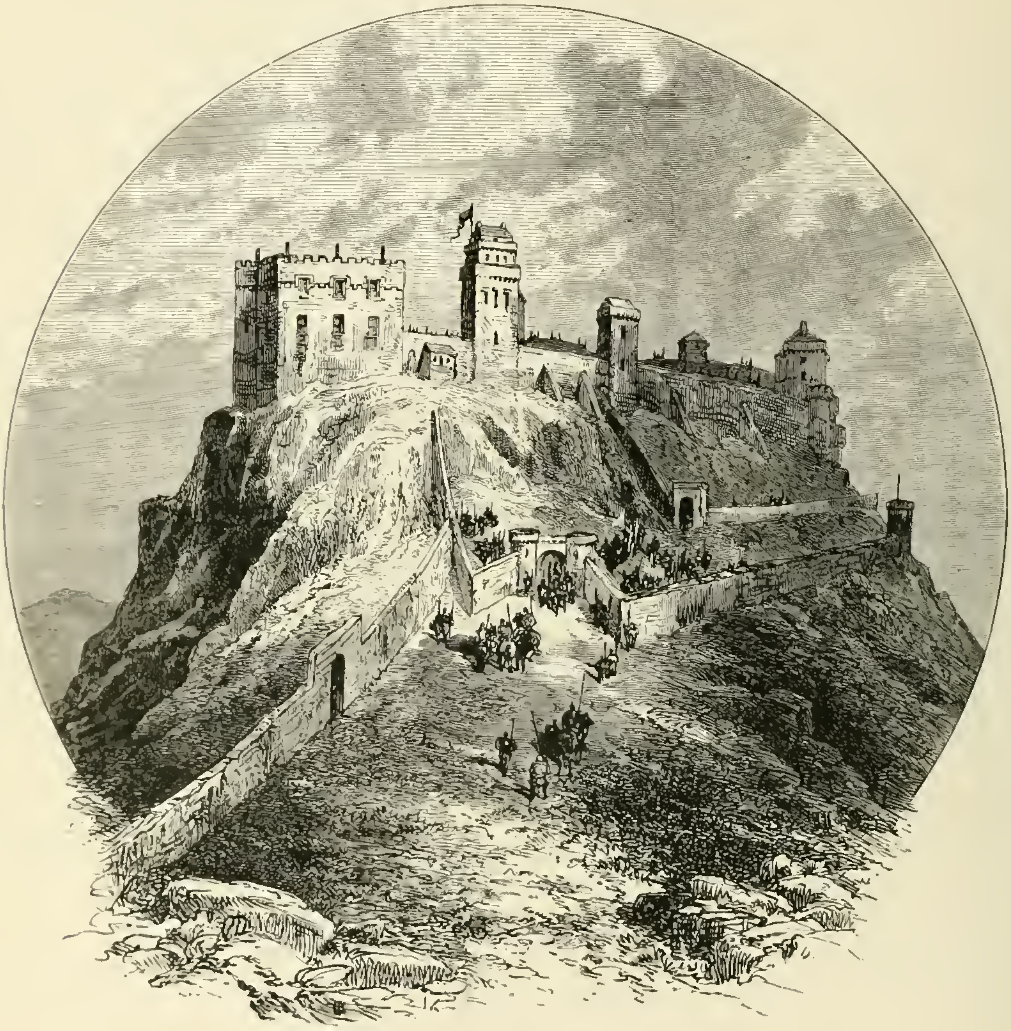
* Wilson's "Memorials."


EDINBURGH CASTLE, AS IT WAS BEFORE THE SIEGE OF 1573.

During the reign of James I. and his successor laws were passed against excess in dress; and it has been said that, though edicts were passed for everything in Scotland, even to the shape of a woman's cap, it was perhaps the most lawless land in Europe.

All save those who possessed 200 merks of yearly rent were forbidden to wear silk or furs, or borderings of pearl or bullion; and the feminine love of display attracted the attention of Parliament at Edinburgh in 1457. It was ordained that citizens should make their wives and daughters appear in costumes suitable to their estate and position; on their heads short curches with little hoods; "and as to their gownes, that na woman weare mertrickes nor letteis, nor tailes unfit in length, nor furred under, but on the Halie-daie;" and that no labourers nor husbandmen were to wear anything on work-days but grey and white; and even on holidays but light blue, green, red, and their wives the same; the curches of the latter to be of their own making, and not to exceed the price "of xl pennyes the elne."

By the same laws, advocates who spoke for money in Parliament were ordained "to have habits of grene, of the fassoun of a tuneike, and the sleeves to be oppin as a tabert."

From the date of the cruel assassination of James I.—the poet, soldier, and lawgiver—may be considered the time when Edinburgh became really the permanent and undisputed capital of Scotland. Sorrow and indignation spread over all the realm when the fate of James was heard, and no place seemed to afford such security to the royal person as the impregnable Castle of Edinburgh; thus Queen Jane, ignorant of the ramifications of that conspiracy by which her princely husband was slain (actually in her arms), instantly joined her son James II., who since his birth had dwelt there. It was then in the hands of William Baron of Crichton—a powerful, subtle, and ambitious statesman, who was Master of the Household.

RUINS OF THE WELL-HOUSE TOWER. *(From a Drawing by Waller H. Paton, R.S.A.)*

Within forty days nearly all concerned in the murder of the late king were brought to Edinburgh, where the ignoble were at once consigned to the hangman; but for the Earl of Athol and other titled leaders were devised tortures worthy alone of Chinese or Kaffir ingenuity. Crowned by a red-hot diadem as "King of Traitors," at the Market Cross, after undergoing three days of unexampled agonies in sight of the people and the Papal Nuncio, afterwards Pius II., the body of the earl was dragged nude through the streets; it was then beheaded and quartered.

On the assembly of the Lords of Parliament, their first care was the coronation of James II., who was conducted in procession from the Castle to the church of Holyrood, where he was crowned, with every solemnity, on the 20th of March, 1438. The queen-mother was named his guardian, with an allowance of 4,000 merks yearly, and Archibald the great Earl of Douglas and Angus (Duke of Touraine) was appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom. During the two subsequent years the little king resided entirely in the Castle under the custody of Crichton, now Lord Chancellor, greatly to the displeasure of the queen and her party, who found him thus placed completely beyond their control or influence.

In short, it was no longer the queen-mother, but the crafty Crichton, who had uncontrolled custody of the little sovereign, and who thus was enabled to seize the revenues, and surround him by a host of parasites, who permitted neither her, nor the Regent, Sir Alexander Livingstone of Callender, to have any share in the government. A bitter feud was the consequence, and Scotland again was rent into two hostile factions, a state of matters of which the English could not, as usual, make profit, as they were embroiled among themselves. The queen remained with the regent at Stirling, while her son was literally a prisoner at Edinburgh; but, womanlike, the mother formed a plan of her own to outwit the enemy.

Visiting the Castle, she professed a great regard for the Chancellor, and a desire to be with her son, with whom she took up her abode. After having effectually lulled all suspicion, she affected to remember a vow she had made to visit the White Kirk of Brechin (according to the "Chronicles of Pitscottie"), and bade adieu to the Chancellor overnight, with many tender recommendations of the young king to his care. She set forth betimes next morning with her retinue, and baggage borne on sumpter horses. In one of the arks or chests strapped on one of these she had the young king concealed, with his own consent. He was thus conveyed to Leith, and from thence by water to Stirling, where she placed him in the hands of the Regent Livingstone, while the haughty Douglas kept aloof, as one who took no interest in the petty intrigues around the throne. Livingstone now unfurled the royal standard, levied troops, and laid siege to the Castle of Edinburgh; but the wary Chancellor, finding that he had been outwitted, pretended to compromise matters by delivering the keys of the gates into the hands of the king, after which they all supped together in the great hall of the fortress. Crichton was confirmed in his office of Chancellor, and the other as regent and guardian of the royal person, a state of affairs not fated to last long.

Livingstone having quarrelled with the queen, she carried off the young king again, and restored him to the custody of the Chancellor in the Castle of Edinburgh. Under the guidance of the Bishops of Moray and Aberdeen, then resident in the city, a conference was held in the church of St. Giles, making him and his rival joint guardians, which, from their mutual dread and hatred of the Earl of Douglas, led to an amicable arrangement, and the young king chose the Castle as his future place of residence.

The great house of Douglas had now reached the zenith of its baronial power and pride. The earl possessed Annandale, Galloway, and other extensive dominions in the southern counties, where all men bowed to his authority. He had the dukedom of Touraine and lordship of Longueville in France. He was allied to the royal family of Scotland, and had at his back a powerful force of devoted vassals, trained to arms, led by brave knights, who were ripe at all times for revolt and strife.

"The Regent and the Chancellor are both alike to me," said he, scornfully; "'tis no matter which may overcome, and if both perish the country will be the better; and it is a pleasant sight for honest men to see *such fencers* yoked together."

But soon after the potent Douglas died at Restalrig—in June, 1440—and was succeeded by his son William, then in his sixteenth year; and now the subtle and unscrupulous old Chancellor thought that the time had come to destroy with safety a family he alike feared and detested. In the flush of his youth and pride, fired by the flattery of his dependents, the young earl, in the retinue and splendour that surrounded him far surpassed his sovereign. He never rode abroad with less than two thousand lances under his banner, well horsed, and sheathed in mail, and he actually, according to Buchanan, sent as his ambassadors to the court of France Sir Malcolm Fleming and Sir John Lauder of the Bass, to obtain for him a new patent of the duchy of Touraine, which had been conferred on his grandfather by Charles VII. Arrogance so unwonted and grandeur so great alarmed both Crichton and Livingstone, who could not see where all this was to end.

Any resort to violence would lead to civil war. He was therefore, with many flatteries, lured to partake of a banquet in the Castle of Edinburgh, accompanied by his brother the little Lord David and Sir Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld. With every show of welcome they were placed at the same table with the king, while the portcullis was suddenly lowered, the gates carefully shut, and their numerous and suspicious train excluded. Towards the close of the entertainment a black bull's head—an ancient Scottish symbol that some one was doomed to death—was suddenly placed upon the board. The brave boys sprang up, and drew their swords; but a band of Crichton's vassals, in complete armour, rushed in from a chamber called the Tiring-house, and dragged forth the three guests, despite the tears and entreaties of the young king.

They were immediately beheaded—on the 24th of November, 1440—according to Godscroft, "in the back court of the Castle that lyeth to the west" (where the barracks now stand); in the great hall, according to Balfour. They were buried in the fortress, and when, in 1753, some workmen, in digging a foundation there, found the plate and handles of a coffin all of which were pure gold, they were supposed to belong to that in which the Earl of Douglas was placed. Singular to say, Crichton was never brought to trial for this terrible outrage. "Venomous viper!" exclaims the old historian of the Douglases, "that could hide so deadly poyson under so faire showes! unworthy tongue, unelesse to be cut oute for example to all ages! A lion or tiger for cruelty of heart—a waspe or spider for spight!" He also refers to a rude ballad on the subject, beginning—

"Edinburgh Castle, towne and tower,
God grant thou sinke for sinne,
An that even for the black dinner
Earle Douglas got therein."

This affair instead of pacifying the country only led to ruin and civil strife. The Douglas took arms under James IV., Duke of Touraine and seventh Earl of Douglas and Angus, and for a long space the city and neighbourhood were the scene of contest and ravage by the opposite factions. The Chancellor remained secure in the Castle, and, to be revenged on Sir John Forrester, who had laid waste his lands at Crichton in 1445, he issued forth with his troopers and garrison, and gave to fire and sword all the fertile estates of the Douglases and Forresters westward of the city, including Blackness, Abercorn, Strathbroc, and Corstorphine; and, with other pillage, carrying off a famous breed of Flanders mares, he returned to his eyry.

Douglas, who, to consolidate his power had espoused his cousin the Fair Maid of Galloway, adding thus her vast estates to his own, and had now, as hereditary lieutenant-general of the kingdom, obtained the custody of the young king, came to Edinburgh with a vast force composed of the Crown vassals and his own, and laid siege to the Castle, which the Chancellor defended for *nine* months, nor did he surrender even to a summons sent in the king's name till he had first secured satisfactory terms for himself; while of his less fortunate coadjutors, some only redeemed their lives with their estates, and the others, including three members of the Livingstone family, were beheaded within its walls.

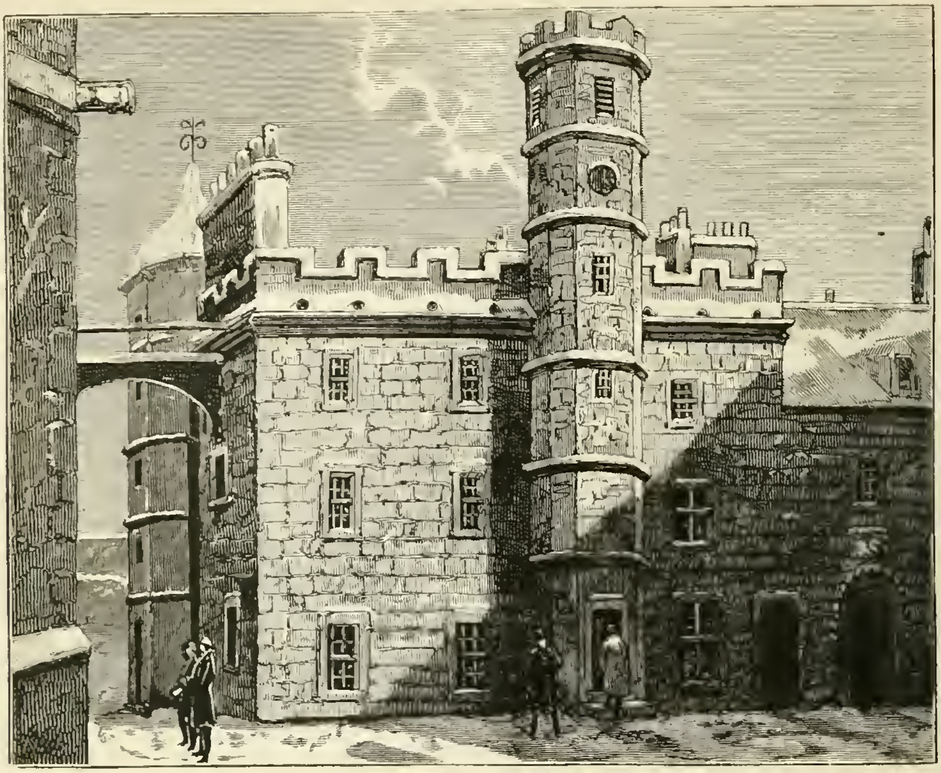
The details of this long siege are unknown, but to render the investment more secure the Parliament, which had begun its sittings at Perth, was removed to Edinburgh on the 15th of July, 1446.

After all this, Earl Douglas visited Italy, and in his absence during the jubilee at Rome in 1450, Crichton contrived to regain the favour of James II., who having now the government in his own hands, naturally beheld with dread the vast power of the house of Touraine.

How Douglas perished under the king's dagger in Stirling in 1452 is a matter of general history. His rival died at a very old age, three years afterwards, and was interred among his race in the present noble church of Crichton, which he founded.

Beneath the Castle ramparts the rising city was now fast increasing; and in 1450, after the battle of Sark, in which Douglas Earl of Ormond defeated the English with great slaughter, it was deemed necessary to enclose the city by walls, scarcely a trace of which now remains, except the picturesque old ruin known as the Well-house Tower, at the base of the Castle rock. They ran along the southern declivity of the ridge on which the most ancient parts of the town were built, and after crossing the West Bow—then deemed the grand entrance to Edinburgh—ran between the High Street and the hollow, where the Cowgate (which exhibited then but a few minor edifices) now stands; they then crossed the main ridge at the Nether Bow, and terminated at the east end of the North Loch, which was then formed as a defence on the north, and in the construction of which the Royal Gardens were sacrificed. From this line of defence the entire esplanade of the Castle was excluded. "Within these ancient limits," says Wilson, "the Scottish capital must have possessed peculiar means of defence—a city set on a hill and guarded by the rocky fortress, there watching high the least alarms; it only wanted such ramparts, manned by its burgher watch, to enable it to give protection to its princes and to repel the inroads of the southern invader. The important position which it now held may be inferred from the investment in the following year of Patrick Cockburn of Newbigging (the Provost of Edinburgh) in the Chancellor's office as governor of the Castle, as well as his appointment, along with other commissioners, after the great defeat of the English at the battle of Sark, to treat for the renewal of a truce." It seemed then to be always "truce" and never peace!

In the Parliament of 1455 we find Acts passed for watching the fords of the Tweed, and the erection of bale-fires to give alarm, by day and night, of inroads from England, to warn Hume, Haddington, Dunbar, Dalkeith, Eggerhope, and Edinburgh Castle, thence to Stirling and the north—arrangements which would bring all Scotland under arms in two hours, as the same system did at the time of the False Alarm in 1803. One bale-fire was a signal that the English were in motion; two that they were advancing; four in a row signified that they were in great strength. All men in arms westward of Edinburgh were to muster there; all eastward at Haddington; and every Englishman caught in Scotland was lawfully the prisoner of whoever took him (Acts, 12th Parl. James II.). But the engendered hate and jealousy of England would seem to have nearly reached its culminating point when the 11th Parliament of James VI., chap. 104, enacted, ungallantly, "that no Scotsman marrie an Englishwoman without the king's license under the Great Seal, under pain of death and escheat of moveables."



THE ROYAL LODGING OR PALACE, FROM THE GRAND PARADE.

CHAPTER V.

EDINBURGH CASTLE—(*continued*).

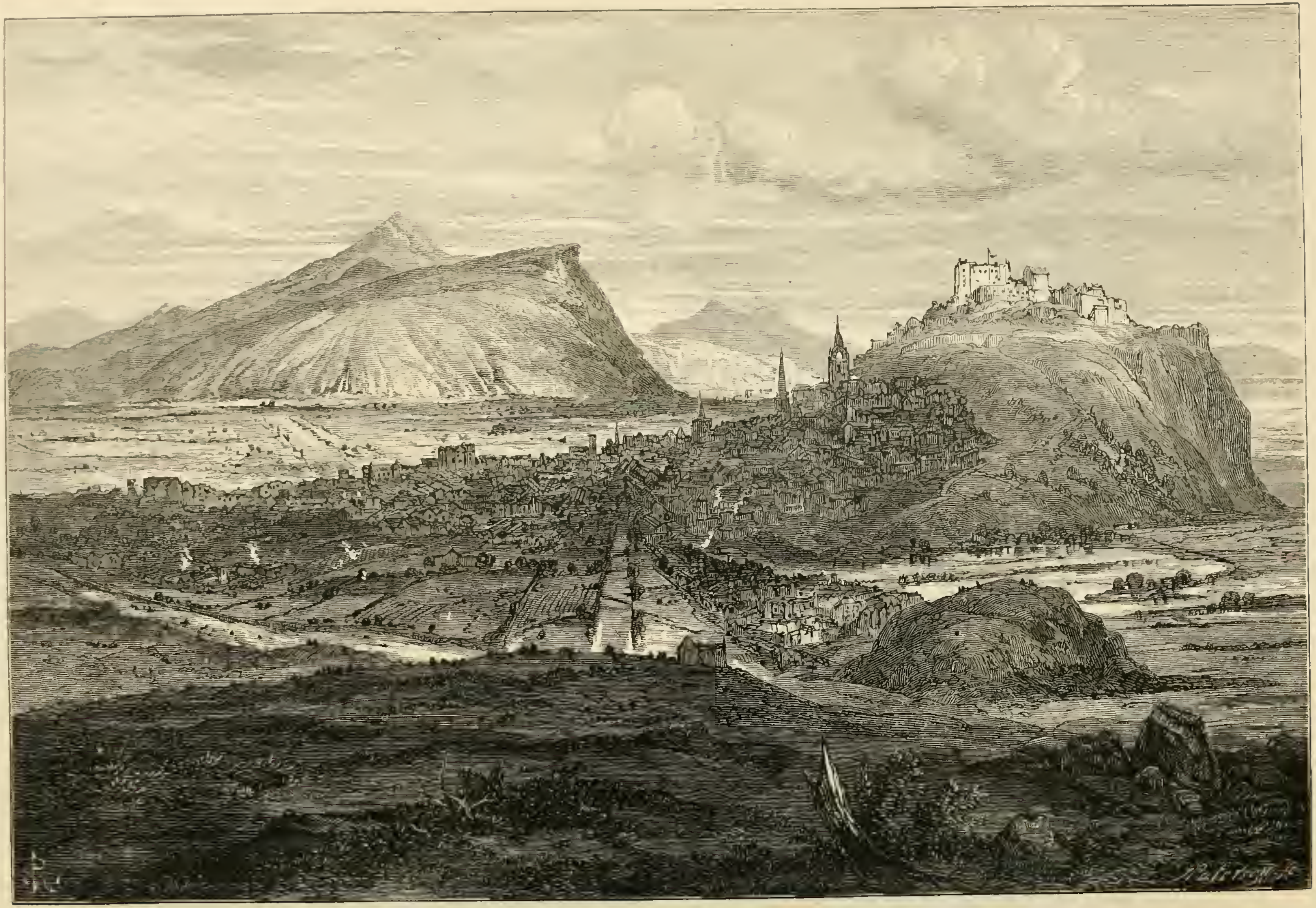
James III. and his haughty Nobility—Plots of the Duke of Albany and Earl of Mar—Mysterious Death of Mar—Capture and Escape of the Duke of Albany—Captivity of James III.—Richard of Gloucester at Edinburgh—The "Golden Charter" of the City—"The Blue Blanket"—Accession of James IV.—Tournaments—"The Seven Sisters of Bothwick"—The "Flodden Wall"—The Reign of James V.—"Cleanse the Causeway!"—Edinburgh under the Factions of Nobles—Hertford Attacks the Castle—Death of Mary of Guise—Queen Mary's Apartments in the Castle—Birth of James VI.

After the royal marriage and coronation of James III. with Margaret of Oldenburg—both of which ceremonies took place with great pomp at Edinburgh in 1476, he unfortunately contrived to disgust his proud nobility by receiving into favour many persons of inferior rank. Thus, deep and dangerous intrigues were formed against him, and by those minions he was soon made aware that his brothers—Alexander Duke of Albany, and John Earl of Mar—were forming a conspiracy against him, and that the former aimed at nothing less than wresting the sceptre from his hand, and getting himself, with English aid, crowned as Alexander IV., King of Scotland and the Isles—a fact since proved by authentic documents.

Instead of employing his authority as Warden of the Marches in the repression of outrage, Albany broke the truce and burst into England more than once; he slew John of Scougal in East Lothian; and surrounded himself with a band of desperadoes, who at his behest executed the most nefarious crimes.

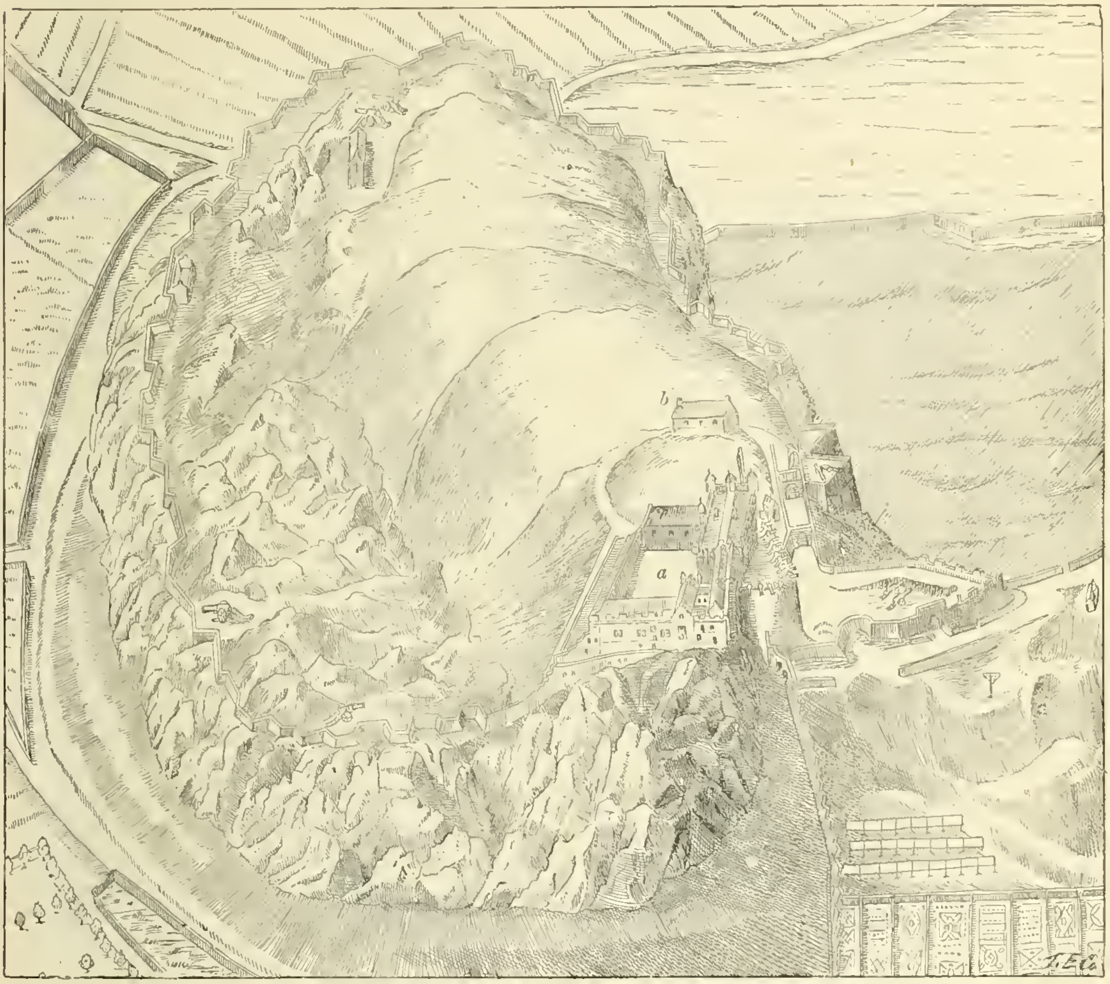
The dark accusations under which he lay roused at length the suspicions of the king, who ordered the arrest of both him and Mar. Over the latter's fate there hangs a strange mystery. One historian declares that he died of fever in the Canongate, under the spells of witches who were burned therefor. Another records that he was bled to death in Craigmillar Castle; and the singular discovery there in 1818 of a man's skeleton built erect into the north wall was thought to warrant the adoption of the last account.

In 1482 Albany was committed to the Castle of Edinburgh, a close prisoner in the hands of those who knew well that his accession to the



PROSPECT OF EDINBURGH, FROM THE NORTH, 1693. (*After Slezer*).

throne would ensure their total destruction, yet he escaped them. Aware that a day of trial was coming, and terrified by the unknown fate of Mar, some of his numerous friends contrived to acquaint him that in the Roads of Leith there lay a small vessel laden with Gascon wine, by which he might escape if he made an effort. It is supposed that he was confined in David's Tower, for we are told it was one that arose from the northern verge of the rock, where the height of the precipice seemed to preclude the possibility of escape. He had but one attendant (styled his chalmer-chield) left to wait upon him, and to this follower he revealed his intention. From the vessel there came to him two small runlets said to contain wine, and they were carried to his apartment unexamined, The duke found that they contained malvoisie, and also a strong rope, with a waxen roll enclosing an unsigned letter, urging, "that he should lose no time in escaping, as the king's minions had resolved that he should die ere the morrow's sun set," but that the boats of the French vessel would await him at the harbour of Leith.



EDINBURGH CASTLE IN 1647. (*From Gordon of Rothiemay's Map.*)

a, the Castle; *b*, the Castle Chapel.

To lull suspicion, Albany invited the captain of the guard and three of his principal soldiers to sup with him, and all these he succeeded in partially intoxicating. They sat drinking and gaming until the hour grew late; and then the royal duke found that the moment of fate had come!

Snatching the captain's long dagger from his baldrick, Albany buried it again and again in his glittering breast; he despatched the intoxicated soldiers in the same fashion, and, in token of his hostility, with the assistance of his chalmer-chield he barbarously threw the bodies on a great fire that blazed in the fireplace of the tower; "and there in their armour they broiled and sweltered like tortoises in iron shells." Locking the doors, the fugitives hurriedly and stealthily reached the tower-head unseen. The attendant lowered himself down first over the abutting crag, which there is more than 200 feet in height, but the cord proving too short it slipped from his hands, and he fell to the bottom senseless.

This must have been a terrible crisis for the blood-stained Albany! Hurrying back to his now horrible apartment in the tower, he dragged the sheets from his bed, added them to the rope, looped it round an embrasure, and lowered himself safely down over rampart and rock to the bottom, where he found his attendant lying helpless, with a broken thigh. Unwilling to leave him to perish, Albany, with a sentiment that contrasts singularly with his recent ferocity, raised him on his shoulders, and being a man of unusual strength and stature, he actually conveyed him to Leith, a distance of two miles; and, when the sun rose, the ship, with Albany, was out on the German sea.

Daylight revealed the rope and twisted sheets hanging over the rampart of the tower. An alarm was given, which the dreadful stench from the locked chamber must have increased. The door was opened. Albany was gone, but the half-consumed corpses were found in the fireplace; and James III. refused to believe in a story so incredible till he had visited the place in person.*

Albany fled to England, the king of which refused to deliver him up. Thus war was declared, and James marched from the Burghmuir with 50,000 men and a train of guns, under the master of the ordnance, a stone-mason, whom, with great impolicy, he had created Earl of Mar. At Lauder the nobles halted; hanged all the king's minions over the bridge in horse-halters, and disbanded the troops; and then the humbled and luckless James returned to the Castle, where for many months, in 1481, he remained a species of prisoner in the custody of its commanders, the Earls of Athol and Buchan, who, it has been supposed, would have murdered him in secret had not the Lord Darnley and other loyal barons protected him, by never leaving his chamber unguarded by night or day. There he remained in a species of honourable durance, while near him lay in a dungeon the venerable Earl of Douglas, who scorned to be reconciled, though James, in his humility, made overtures to him. He appealed at last to England for aid against his turbulent barons, and Edward IV. (though they had quarrelled about a matrimonial alliance, and about the restoration of Berwick) sent Richard, Duke of Gloucester, north, at the head of 10,000 auxiliaries, who encamped on the Burghmuir, where the Duke of Albany, who affected a show of loyalty, joined them, at the very time that the rebellious nobles of James were sitting in council in the Tolbooth. Thither went Albany and Gloucester, the "crookbacked Dick" of Shakspere and of Bosworth, attended by a thousand gentlemen of both countries, and the parties having come to terms, heralds were sent to the Castle to charge the commander thereof to open the gates and set the king at liberty; after which the royal brothers, over whose fraternisation Pitscottie's narrative casts some ridicule, rode together, he adds, to Holyrood, "quhair they remained ane long time in great merrines."

William Bertraham, Provost of Edinburgh, with the whole community of the city, undertook to repay to the king of England the dowry of his daughter the Lady Cecil, and afterwards they fulfilled their obligations by repaying 6,000 merks to the Garter King-at-Arms. In acknowledgment of this loyal service James granted to the city the patent known as its "Golden Charter," by which the provost and bailies were created sheriffs of their own boundaries, with other important privileges. Upon the craftsmen he also conferred a banner, said to have been made by the queen and her ladies, still preserved and known popularly as the "Blue Blanket," and it was long the rallying point of the Burgher-guard in every war or civic broil. Thus, James VI., in the "Basilicon Doron," points out to Prince Henry—"The craftsmen think we should be content with their work how bad soever it be; and if in anything they be controuled, up goes the Blue Blanket!"

This banner, according to Kincaid, is of blue silk, with a white St. Andrew's cross. It is swallow-tailed, measuring in length from the pole ten feet two inches, and in breadth six and a half feet. It bears a thistle crowned, with the mottoes: "Fear God and honour the King with a long lyffe and a prosperous reigne;" and "And we that is Trades shall ever pray to be faithfull for the defence of his sacred Maiesties royal person till Death."

James III. was noted about this time for the quantity of treasure, armour, and cannon he had stored up in the Castle, his favourite residence. In David's Tower stood his famous black kist (probably the same which is now in the Crown room), filled with rare and costly gems, gold and silver specie, massive plate, and a wonderful collection of glittering jewels, of which Tytler gives the list. In the "inventory" of the Jewel House are mentioned five relics of Robert Bruce, viz., four silver goblets and a shirt of mail, "King Robert's serk," as it is written. Among his cannon were two great French curtalds, forty-six other pieces of various calibre, and sixteen field-waggons, with a vast quantity of military stores of every description.

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* Lindesay, Drummond, Scott, Buchan, &c.

The quarrels between James and his arrogant nobles deepened day by day. At last, says Godscroft, a story went abroad that it was proposed to invite them all to a banquet in the great hall of the Castle, and there cut them off root and branch! This startling rumour led to others, and all culminated in the battle of Sauchieburn, where James perished, under the dagger of an assassin, on the 8th of June, 1488—a monarch who, more than any other of the Stuarts, contributed towards the permanent prosperity of the Scottish metropolis. "By favour of his charters its local jurisdiction was left almost exclusively in the hands of its own magistrates; on them were conferred ample powers for enacting laws for its governance, with authority in life and death—still vested in its chief magistrate—an independence which was afterwards defended amid many dangers down to the period of the Union. By his charters, also in their favour, they obtained the right, which they still hold, to all the customs of the haven and harbour of Leith, with the proprietorship of the adjacent coast, and all the roads leading thereto."

On the accession of James IV., in his boyhood, he sent a herald from Leith to demand the surrender of the Castle, and a commission consisting of the Lord High Treasurer, Sir William Knowles (afterwards slain at Flodden), and others, took over all the personal property of the late king. The inventory taken on this occasion, according to Tytler, affords a pleasing and favourable idea of the splendour of the Scottish court in those days.

In the treasurer's accounts we have many curious entries concerning the various Scottish harpers, fiddlers, and English pipers, that performed here to amuse James IV. "July 10, 1489; to Inglish pyparis that cam to the Castel yet and playit to the king, viij lib. viij s."

During the reign of the chivalrous and splendid James IV., Edinburgh—where he was crowned—became celebrated throughout all Europe as the scene of knightly feats. The favourite place for the royal tournaments was a spot of ground just below the Castle rock, and near the king's stables. There, James in particular, assembled the nobles by proclamation, for jousting, offering such meeds of honour as a golden-headed lance, or similar favours, presented by his own hand or that of some beautiful woman. Knights came from all countries to take part in these jousts; "bot," says Pitscottie, "few or none of thame passed away unmatched, and oftimes overthrowne."

One notable encounter, witnessed by the king from the Castle wall, took place in 1503, when a famous cavalier of the Low Countries, named by Pitscottie Sir John Cochbevis, challenged the best knight in Scotland to break a spear, or meet him *à outrance* in combat to the death. Sir Patrick Hamilton of the house of Arran took up his challenge. Amid a vast concourse, they came to the barriers, lanced, horsed, and clad in tempered mail, with their emblazoned shields hung round their necks. At sound of trumpet they rushed to the shock, and splintered their spears fairly. Fresh ones were given them, but as Hamilton's horse failed him, they drew their two-handed swords, and encountered on foot. They fought thus "for a full hour, till the Dutchman being struck to the ground," the king cast his plumed bonnet over the wall to stay the combat, while the heralds and trumpeters proclaimed the Scottish knight victorious.

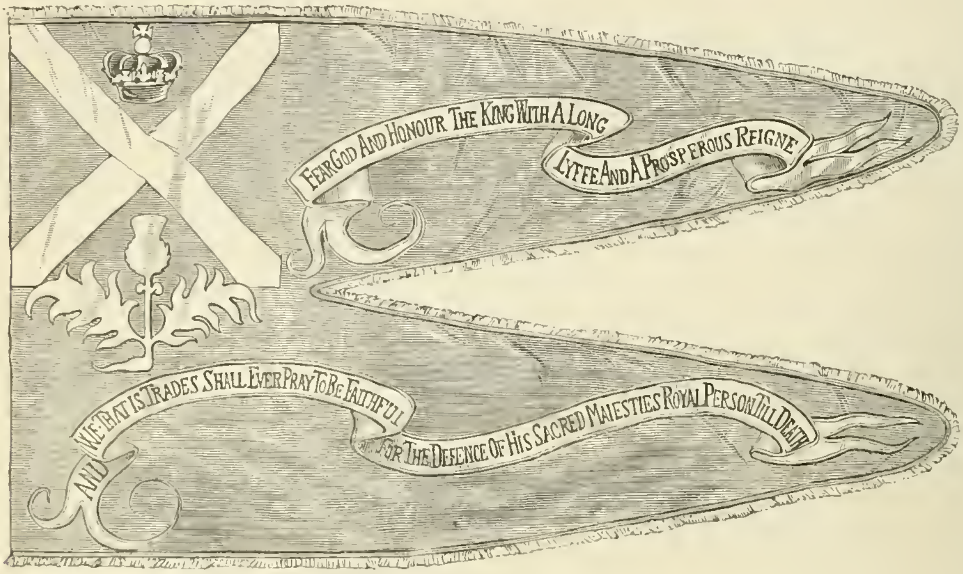
But the court of James was distinguished for other things than the science of war, for during his brilliant reign Edinburgh became the resort of men high in every department of science and art; and the year 1512 saw the Provost of St. Giles's, Gavin Douglas, translating Virgil's "Æneid" into Scottish verse.

In the Castle there resided, about 1503, Lady Margaret Stuart, the daughter of James, by Margaret Drummond of that ilk, whom he is said to have married clandestinely, and who was removed by some Scottish conspirators "to make way for a daughter of England," as an old historian has it. She was poisoned, together with her two sisters; and in August, 1503, "the daughter of England" duly came in the person of Margaret Tudor, whose marriage to James at Edinburgh was conducted with great splendour and much rejoicing.

In 1509 James employed his master gunner, Robert Borthwick, to cast a set of brass ordnance for the Castle, all of which were inscribed —*Machina sum, Scoto Borthwick Fabricata, Roberto.* Seven of these were named by James "the sisters," being remarkable for their beauty and size. Borthwick also cast within the Castle the bells that now hang in the cathedral of St. Magnus at Kirkwall.

James IV., while preparing for his fatal invasion in 1513, went daily to the Castle to inspect and prove his artillery, and by the bursting of one of them he narrowly escaped a terrible death, like that by which his grandfather, James II., perished at Roxburgh. "The seven sisters of Borthwick," referred to by Scott in "Marmion," were captured, with the rest of the Scottish train, at Flodden, where the Earl of Surrey, when he saw them, said there were no cannon so beautiful in the arsenals of King Henry.

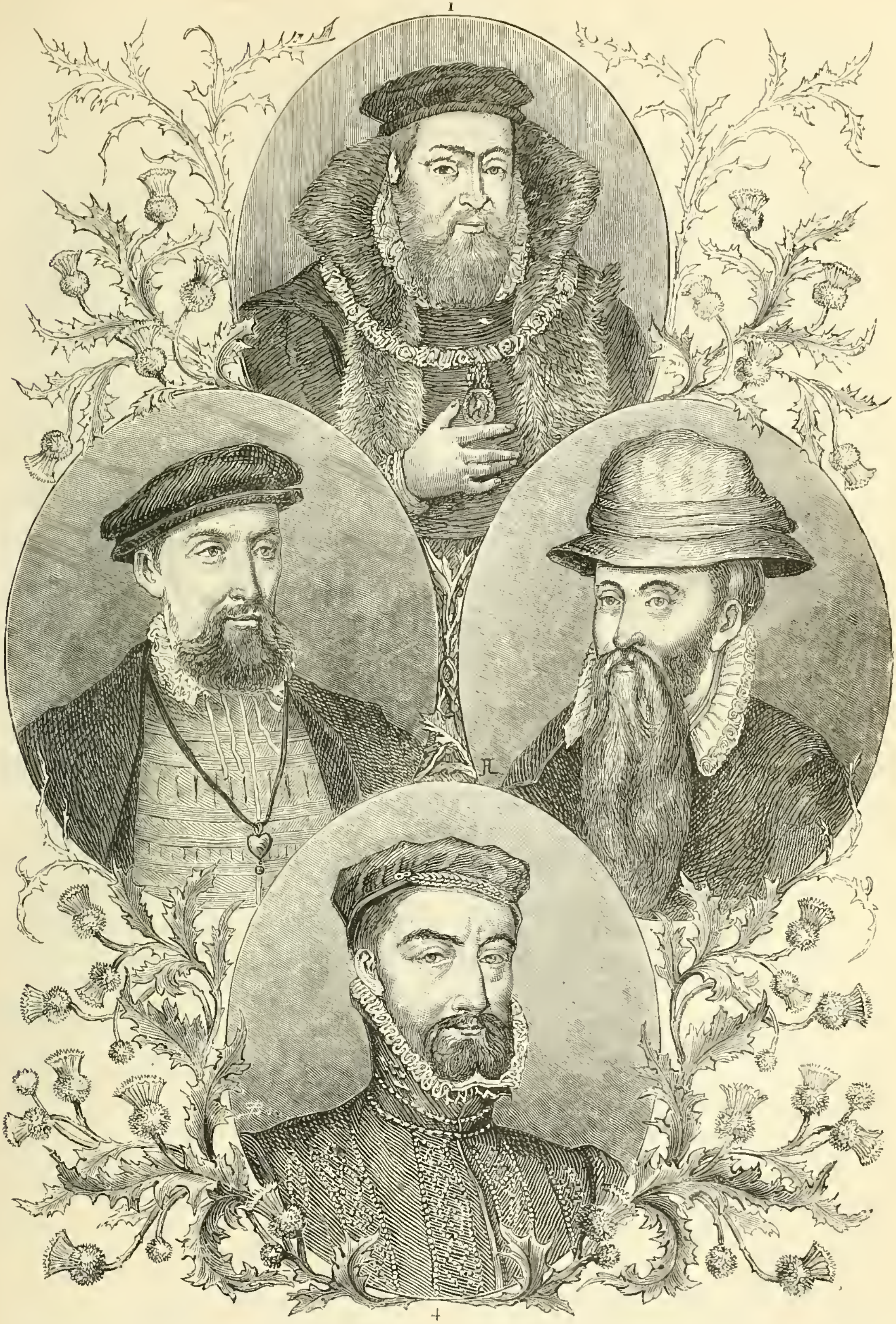
After the accession of James V., the Castle was improved by the skill of the royal architect, Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, and greatly strengthened; but its aspect was very different from that which it bears now.


FearGod And Honour The King With A Long
Lyffe And A Prosperous Reigne
And We That Is Trades Shall Ever Pray To Be Faithful
For The Defence Of His Sacred Maiesties Royal Person Till Death

THE BLUE BLANKET, OR STANDARD OF THE INCORPORATED TRADES OF EDINBURGH.
(*From the Trades' Maiden's Hospital, Rillbank.*)

The entire summit of the stupendous rock was crowned by a lofty wall, connecting a series of round or square towers, defended by about thirty pieces of cannon, called "chambers," which were removed in 1540. Cut-throats, iron slangs, and arquebuses, defended the parapets. Two tall edifices, the Peel and Constable's Towers connected by a curtain, faced the city, overlooking the Spur, a vast triangular ravelin, a species of lower castle that covered all the summit of the hill. Its walls were twenty feet high, turreted at the angles, and armed with cannon. The Constable's Tower was fifty feet high. Wallace's Tower, a little below it, defended the portcullis. St. Margaret's Tower and David's we have already referred to. The others that abutted on the rocks were respectively named the Forge and Gun Houses, Lower Ammunition House, the Register and Jewel Houses, the Kitchen Tower, and Royal Lodging, containing the great hall (now a hospital). Westward were the Butts, still so-called, where archery was practised. There were, and are still, several deep wells; and one at the base of the rock to the northward, in a vault of the Well-house Tower, between the west angle of which and the rock was an iron gate defended by loopholes closing the path that led to St. Cuthbert's church. A massive rampart and two circular bastions washed by the loch, defended the keep of the ravelin on that side, where Sir Patrick Blackadder was slain by the Douglases in 1526 when attempting to swim his charger across to escape their lances and hackbuts. In May, 1820, when a drain was being dug here, a coffin was found containing an entire skeleton, near it lay the skull of another. The treasurer's accounts show the strength of the garrison in the following year, when the comptroller was ordered to provide for 400 soldiers in "Ed^{n} Castell, for keeping the samyn frae Inglishmen." There are seldom more there now, in the reign of Victoria.

In tracing the history of this fortress it is impossible not to refer occasionally to the city of which it was the origin before coming to the general annals of the latter. The defeat at Flodden on the 9th of September, 1513, caused a consternation in Edinburgh unusual even in those days of war and tumult. The wail that went through the streets is still remembered in



1. James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, from a Print by Holl from the Original Picture by Ketel. 2. John Erskine, Earl of Mar, from an Engraving by Trotter from the Painting in the possession of James Erskine, Esq., of Alva. 3. Archibald, Earl of Angus, from the Original Painting by François Clouet, in the possession of Queen Victoria. 4. The Regent Moray, from an Engraving by J. Shury from the Original Painting at Holyrood.

history, tradition, and in song. Professor Aytoun finely reproduces the feeling of anguish in his well-known ballad of "Edinburgh after Flodden":—

"Woe, and woe, and lamentation, what a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children, shrieking, sobbing in despair!
Through the streets the death-word rushes, spreading terror, sweeping on—
'Jesu Christ! our king has fallen—oh, great God, King James is gone!
Oh, the blackest day for Scotland that she ever knew before!
Oh, our king, the good, the noble, shall we never see him more?
Woe to us, and woe to Scotland! Oh, our sons, our sons and men!
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron, surely some will come again!'
Till the oak that fell last winter shall uprear its withered stem,
Wives and mothers of Dunedin ye may look in vain for them!"

All the remaining male inhabitants capable of bearing arms were ordered to be in readiness; a standing watch (the origin of the famous old Town Guard) was constituted, and five hundred pounds Scots were even levied for the purchase of artillery. The narrow limits of the wall of James II. had proved too confined for the increasing city, and now that there was dread of a retaliatory invasion by a victorious enemy, the inhabitants of the Cowgate—then a new and aristocratic suburb—became naturally alarmed to find they were beyond the circumvallation of 1450. They felt themselves shut out in the unprotected country! "But they—the citizens—did certainly retain their native character for prudence, as scarcely a house arose beyond the second wall for 250 years; and if Edinburgh increased in any respect, it was only by piling new flats on the ancient royalty, and adding to the height rather than to the extent of the city." Several traces of the "Flodden Wall," as it was named, still exist.

This defence, which was built with incredible speed, had many gates and towers, crenelated and furnished with embrasures and loopholes, and was of vast strength and height, with a *terrepleine* of earth in some parts, especially to the south. Descending from the Castle in a south-westerly direction, it crossed the Portsburgh at the foot of the Grassmarket, where there was a barrier called the West Port; and ascending the steep Vennel—where much of it still remains—to Lauriston, it turned due eastward to the corner of Teviot Row, from whence it ran acutely northward to the Bristo Port. Thence it ran nearly eastward by the south of the present university and Drummond Street to the Pleasance, crossing the Cowgate foot, where stood the Cowgate Port. From there to the Nether Bow Port the enclosure was completed by the west side of St. Mary's Wynd, and perhaps part of the old wall of 1450. Descending Leith Wynd, which was also closed by a port, the wall ended at the foot of the North Loch, then, as yet, the artificial defence of the city on that side, the waters of it being regulated by a dam and sluice. These walls were added to and strengthened from time to time as suspicions occurred of the English: at Leith Wynd by Act of Parliament in 1540; another addition in 1560 to the foot of Halkerston's Wynd, near the present North Bridge; and in 1591 all were repaired with bulwarks and flankers; the last addition being, in 1618, at the Greyfriars Port. They had all become ruinous in 1745. The whole length of the old wall was about one mile, that of the new was one mile three furlongs.

Henry VIII. was too full of his French war to follow up the advantage won at Flodden; and poor Scotland had now to experience again the evils that attend a long minority, for James V. was but two years old when he succeeded to the throne.

By the will of James IV. Queen Margaret was appointed Regent during their son's minority; but she lost her power by an impolitic marriage with the Earl of Angus, whereupon John Duke of Albany succeeded her as Regent. This brave and wise prince was the son of that Alexander whose daring escape we have detailed, and he had high interest in France, where he espoused Anne de la Tour of Vendôme; but prior to his arrival there had ensued one of those dreadful street skirmishes which were so peculiar to Edinburgh in those days.

On the queen's marriage with his feudal rival, the Earl of Arran, attended by every Hamilton he could muster, marched into the city, and laid claim to the Regency, as nearest of blood to the king. Angus was not slow in following him thither, with 500 spearmen and several knights. The moment that Arran heard of his approach, he assembled the nobility of the west country, at the Archbishop of Glasgow's quaint old turreted house, which stood at the eastern corner of the Blackfriars Wynd, but has quite recently been pulled down. He ordered the gates to be secured, but too late; the Douglases were already in the city, where a dreadful commotion was imminent.

While Arran held a conference, Angus was in his town mansion, near the curious old street called the West Bow, the last vestiges of which have nearly disappeared. His friends conveyed to him an intimation that he was to be made prisoner, and advised him to lose no time in assuming the defensive. On this he sent his uncle, the famous Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, to remonstrate with the archbishop, Arran, and others present, "to caution them against violence, and to inform them that if they had anything to allege against him he would be judged by the laws of the realm, and not by men who were his avowed enemies." Meanwhile he put on his armour, and drew up his spearmen in close array near the Nether-Bow Port—the Temple Bar of Edinburgh—a gate strongly fortified by double towers.

When the Bishop of Dunkeld entered the archbishop's house in the Blackfriars Wynd he found all present armed, and resolved on the most desperate measures. Even the archbishop wore a coat of mail, covered by his ecclesiastical costume, and in the dispute that ensued he concluded a vehement speech by striking his breast, and asseverating—"There is no remedy! The Earl of Angus must go to prison. Upon my conscience I cannot help it!"

As he struck his breast the armour rattled.

"How now, my lord?" said the Bishop of Dunkeld; "I think your conscience *clatters!* We are priests, and to bear arms or armour is not consistent with our profession."

The archbishop explained "that he had merely provided for his own safety in these days of continued turmoil, when no man could leave his house but at the hazard of his life."

Numbers of citizens and others had now joined Angus, who was exceedingly popular, and the people handed weapons from the windows to all his followers who required them. He barricaded all the entrances to the steep wynds and closes leading from the High Street to the Cowgate, and took post himself near the head of the Blackfriars Wynd. Sir James Hamilton of Finnart came rushing upward at the head of the Hamiltons to attack the Douglases. Angus, who knew him, ordered the latter to spare him if possible, but he was one of the first who perished in the fierce and bloody fray that ensued, and involved the whole city in universal uproar.

"A Douglas! a Douglas!" "A Hamilton! a Hamilton! Through! Through!" such were the adverse cries.

The many windows of the lofty and gable-ended houses of the High Street were crowded with the excited faces of spectators; the clash of swords and crash of pikes, the shouts, yells, and execrations of the combatants as they closed in fierce conflict, added to the general consternation, and killed and wounded began to cumber the causeway in every direction.

The Hamiltons gave way, and, sword in hand, the exasperated Angus drove them headlong down the Blackfriars Wynd, killing them on every hand. The Earl of Arran and a kinsman hewed a passage out of the *mêlée*, and fled down an alley on the north side of the High Street. At the foot they found a collier's horse, and, throwing the burden off the animal, both mounted it, though in armour, swam it across the loch to the other side, and escaped among the fields, where now Princes Street stands.

Many Douglases perished in the skirmish, which was long remembered as "Cleanse the Causeway." Of the Hamiltons eighty were slain on the spot, including Sir Patrick son of the first Lord Hamilton, and the Master of Montgomery, according to Hawthornden. The archbishop fled to the adjacent Blackfriars church for sanctuary, but the Douglases dragged him from behind the altar, rent his episcopal habit from his back, and would have slain him had not the Bishop of Dunkeld interfered; and he was permitted to fly afoot to Linlithgow, sixteen miles distant.

Towards the termination of the fight 800 border troopers, under the Prior of Coldingham (Angus's brother), came galloping in, and finding the gates and wickets closed, they beat them in with hammers; but by that time the fray was over.

This was but a specimen of the misrule that pervaded the whole realm till the arrival of the Regent Albany, when the Parliament at Edinburgh named four peers as guardians of the young king and his infant brother, permitting the queen to name other four. On this being adjusted, the Duke of Albany and these peers in their robes of state, attended by esquires and pages, proceeded to the Castle, at the gate of which they were received by a singular tableau of an imposing description.

The barriers were thrown open, and on the summit of the flight of forty steps which then gave access to them, stood the beautiful queen of that heroic king who fell at Flodden, holding by the hand the little James V., while a pace or two behind her stood a noble lady, supporting in her arms his infant brother. With real or affected sweetness of manner she asked their errand.

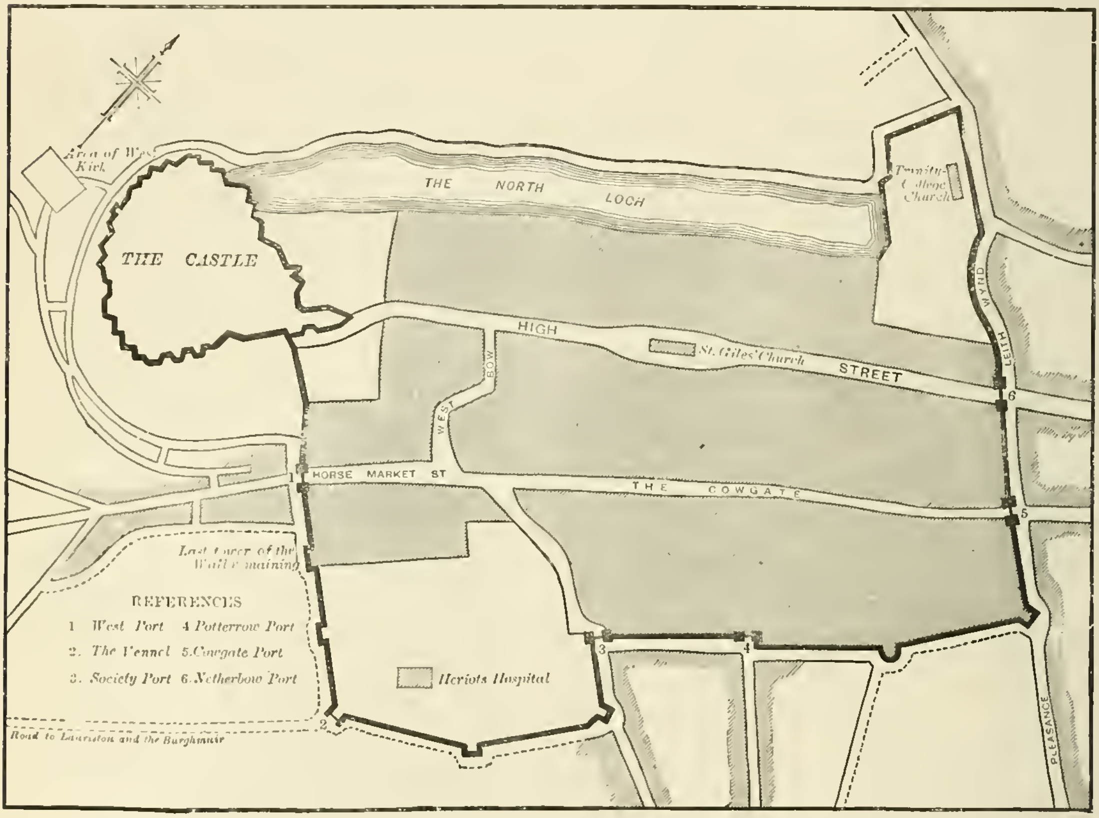
"Madam," replied the royal duke, "we come by the authority of Parliament to receive at your hands our sovereign and his brother."

Margaret Tudor stepped back a pace, and ordered the portcullis to be lowered, and as the grating descended slowly between her and the four delegates, she said:—

"I hold this Castle by gift from my late husband, your king, and will yield it to no power whatever. But I respect that of the Parliament, and require six days to consider its demand; for most important is my charge, and my councillors, alas! are now few," she added, bursting into tears, probably as she thought of the many

"Who on Flodden's trampled sod,
For their king and for their country,
Rendered up their souls to God."

Alarmed at a refusal so daring, Angus entreated her to obey the Estates, and took an instrument to the effect that he had no share in it; but she remained inexorable, and the mortified delegates returned to report the unsuccessful issue of their mission. Aware that she was unable to contend with the Estates, she secretly retired with her sons to Stirling, and, after placing them in charge of the Lords Borthwick and Fleming, returned to her former residence, though, according to Chalmers, she had no right of dowry therein. Distrusting the people, and, as a Tudor, distrusted by them, she remained aloof from all, until one day, escorted by Lord Home and fifty lances, she suddenly rode to the Castle of Blackadder (near Berwick), from whence she endeavoured to enlist the sympathy of her brother, Henry VIII., by complaining that she had been little else than a captive in the Castle of Edinburgh.



PLAN OF EDINBURGH, SHOWING THE FLODDEN WALL. (*Based on Gordon of Rothiemay's Map*, 1647.)

Meanwhile the Duke of Albany had taken up his residence at Holyrood, and seems to have proceeded, between 1515–16, with the enlargement of the royal buildings attached to the Abbey House, in continuation of the works carried on there by the late king, till the day of Flodden. Throughout the minority of James V. Edinburgh continued to be disturbed by the armed contentions of the nobles, especially those of Angus and Arran; and in a slender endeavour to repress this spirit the salary of the Provost was augmented, and a small guard of halberdiers was appointed to attend him.

Among those committed prisoners to the Castle by Albany were the Lord Home and his brother William for treason; they escaped, but were retaken, and beheaded 16th October, 1516, and their heads were placed on the Tolbooth.[*] Huntly and Moray were next prisoners, for fighting at the head of their vassals in the streets; and the next was Sir Lewis Stirling, for an armed brawl.

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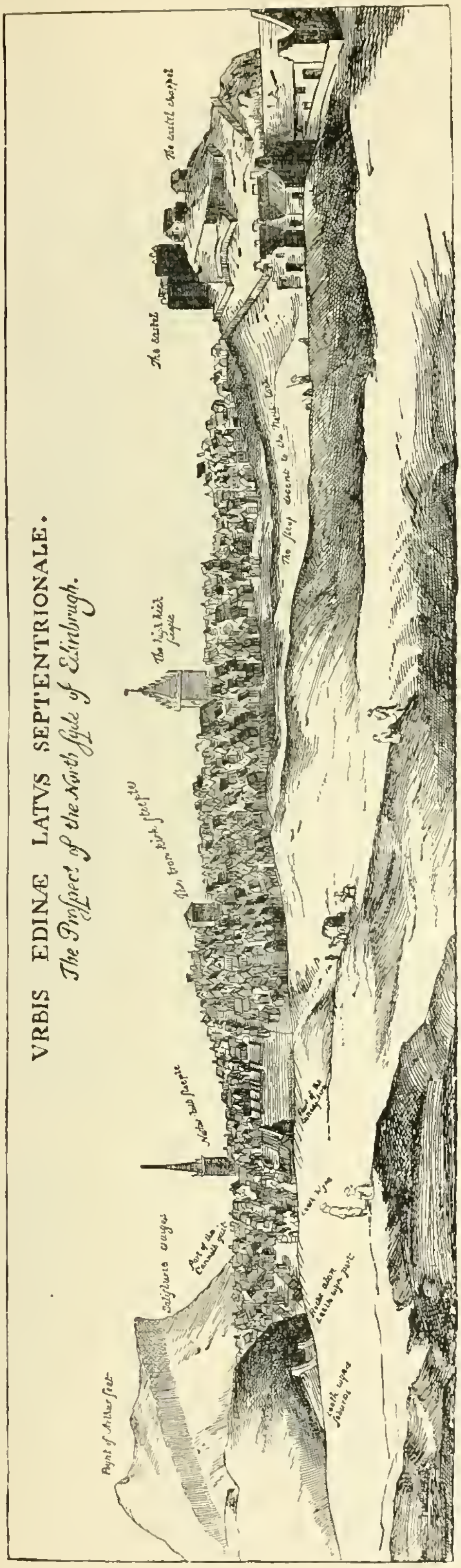
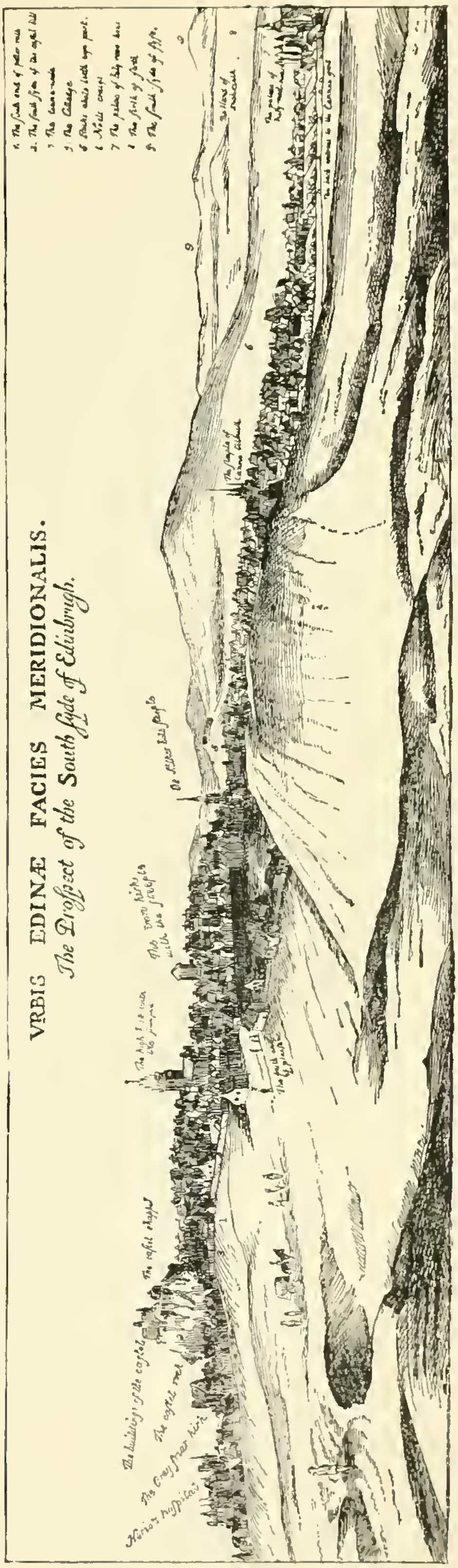
[*] Crawford's "Lives."



VRBIS EDINÆ LATVS SEPTENTRIONALE.
The Prospect of the North syde of Edinbrugh.



VRBIS EDINÆ FACIES MERIDIONALIS.
The Prospect of the South syde of Edinbrugh.

EDINBURGH FROM THE NORTH AND SOUTH. (*Reduced Fac-simile after Gordon of Rothiemay.*)

Stirling had been paying his addresses to a girl possessed of great attractions, daughter of Richard Lawson of the Highriggs, Provost in 1504 (and whose house there was removed only in 1878), but proving less successful than Meldrum of the Binns—whose feats of chivalry have been sung by Lindesay of the Mount—he attacked the latter at the head of fifty horse, near the Rood Chapel in Leith Loan, though his rival had only eight followers, and a mortal combat with sword and axe ensued. Meldrum unhorsed Sir Lewis, and would have slain him had not his faithful henchman, by interposing, received the sword-thrust in his own heart. The prowess of Meldrum's troopers is evinced from the fact that they slew twenty-six of Stirling's men, but the former was left for dead, covered with wounds; "yet," saith Pitscottie, "be the mychtie power of God he escaped death, and lived fiftie years thairaftir." The Chevalier de la Beauté, the detested Lieutenant-Governor under Albany, at the head of the mounted French gendarmerie, pursued Stirling to the Peel of Linlithgow. He stormed it, and sent this fiery lover to the Castle of Edinburgh, where he was sentenced to death, but was pardoned and set free, while the chevalier was soon after slain by Home of Wedderburn, who knitted his head to his saddle-bow.

During this time little James V. resided permanently in the Castle, pursuing his studies under the tuition of Gawin Dunbar, afterwards Archbishop of Glasgow, all unconscious of the turmoils in progress everywhere, and so completely forgotten by the actors in them, that his sister, the Countess of Morton, with her friends, had, more than once, to repair the royal apartments and replenish his wardrobe. Though placed in the fortress for security, he was permitted to ride abroad on a little mule that was kept for his use, but always under escort of Albany's guards, clad in scarlet doublets slashed with black, and armed with partisan and dagger. Dread of a pestilence which broke out in the garrison caused his removal to Craigmillar, where, by the courtesy of Lord Erskine, his mother was permitted to visit him, till the other guardians, hostile to English influence and suspicious of her power, removed him to his former residence. James is said to have delighted in conversing with the soldiers, and when handling their swords and hackbuts his cheeks were seen to flush and his eyes to sparkle with the ardour of a brave boy when contemplating military objects.

When Albany returned from visiting France, in 1521, the queen-dowager, Beaton, and so many others came in his train to Holyrood, that Angus, who had quarrelled with Margaret, and was the sworn foe of them all, quitted the city, and was exiled for tumults he had excited during the absence ol the Regent. As the only means of terminating the frightful anarchy that prevailed, it was resolved to invest James, now in his twelfth year, with full sovereign power; and thus, on the 22nd August, 1524, he made his solemn entry into the Tolbooth, preceded by the crown, sceptre, and sword of state.

The irrepressible Angus, backed by the Douglases, seized the government in the following year, scaled the city walls on the night of the 24th November, beat open the ports, and fairly capturing Edinburgh, made a Douglas Provost thereof. And such was the power he possessed, that the assassins of M'Lellan of Bombie—who was slain in open day at the door of St. Giles's church—walked with impunity about the streets; while the queen herself deemed his safe-conduct necessary while she resided in Edinburgh, though Parliament was sitting at the time; and so the king returned again to honourable durance in the dilapidated palace of the Castle, or only put in an appearance to act as the puppet of his governor.

At this crisis Arran and his faction demanded that Parliament should assemble in the Castle-hall as a security against coercion; but Angus vowed that it should continue to meet in its usual place; and as the king was retained within the Castle, he cut off all communication between it and the city with 2,000 men, on whom the batteries opened; but eventually these differences were adjusted, and the luckless young king was permitted to attend Parliament in state.

On All Saints' Day a thunderbolt struck a turret of David's Tower, and hurled some fragments down the rocks, setting fire to the apartments of Margaret, who narrowly escaped with her life.

In 1526, John Earl of Lennox, at the head of numerous forces, marched towards Edinburgh, intent on rescuing the king from the intolerable thraldom of Angus; but the latter caused his namesake the Provost to ring the alarm bell, display the banner of the city, and put it on its defence. He did more. He compelled James to lead out the citizens against his own friends. He issued forth by the West Port, at the head of all the men of Edinburgh and Leith, but came in time only to witness the death of Lennox in the battle of Linlithgow Bridge, where he was cruelly slain by Sir James Hamilton, after he had surrendered his sword to the Laird of Pardowie.

Queen Margaret, who had now divorced Angus, and married Henry Stuart Lord Methven, on finding that the former was about to seize her dower-lands, fled, with her third husband and all his vassals, to the Castle of Edinburgh, and, joining her son, prepared to resist to the last; but Earl Archibald only laughed when he heard of it; and, displaying his banner, invested the fortress at the head of his own vassals and those of the Crown. Margaret found that she dared not disobey, and her soldiers capitulated.

Bathed in tears, on her knees, at the outer gate, quailing under the grim eye of one who was so recently her husband, at his command she placed the keys "in the hands of her son, then a tall and handsome youth, imploring pardon for her husband, for his brother Sir James Stuart, and lastly for herself. Angus smiled scornfully beneath his barred helmet at her constrained submission, and haughtily directed the Lord Methven and others to be imprisoned in the towers from which they had so lately defied him."

In 1528, James, at last, by a midnight flight with only two attendants, escaped the Douglas thrall, and fled to Falkland Palace, after which event, with a decision beyond his years, he proceeded to assert his own authority, and summoned the estates to meet him at Stirling. The Douglases were declared outlaws and traitors, whereupon Angus and all the barons of his name fled to England.

On the death of James V., in 1542, the Regent Arran thoroughly repaired the Castle, and appointed governor Sir James Hamilton of Stanehouse, a gallant soldier, who proved worthy of the trust reposed in him when, in 1544, Henry VIII., exasperated at the Scots for declining to fulfil a treaty, made by an English faction, affiancing the young Queen Mary to his only son Edward, sent the Earl of Hertford with an army, and 200 sail under Dudley Lord l'Isle to the Forth, with orders, so characteristic of a ferocious despot, "to put all to fire and sword; to burn Edinburgh, raze, deface, and sack it; to beat down and overthrow the Castle; to sack Holyrood and as many towns and villages as he could; to sack Leith, burn, and subvert it, and all the rest; putting man, woman, and child, to fire and sword, without exception."*

Hertford suddenly landed with 10,000 men near an old fortalice, called the Castle of Wardie, on the beach that bordered a desolate moor of the same name, and seized Leith and Newhaven. Cardinal Beaton and the Regent Arran lay in the vicinity with an army. The former proposed battle, but the latter, an irresolute man, declined, and retired in the night towards Linlithgow with his hastily levied troops.

Lord Evers, with 4,000 horse, had now joined the English from Berwick, and Hertford arrogantly demanded the instant surrender of the infant queen; and being informed that the nation would perish to a man rather than submit to terms so ignominious, he advanced against Edinburgh, from whence came the Provost, Sir Adam Otterburn, to make terms, if possible; but Hertford would have nothing save an unconditional surrender of life and property, together with the little queen, then at Stirling.

"Then," said the Provost, "'twere better that the city should stand on its defence!" He galloped back to put himself at the head of the citizens, who were in arms under the Blue Blanket. The English, after being repulsed with loss at the Leith Wynd Port, entered by the Water Gate, advanced up the Canongate to the Nether Bow Port, which they blew open by dint of artillery, and a terrible slaughter of the citizens ensued. All resisted manfully. Among others was one named David Halkerston of Halkerston, who defended the wynd that for 300 years bore his name, and perished there sword in hand. Spreading through the city like a flood, the English fired it in eight places, and as the High Street was then encumbered with heavy fronts of ornamented timber that erst had grown in the forest of Drumsheugh, the smoke of the blazing mansions actually drove the invaders out to ravage the adjacent country, prior to which they met with a terrible repulse in an attempt to attack the Castle. Four days Hertford toiled before it, till he had 500 men killed, an incredible number wounded, and some of his guns dismounted by the fire of the garrison. Led by Stanehouse, the Scots made a sortie, scoured the Castle hill, and carried off Hertford's guns, among which were some that they had lost at Flodden. The English then retreated, leaving Edinburgh nearly one mass of blackened ruin, and the whole country burned and wasted for seven miles around it. When, three years after, the same unscrupulous leader, as Duke of Somerset, won that disastrous battle at Pinkie—a field that made 360 women of Edinburgh widows, and where the united shout raised by the victors as they came storming over Edmondston Edge was long remembered—Stanehouse was again summoned to surrender; but though menaced by 26,000 of the English, he maintained his charge till the retreat of Somerset. Instead of reconciling the Scots to an alliance with England—in those days a measure alike unsafe and unpalatable—all this strengthened the old one with France. So their young queen was betrothed to the Dauphin, and 6,000 French auxiliaries came to strengthen the power of Mary of Guise, widow of James V., who was appointed Regent during the minority of her infant daughter. During the year 1545–6, the Castle was for a brief period the scene of George Wishart's captivity.

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* Tytler.

Mary of Guise was imprudent, and disgusted the haughty nobles by bestowing all places of trust upon Frenchmen, and their military insolence soon roused the rage of the people, who were at all times impatient of restraint. Thus fierce brawls ensued, and one of these occurred in the city in 1554, between an armourer and a French soldier; a quarrel having arisen concerning some repairs on the wheel-lock of an arquebuse, the latter, by one blow of his dagger, struck the former dead in his own shop. The craftsmen flew to arms; the soldier was joined and rescued by his countrymen; and a desperate conflict ensued with swords, pikes, and Jedwood axes. Sir James Hamilton of Stanehouse, who was now Provost of the city as well as governor of the Castle, marched at once to aid the citizens. He was slain in the *mêlée*, and left lying on the causeway, together with his son James and many more; but the French were driven out sword in hand, and the ports closed upon them and well guarded.

On March 28, 1559, Mary of Guise, with a sorely diminished court, took up her residence in the fortress; she was received with every respect by Lord Erskine, who, as the holder of the Queen's garrison, was strictly neutral between the contending parties. The Reformers were now in arms with the English auxiliaries, so the French, who had waged war through all Fife and the Lothians, were compelled to keep within the ramparts of Leith, the operations against which the fair Regent, though labouring under a mortal illness, which the cares of state had aggravated, watched daily from the summit of David's Tower. Her illness, a virulent dropsical affection, increased. She did not live to see the fall of Leith, but died on the 10th of June, 1560. Her death-bed was peaceful and affecting, and by her own desire she was attended by Knox's particular friend, John Willox, an active preacher of the Reformation. Around her bed she called the

JOHN DUKE OF ALBANY, AND QUEEN MARGARET.* (*From a Picture in possession of the Marquis of Bute.*)

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* Pinkerton is of opinion that this painting was a species of satire directed at the intrigues of the persons depicted. The figure behind the Queen is believed to be that of a Scots Guard; and the butterfly, inkstand, dice, and other minute accessories, are all supposed to have a significance that would be readily understood at the time when the picture was painted.

Rothesay might be baptised in Protestant form. The queen only replied by placing the child in his arms. Then the aged minister knelt down, and prayed long and fervently for his happiness and prosperity, an event which so touched the tender Mary that she burst into tears; however, the prince was baptised according to the Roman ritual at Stirling on the 5th of December.

The birth of a son produced little change in Darnley's licentious life. He perished as history records; and on Bothwell's flight after Carberry, and Mary's captivity in Lochleven, the Regent Moray resolved by force or fraud to get all the fortresses into his possession. Sir James Balfour, a minion of Bothwell's—the keeper of the famous silver casket containing the pretended letters and sonnets of Mary—surrendered that of Edinburgh, bribed by lands and money as he marched out, and the celebrated Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange was appointed governor in his place. That night the fated Regent Moray entered with his friends, and slept in the same little apartment wherein, a year before, his sister had been delivered of the infant now proclaimed as James VI.; but instead of keeping his promise to Balfour, Moray treacherously made him a prisoner of state in the Castle of St. Andrews.

CHAPTER VI.

EDINBURGH CASTLE—(*continued*).

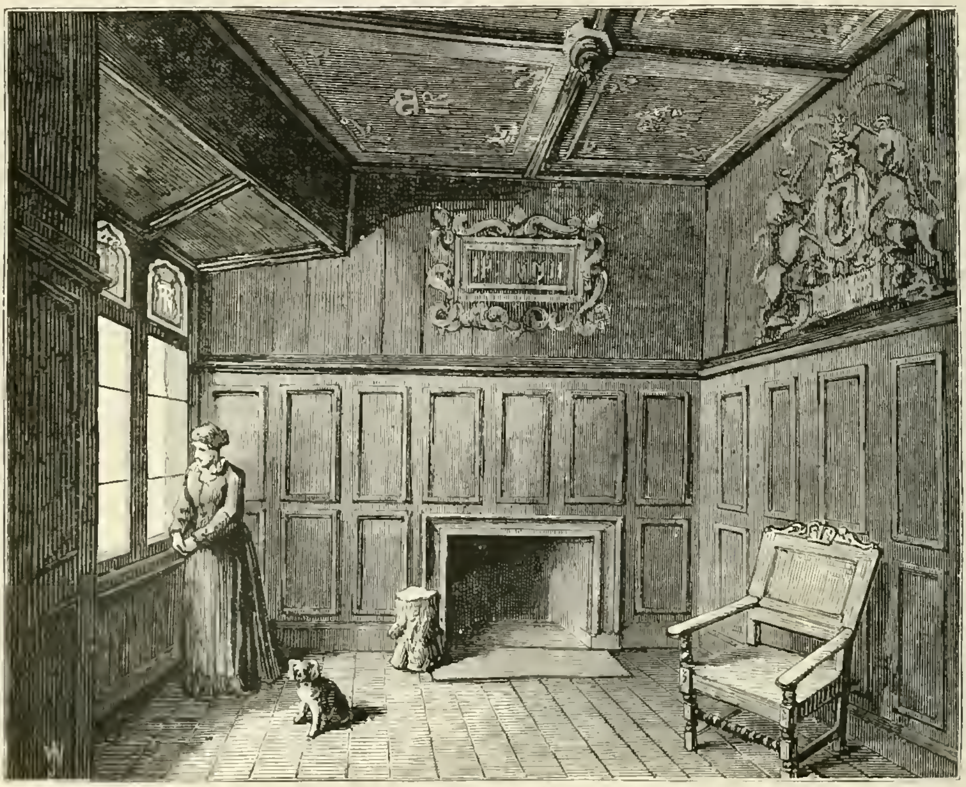
The Siege of 1573—The City Bombarded from the Castle—Elizabeth's Spy—Drury's Dispositions for the Siege—Execution of Kirkaldy—Repair of the Ruins—Execution of Morton—Visit of Charles I.—Procession to Holyrood—Coronation of Charles I.—The Struggle against Episcopacy—Siege of 1640—The Spectre Drummer—Besieged by Cromwell—Under the Protector—The Restoration—The Argyles—The Accession of James VII—Sentence of the Earl of Argyle—His clever Escape—Imprisoned four years later—The Last Sleep of Argyle—His Death—Torture of Covenanters—Proclamation of William and Mary—The Siege of 1689—Interview between Gordon and Dundee—The Castle invested—Brilliant Defence—Capitulation of the Duke of Gordon—The Spectre of Claverhouse.

MARY escaped from Lochleven on the 2nd of May, 1568, and after her defeat fled to England, the last country in Europe, as events showed, wherein she should have sought refuge or hospitality.

After the assassination of the Regent Moray, to his successor, the Regent Morton, fell the task of subduing all who lingered in arms for the exiled queen; and so well did he succeed in this, that, save the eleven acres covered by the Castle rock of Edinburgh, which was held for three years by Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange with a garrison resolute as himself, the whole country was now under his rule.

Kirkaldy, whose services in France and elsewhere had won him the high reputation of being "the bravest soldier in Europe," left nothing undone, amid the unsettled state of affairs, to strengthen his post. He raised and trained soldiers without opposition, seized all the provisions that were brought into Leith, and garrisoned St. Giles's church, into the open spire of which he swung up cannon to keep the citizens in awe. This was on the 28th of March, 1571. After the Duke of Chatelherault, with his Hamiltons—all queen's men—marched in on the 1st of May, the gables of the church were loopholed for arquebuses. Immediate means were taken to defend the town against the Regent. Troops crowded into it; others were mustered for its protection, and this state of affairs continued for fully three years, during which Kirkaldy baffled the efforts of four successive Regents, till Morton was fain to seek aid from Elizabeth, to wrench from her helpless refugee the last strength that remained to her; and most readily did the English queen agree thereto.

A truce which had been made between Morton and Kirkaldy expired on the 1st of January, 1573, and as the church bells tolled six in the morning, the Castle guns, among which were two 48-pounders, French battardes, and English culverins or 18-pounders (according to the "Memoirs of Kirkaldy"), opened on the city in the dark. It was then full of adherents of James VI., so Kirkaldy cared not where his shot fell, after the warning gun had been previously discharged, that all loyal subjects of the queen should retire. As the grey winter dawn stole in, over spire and pointed roof, the cannonade was chiefly directed from the eastern curtain against the new Fish Market; the baskets in which were beaten so high in the air, that for days after their contents were seen scattered on the tops of the highest houses. In one place a single shot killed five persons and wounded twenty others. Selecting a night when the wind was high and blowing eastward, Kirkaldy made a sally, and set on fire all the thatched houses in West Port and Castle Wynd, cannonading the while the unfortunates who strove to quench the flames that rolled away towards the east. In March Kirkaldy resolutely declined to come to terms with Morton, though earnestly besought to do so by Henry Killigrew, who came ostensibly as an English envoy, but in reality as a spy from Elizabeth. "He was next visited, in a pretended friendly manner, by Sir William Drury, Elizabeth's Marshal of Berwick, the same who built Drury House in Wych Street, London, and who fell in a duel with Sir John Burroughs about precedence, and from whom Drury Lane takes its name. When about to enter the the Castle gate, an English deserter, who had enlisted under Queen Mary, in memory of some grudge, was about to shoot him with his arquebuse, when he was seized, and given up by Sir William Kirkaldy. This courtesy was ill-requited by his visitor, whose sole object was to note the numbers of his garrison and cannon, the height and strength of the walls, &c." In anticipation of a siege, the citizens built several traverses to save the High Street from being enfiladed; one of these, formed between the Thieves' Hole and Bess Wynd, was two ells in thickness, composed of turf and mud; and another near it was two spears high. In the city, the Parliament assembled on the 17th of January, with a sham regalia of gilt brass, as Kirkaldy had the crown and real regalia in the Castle.



ROOM IN EDINBURGH CASTLE IN WHICH JAMES VI. WAS BORN.

When joined by some English pioneers, Morton began to invest the Castle with his paid Scottish companies, who formed a battery on the Castle hill, from which Kirkaldy drove them all in rout on the night of the 15th. On the following day, Sir William Drury, in direct violation of the Treaty of Blois, which declared "that no foreign troops should enter Scotland," at the head of the old bands of Berwick, about 1,500 men, marched for Edinburgh. A trumpeter, on the 25th of April, summoned Kirkaldy to surrender; but he replied by hoisting, in place of the St. Andrew's ensign, a red flag on David's Tower as a token of resistance to the last.

Five batteries had been erected against him by the 15th of May. These were armed with thirty guns, including two enormous bombardes or 100-pounders, which were loaded by means of a crane; a great carthoun or 48-pounder; and many 18-pounders. There was also a movable battery of falcons. Under the Regent Morton, the first battery was on the high ground now occupied by the Heriot's Hospital; the second, under Drury, opposed to St. Margaret's Tower, was near the Lothian Road; the third, under Sir George Carey, and the fourth, under Sir Henry Lee, were somewhere near St. Cuthbert's church; while the fifth, under Sir Thomas Sutton, was on the line of Princes Street, and faced King David's Tower.

All these guns opened simultaneously on Sunday, the 17th of May, by salvoes; and the shrieks of the women in the Castle were distinctly heard in the camp of the Regent and in the city. The fire was maintained on both sides with unabated vigour—nor were the arquebuses idle—till the 23rd, when Sutton's guns having breached David's Tower, the enormous mass, with all its guns and men, and with a roar as of thunder, came crashing over the rocks, and masses of it must have fallen into the loch 200 feet below. The Gate Tower with the portcullis and Wallace's Tower, were battered down by the 24th. The guns of the queen's garrison were nearly silenced now, and cries of despair were heard. The great square Peel and the Constable's Tower, with the curtain between, armed with brass cannon—edifices of great antiquity—came crashing down in succession, and their *débris* choked up the still existing draw-wells. Still the garrison did not quite lose heart, until the besiegers got possession of the Spur, within which was the well on which the besieged depended chiefly for water. This great battery then covered half of the Esplanade. Holinshed mentions another spring, St. Margaret's Well, from which Kirkaldy's men secretly obtained water till the besiegers poisoned it! By this time the survivors were so exhausted by toil and want of food as to be scarcely able to bear armour, or work the remaining guns. On the 28th Kirkaldy requested a parley by beat of drum, and was lowered over the ruins by ropes in his armour, to arrange a capitulation; but Morton would hear of nothing now save an unconditional surrender, so the red flag of defiance was pulled down on the following day. By the Regent's order the Scottish companies occupied the breaches, with orders to exclude all Englishmen. "The governor delivered his sword to Sir William Drury on receiving the solemn assurance of being restored to his estate and liberty at the intercession of Queen Elizabeth. The remnant of his garrison marched into the city in armour with banners displayed; there came forth, with the Lord Home, twelve knights, 100 soldiers, and ten boys, with several ladies, including the Countess of Argyle." The brave commander was basely delivered up by Drury to the vindictive power of the Regent; and he and his

ANCIENT POSTERN AND TURRET NEAR THE QUEEN'S POST.

brother Sir James, with two burgesses of the city, were drawn backwards in carts to the market cross, where they were hanged, and their heads were placed upon the ruined castle walls. Within the latter were found twenty-two close carts for ammunition, and 2,400 cannon balls.

The whole garrison were thrust into the dungeons of adjacent castles in the county; and four soldiers—Glasford, Stewart, Moffat, and Millar—"declared traitors" for having assisted Kirkaldy "in the demolishing and casting down of the bigginis, showting great and small peissis, without fear of God or remorse of conscience," had to do public penance at one of the doors of St. Giles's for three days "cleid in sack cleith."*

The Regent made his brother, George Douglas of Parkhead (one of the assassins of Rizzio), governor, and he it was who built the present half-moon battery, and effected other repairs, so that a plan still preserved shows that by 1575 the fortress had in addition thereto eight distinct towers, facing the town and south-west, armed by forty pieces of cannon. exclusive of Mons Meg, arquebusses, and cut-throats. Over the new gate Morton placed, above the royal arms, those of his own family, a fact which was not forgotten when he lost his head some years after.

In 1576, Alexander Innes of that ilk being summoned to Edinburgh concerning a lawsuit with a clansman, Innes of Pethknock, met the latter by chance near the market cross—then the chief promenade—and amid high words struck him dead with his dagger, and continued to lounge quietly near the body. He was made prisoner in the Castle, and condemned to lose his head; but procured a remission from the corrupt Regent by relinquishing one of his baronies, and gave an entertainment to all his friends. "If I had my foot once loose," said he, vauntingly, "I would fain see if this Earl of Morton dare take possession of my land!" This, though a jest, was repeated to Morton, who retained the bond for the barony, but, according to the history of the Innes family, had the head of Innes instantly struck off within the fortress.

So odious became the administration of Morton that, in 1577, James VI., though only twelve years of age, was prevailed upon by Argyle and Athole to summon the peers, assume the government, and dismiss Morton, an announcement made by heralds at the cross on the 12th of March, under three salutes from the new half-moon; but it was not until many scuffles with the people, culminating in a deadly brawl which roused the whole city in arms and brought the craftsmen forth with morions, plate sleeves, and steel jacks, and when the entire High Street bristled with pikes and Jedwood axes, that Parkhead, when summoned, gave up the fortress to the Earl of Mar, to whom the Earl of Morton delivered the regalia and crown jewels, conformably to an ancient inventory, receiving in return a pardon for all his misdemeanours—a document that failed to save him, when, in 1580, he was condemned and found guilty of that crime for which he had put so many others to death—the murder of Darnley—and had his head struck off by the "Maiden," an instrument said to be of his own adoption, dying unpitied amid the execrations of assembled thousands. Calderwood relates that as he was being conducted captive to the Castle, a woman, whose husband he had put to death, cursed him loudly on her bare knees at the Butter Tron. His head was placed on a port of the city.

From this period till the time of Charles I. little concerning the Castle occurs in the Scottish annals, save the almost daily committal of State prisoners to its dungeons, some of which are appalling places, hewn out of the living rock, and were then destitute nearly of all light. From one of these, Mowbray of Barnbougle, incarcerated in 1602 for slaying a servant of James VI. in the palace of Dunfermline, in attempting to escape, fell headlong through the air, and was dashed on the stony pathway that led to the Royal Mews 300 feet below. His body was quartered, and placed on the Cross, Nether Bow, Potter Row, and West Ports.

In May, 1633, Charles I. visited the capital of his native country, entering it on the 16th by the West Port, amid a splendour of many kinds; and on the 17th, under a salute of fifty-two guns, he proceeded to the Castle attended by sixteen coaches and the Horse Guards. He remained in the royal lodgings one night, and then returned to Holyrood. On the 17th of June he was again in the Castle, when the venerable Earl of Mar gave a magnificent banquet in the great hall, where many of the first nobles in Scotland and England were, as Spalding states, seated on each side of Charles. To that hall he was conducted next morning, and placed on a throne under a velvet canopy, by the Duke of Lennox, Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland. The peers of the realm then entered in procession wearing their crimson velvet robes, each belted with his sword, and with his coronet borne before him. The Chancellor, Viscount Dupplin, addressed him in the name of the Parliament. Charles was then conducted to the gate, from whence began a procession to Holyrood;

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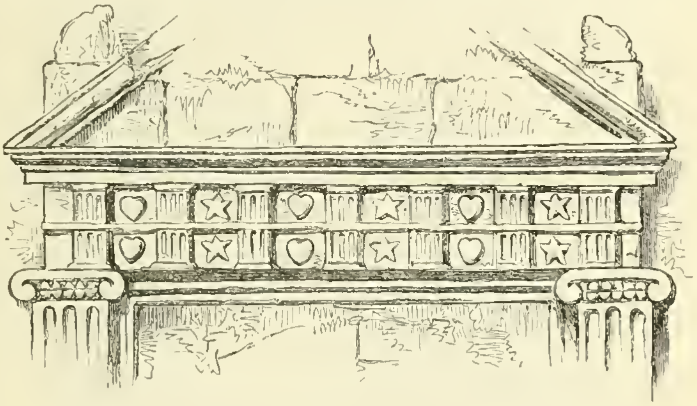
* Keith's "Register"; "Maitland Club Miscellany."

and long it was since Edinburgh had been the scene of anything so magnificent. Every window was crowded with eager faces, and every house was gay with flowers, banners, and tapestry. "Mounted on a roan horse, and having a saddle of rich velvet sweeping the ground, and massive with pasements of gold, Alexander Clark, the Provost, appeared at the head of the bailies and council to meet the king, while the long perspective of the crowded street (then terminated by the spire of the Nether Bow) was lined (as Spalding says) by a brave company of soldiers, all clad in white satin doublets, black velvet breeches, and silk stockings, with hats, feathers, scarfs, and bands. These gallants had dainty muskets, pikes, and gilded partisans. Six trumpeters, in gold lace and scarlet, preceded the procession, which moved slowly from the Castle gate. Then came the lords in their robes of scarlet ermined and laced, riding, with long foot-mantles; the bishops in their white rochets and lawn sleeves looped with gold; the viscounts in scarlet robes; Haddington bearing the Privy Seal; Morton the Treasurer's golden mace, with its globe of sparkling beryl; the York and Norroy English kings-at-arms with their heralds, pursuivants, and trumpeters in tabards blazing with gold and embroidery; Sir James Balfour, the Scottish Lion king, preceding the spurs, sword, sceptre, and crown, borne by earls. Then came the Lord High Constable, riding, with his bâton, supported by the Great Chamberlain and Earl Marshal, preceding Charles, who was arrayed in a robe of purple velvet once worn by James IV., and having a foot-cloth embroidered with silver and pearls, and his long train upborne by the young Lords Lorne, Annan, Dalkeith, and Kinfauns. Then came the Gentlemen Pensioners, marching with partisans uplifted; then the Yeomen of the Guard, clad in doublets of russet velvet, with the royal arms raised in embossed work of silver and gold on the back and breast of each coat—each company commanded by an earl. The gentlemen of the Scottish Horse Guards were all armed *à la cuirassier*, and carried swords, petronels, and musketoons."



ENTABLATURE ABOVE THE GATEWAY, EDINBURGH CASTLE.

But most of the assembled multitude looked darkly and doubtfully on. In almost every heart there lurked the secret dread of that tampering with the Scottish Church which for years had been conspicuous.

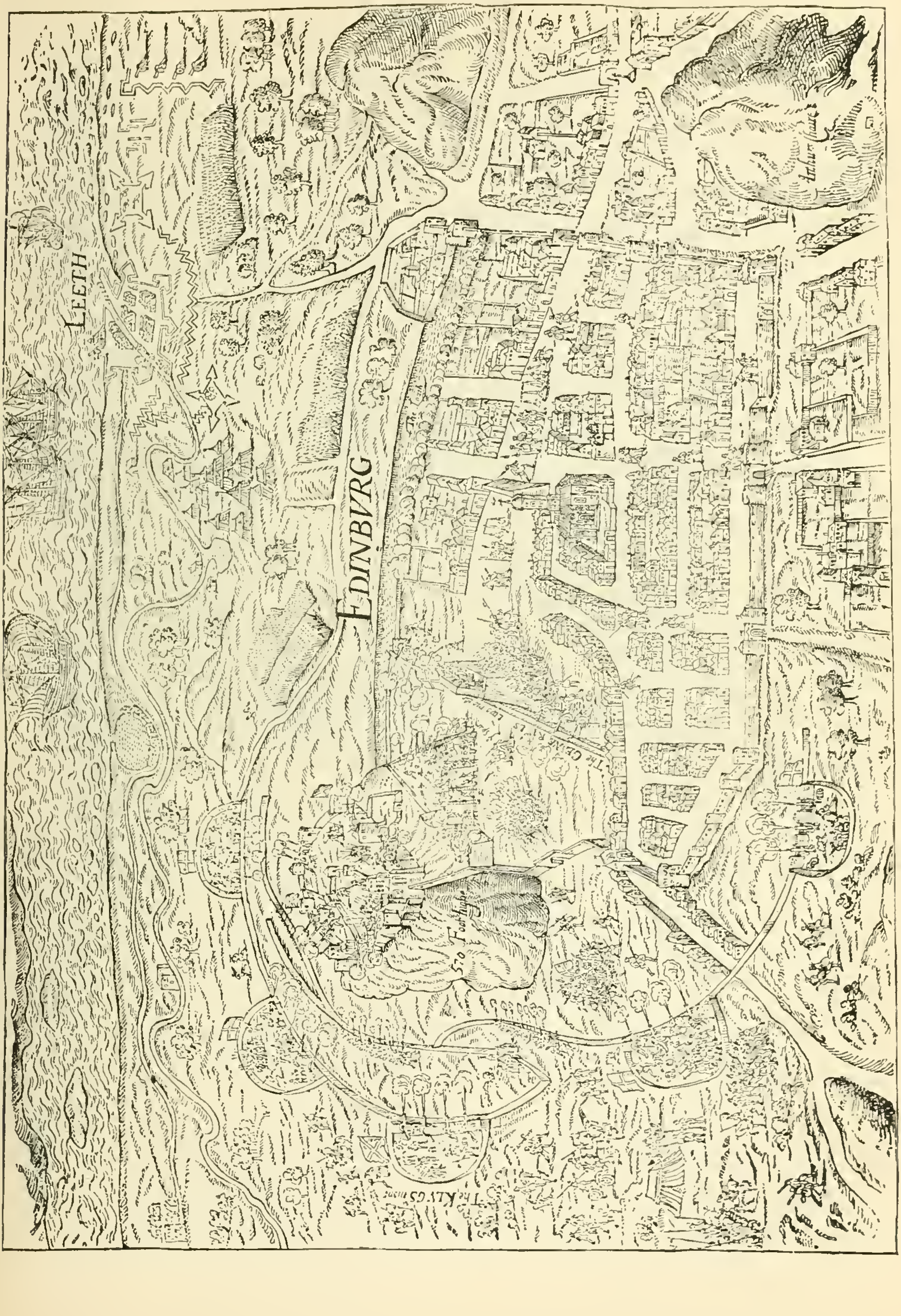
Charles, with great solemnity, was crowned king of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, by the Bishop of St. Andrews, who placed the crown upon his head; and on the 18th July he left Edinburgh on his return to London. Under the mal-influence of the zealot Laud ruin and civil war soon came, when Episcopacy was imposed upon the people. A committee of Covenanters was speedily formed at Edinburgh, and when the king's commissioner arrived, in 1638, he found the Castle beset by armed men. His efforts at mediation were futile; and famous old "Jenny Geddes" took the initiative by dashing her stool at the Dean's head in St. Giles's church. But Jenny's real name is now said to have been Barbara Hamilton. All Scotland was up in arms against Episcopacy. War was resolved on, and with a noble ardour thousands of trained Scottish officers and soldiers, who had been pushing their fortune by the shores of the Elbe and the Rhine, in Sweden and Germany, came pouring home to enrol under the banner of the Covenant; a general attack was concerted on every fortress in Scotland; and the surprise of Edinburgh was undertaken by the commander of the army, Sir Alexander Leslie of Balgonie, Marshal of Sweden under Gustavus Adolphus—a soldier second to none in Europe.

This he achieved successfully on the evening of the 28th March, when he blew in the barrier gate with a petard. The Covenanters rushed through the Spur sword in hand, and the second gate fell before their sledge-hammers, and then Haldane of Gleneagles, the governor, gave up his sword. That night Leslie gave the Covenanting lords a banquet in the hall of the Castle, whereon they hoisted their blue standard with the motto, "For an oppressed kirk and broken Covenant." Montrose's regiment, 1,500 strong, replaced the garrison; Lord Balmerino was appointed governor, and many cavaliers were committed prisoners to his care, and remained there till the pacification of Berwick.

On the 19th of November, King Charles's birthday, a great portion of the curtain-wall, which was very old, fell with a crash over the rocks; and the insurgents rejoiced at this event as boding evil to the royal cause. After the pacification, the Castle, with thirty others, was restored to the king, who placed therein a garrison, under Sir Patrick Ruthven (previously Governor of Ulm under the great Gustavus), who marched in, on the 25th February, 1640, with drums beating and matches lighted. As the magistrates refused to supply him with provisions, and raised 500 men to keep a watch upon his garrison, this testy veteran of the Swedish wars fired a few heavy shot at random on the city, and on the renewal of hostilities between Charles and the Scots, Leslie was ordered by the Parliament, on the 12th June, to reduce the fortress. Ruthven's reply to a summons, was to open fire with guns and matchlocks in every direction, and a sortie, under Scrimgeour, the constable, was made from the gate. Batteries were thrown up at nearly the same places where they had been formed in Kirkaldy's time. Ruthven refused to give the Estates the use of the regalia. Under Colonel Hamilton, master of the ordnance, the batteries opened with vigour, while select musketeers were "told off," to aim at individuals on the ramparts. Most bitter was the defence of Ruthven, whose cannonade imperilled the whole city and the beautiful spire of St. Giles's; while poor people reaping in the fields at a distance were sometimes killed by it.

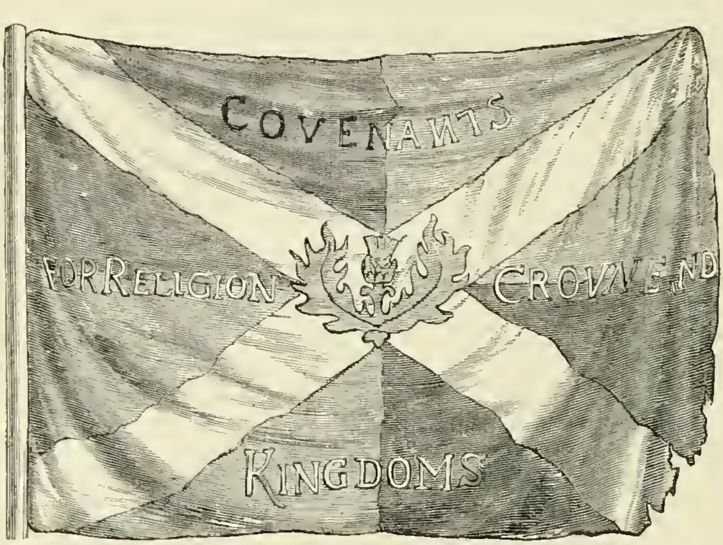
THE REGENT MORTON. (*From an Engraving by Houbraken.*)

The Covenanters sprung a mine, and blew up the south-east angle of the Spur; but the rugged aspect of the breach was such that few of their officers seemed covetous of leading a forlorn hope, especially as old Ruthven, in his rich armour and plumed hat, appeared at the summit heading a band of pikes. At last the Laird of Drum and a Captain Weddal, at the head of 185 men, under a murderous matchlock fire, made a headlong rush, but ere they gained the gap, a cannon loaded



REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF A PLAN OF THE SIEGE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE IN 1573. *(From Holinshed.)*

nearly to the muzzle with musket-balls was depressed to sweep it, and did so with awful effect. According to the historian of the "Troubles," twenty men were blown to shreds. Weddal had both thighs broken, and Somerville, with a few who were untouched, grovelled close under the wall, where Ruthven, who recognised him as an old Swedish comrade, besought him to retire, adding, "I derive no pleasure in the death of gallant men." Of the whole escalade only thirty-three escaped alive, and of these many were wounded, a result which cooled the ardour of the besiegers; but after a three months' blockade, finding his garrison few, and all suffering from scurvy, and that provisions and ammunition were alike expended, on the 18th September, after a blockade of five months in all, during which 1,000 men had been slain, he marched out with the honours of war (when so ill with scurvy that he could scarcely walk) at the head of seventy men, with one drum beating, one standard flying, matches lighted, and two pieces of cannon, with balls in their muzzles and the port-fires blazing at both ends. They all sailed for England in a king's ship. Ruthven fought nobly for the king there, and died at a good old age in 1651, Earl of Forth and Brentford. Argyle, the Dictator of Scotland, in the autumn of 1648 invited Oliver Cromwell to Edinburgh, and entertained him with unwonted magnificence in the great hall of the Castle; afterwards they held many meetings in Lady Home's house, in the Canongate, where the resolution to take away the king's life was discussed and approved of, for which the said Dictator afterwards lost his head.



COVENANTER'S FLAG.

(From the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.)

The next important event in the history of

> "The steep, the iron-belted rock,
> Where trusted lie the monarchy's last gems,
> The sceptre, sword, and crown that graced the brows
> Since Fergus, father of a hundred kings,"

was in the days of Cromwell. On tidings reaching Scotland, after the coronation of Charles II., that the former was advancing north at the head of an army, the Parliament ordered the Castle to be put in a state of defence. There were put therein a select body of troops under Colonel Walter Dundas, 1,000 bolls of meal and malt, 1,000 tons of coal, 67 brass and iron guns, including Mons Meg and howitzers, 8,000 stand of arms, and a vast store of warlike munition.

According to the superstition of the time the earth and air all over Scotland teemed with strange omens of the impending strife, and in a rare old tract, of 1650, we are told of the alarm created in the fortress by the appearance of a "horrible apparition" beating upon a drum.

On a dark night the sentinel, under the shadow of the gloomy half-moon, was alarmed by the beating of a drum upon the esplanade and the tread of marching feet, on which he fired his musket. Col. Dundas hurried forth, but could see nothing on the bleak expanse, the site of the now demolished Spur. The sentinel was truncheoned, and another put in his place, to whom the same thing happened, and he, too, fired his musket, affirming that he heard the tread of soldiers marching to the tuck of drum. To Dundas nothing was visible, nothing audible but the moan of the autumn wind. He took a musket and the post of sentinel. Anon he heard the old Scots march, beaten by an invisible drummer, who came close up to the gate; then came other sounds—the tramp of many feet and clank of accoutrements; still nothing was visible, till the whole impalpable array seemed to halt close by Dundas, who was bewildered with consternation. Again a drum was heard beating the English, and then the French march, when the alarm ended; but the next drums that were beaten there were those of Oliver Cromwell.

When the latter approached Edinburgh he found the whole Scottish army skilfully entrenched parallel with Leith Walk, its flanks protected by guns and howitzers on the bastions of the latter and the Calton Hill. The sharp encounter there, and at St. Leonard's Hill, in both of which he was completely repulsed, are apart from the history of the fortress, from the ramparts of which the young king Charles II. witnessed them; but the battle of Dunbar subsequently placed all the south of Scotland at the power of Cromwell, when he was in desperation about returning for England, the Scots having cut off his retreat. On the 7th September, 1650, he entered Edinburgh, and placed it under martial law, enforcing the most rigid regulations; yet the people had nothing to complain of, and justice was impartially administered. He took up his residence at the Earl of Moray's house—that stately edifice on the south side of the Canongate—and quartered his soldiers in Holyrood and the city; but his guard, or outlying picket, was in Dunbar's Close—so named from the victors of Dunbar; and tradition records that a handsome old house at the foot of Sellars Close was occasionally occupied by him while pressing the siege of the Castle, which was then full of those fugitive preachers whose interference had caused the ruin of Leslie's army. With them he engaged in a curious polemical discussion, and is said by Pinkerton to have preached in St. Giles's churchyard to the people. To facilitate the blockade he demolished the ancient Weigh House, which was not replaced till after the Restoration.

He threw up batteries at Heriot's Hospital, which was full of his wounded; on the north bank of the loch, and the stone bartisan of Davidson's house on the Castle Hill. He hanged in view of the Castle, a poor old gardener who had supplied Dundas with some information; and during these operations, Nicoll, the diarist, records that there were many slain, "both be schot of canoun and musket, as weell Scottis as Inglische." Though the garrison received a good supply of provisions, by the bravery of Captain Augustine, a German soldier of fortune who served in the Scottish army, and who hewed a passage into the fortress through Cromwell's guards, at the head of 120 horse, Dundas, when tampered with, was cold in his defence. Cromwell pressed the siege with vigour. He mustered colliers from the adjacent country, and forced them, under fire, to work at a mine on the south side, near the new Castle road, where it can still be seen in the freestone rock. Dundas, a traitor from the first, now lost all heart, and came to terms with Cromwell, to whom he capitulated on the 12th of December, 1650.*

Exactly as St. Giles's clock struck twelve the garrison marched out, with drums beating and colours flying, after which the Castle was garrisoned by "English blasphemers" (as the Scots called them) under Colonel George Fenwick. Cromwell, in reporting all this to the English Parliament, says:—"I think I need say little of the strength of this place, which, if it had not come as it did, would have cost much blood. . . . I must needs say, not any skill or wisdom of ours, but the good will of God hath given you this place."

By the second article of the treaty the records of Scotland were transmitted to Stirling, on the capture of which they were sent in many hogsheads to London, and lost at sea when being sent back.

Dundas was arraigned before the Parliament, and his reputation was never freed from the stain cast upon it by the capitulation; and Sir James Balfour, his contemporary, plainly calls him a base, cowardly, "traitorous villane!"

Cromwell defaced the royal arms at the Castle gate and elsewhere; yet his second in command, Monk, was fêted at a banquet by the magistrates, when, on the 4th May, 1652, he was proclaimed Protector of the Commonwealth.

At first brawls were frequent, and English soldiers were cut off on every available occasion. One day in the High Street, an officer came from Cromwell's house "in great chafe," says Patrick Gordon, and as he mounted his horse, rashly cried aloud, "With my own hands I killed the Scot to whom this horse and these pistols belonged. Who dare say I wronged him?" "I dare, and thus avenge him!" exclaimed one who stood near, and, running the Englishman through the body, mounted his horse, dashed through the nearest gate, and escaped into the fields.

For ten years there was perfect peace in Edinburgh, and stage coaches began to run every three weeks between it and the "George Inn, without Aldersgate, London," for £4 10s. a seat. Lambert's officers preached in the High Kirk, and buff-coated troopers taught and expounded in the Parliament House; and so acceptable became the sway of the Protector to civic rulers that they had just proposed to erect a colossal stone monument in his honour, when the Restoration came!

It was hailed with the wildest joy by all the Scottish people. The cross of Edinburgh was garlanded with flowers; its fountains ran with wine; 300 dozen of glasses were broken there, in drinking to the health of His Sacred Majesty and the perdition of Cromwell, who in effigy was consigned to the devil. Banquets were given, and salutes fired from the Castle, where Mons Meg was discharged by the hand of the Major-General commanding.

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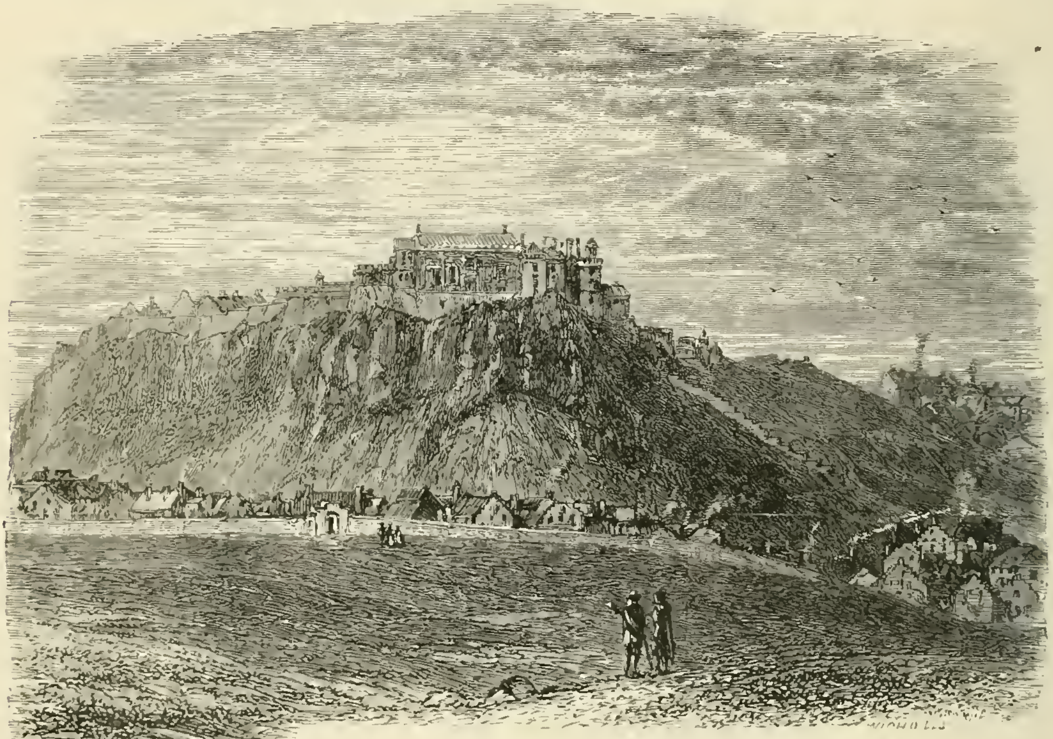
* The articles of the treaty and the list of the captured guns are given at length in Balfour's "Annals."

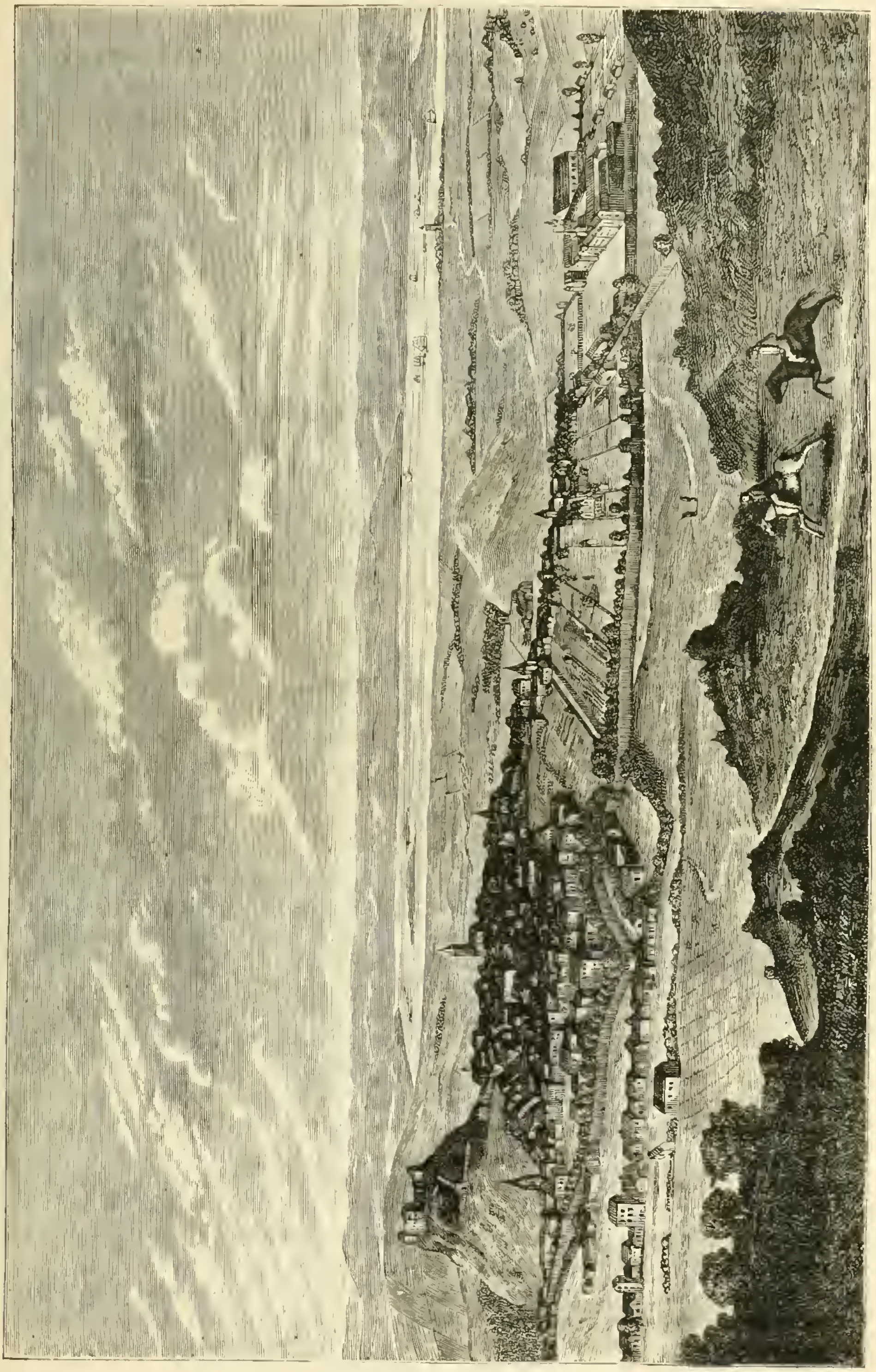


SOUTH SIDE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE. (*After Slezer.*)

From the "Archæologia Scotica" we cull the following curious anecdote :—Soon after the death of Cromwell, in 1660, the English Council, suspecting General Monk's fidelity, sent an order to remove him from the head of their forces in Scotland. Their ordinary special messenger, who had usually borne such messages, was entrusted with this one, which he was ordered not to deliver to Monk, but to (Colonel Newman) the Governor of Edinburgh Castle. It chanced that the principal servant of the former met, near the Canongate-head, his old friend the messenger, whom he accosted with cordiality. "How comes it," he asked, "that you go in this direction, and not, as usual, to the General at Dalkeith?" "Because my despatches are for the Castle." With ready wit the servant of Monk suspected that something was wrong, and proposed they should have a bottle together. The messenger partook freely; the servant purloined the despatch; Monk received it, concealed its nature, and at once began his march southward, with the army of Scotland, to accomplish the Restoration.

When the Puritan gunners in the Castle were ordered to fire a salute in honour of that event, an old "saint" of Oliver's first campaigns bluntly refused obedience, saying, "May the devil blaw me into the air gif I lowse a cannon this day! If I do, some man shall repent it!" Then, according to Nicoll, he was forced to discharge a gun, which burst, and verifying his words, "shuites his bellie from him, and blew him quyte over the Castle wall, in the sichte of mony pepill." On the 3rd of January, 1661, Scottish companies were enlisted under the Earl of Middleton to re-garrison the fortress, wherein the first Marquis of Argyle was committed to prison, having been sent from the Tower on the accusation of "complying with Cromwell in the death of Charles I."

Thus he found himself a captive in the dungeons under the same hall in which he had feasted the Protector, and where he could hear the salutes fired as the remains of his rival Montrose were laid in the church of St. Giles. He was brought to trial in the Parliament House, where Middleton, with fierce exultation, laid before the peers certain letters written by the Marquis to Cromwell, all expressive of attachment to him personally and



EDINBURGH FROM THE SOUTH, IN 1650. (*From a Print by Rombout van den Hoyen.*)

politically. These documents had been perfidiously sent to Scotland by General Monk. The marquis was condemned to die the death of a traitor. From the Castle he begged in vain a ten days' respite, that he might crave pity of the king. "I placed the crown upon his head," said he, mournfully, "and *this* is my reward!"

An escape was planned. He lay in bed for some days feigning illness, and the Marchioness came in a sedan to visit him. Being of the same stature, he assumed her dress and coif; but when about to step into the sedan his courage failed him, and he abandoned the attempt. The night before execution he was removed to the most ancient prison in Edinburgh—an edifice in Mauchine's Close, long since removed, where the Marchioness awaited him. "The Lord will requite it," she exclaimed, as she wept bitterly on his breast. "Forbear, Margaret," said he, calmly, "I pity my enemies, and am as content in this ignominious prison as in yonder Castle of Edinburgh."

With his last breath he expressed abhorrence of the death of Charles I., and on the 27th May his head was struck from his body by the Maiden, at the west end of the Tolbooth. By patent all his ancient earldom and estates were restored to his son, Lord Lorne, then a prisoner in the Castle, where on one occasion he had a narrow escape, when playing "with hand bullets" (bowls?) one of which, as Wodrow records, struck him senseless.

On the 30th May, 1667, the batteries of the Castle returned the salute of the English fleet, which came to anchor in the roads under the pennant of Sir Jeremiah Smythe, who came thither in quest of the Dutch fleet, which had been bombarding Burntisland.

James Duke of Albany and York succeeded the odious Duke of Lauderdale in the administration of Scottish affairs, and won the favour of all classes, while he resided at Holyrood awaiting the issue of the famous Bill of Exclusion, which would deprive him of the throne of England on the demise of his brother, and hence it became his earnest desire to secure at least Scotland, the hereditary kingdom of his race. On his first visit to the Castle, on 30th October, 1680, Mons Meg burst when the guns were saluting—a ring near the touch-hole giving way, which, saith Fountainhall, was deemed by all men a bad omen. His lordship adds that as the gun was charged by an English gunner, hence "the Scots resented it extremely, thinking he might, of malice, have done it purposely, they having no cannon in all England so big as she." During the duke's residence at Holyrood a splendid court was kept there. The rigid decorum of Scottish manners gradually gave way before the affability of such entertainers as the Duchess Mary d' Este of Modena, and the Princess Anne, "and the novel luxuries of the English court formed an attraction to the Scottish grandees. Tea was introduced for the first time into Scotland on this occasion, and given by the duchess as a great treat to the Scottish ladies. Balls, plays, and masquerades were also attempted; but the last proved too great an innovation on the rigid manners of that period to be tolerated."

The accession of King James VII. is thus recorded by Lord Fountainhall ("Decisions," vol. i.): —"Feb. 6th, 1685. The Privy Council is called extraordinary, on the occasion of an express sent them by his royal highness the Duke of Albany, telling that, on Monday the 2nd February, the king was seized with a violent and apoplectic fit, which stupefied him for four hours; but, by letting twelve ounces of blood and applying cupping-glasses to his head, he revived. This unexpected surprise put our statesmen in a hurly-burly, and was followed by the news of the death of his Majesty, which happened on the 7th of February, and came home to us on the 10th, in the morning; whereupon a theatre was immediately erected at the cross of Edinburgh, and the militia companies drawn out in arms; and, at ten o'clock, the Chancellor, Treasurer, and all the other officers of State, with the nobility, lords of Privy Council and Session, the magistrates and town council of Edinburgh, came to the cross, with the lion king-at-arms, his heralds and trumpeters; the Chancellor carried his own purse, and, weeping, proclaimed *James Duke of Albany the only and undoubted king of this realm, by the title of James VII.*, the clerk registrar reading the words of the Act to him, and all of them swore faith and allegiance to him. Then the other proclamation was then read, whereby King James VII. continued all offices till he had more time to send down new commissions. . . . . Then the Castle shot a round of guns, and sermon began, wherein Mr. John Robertson did regret our loss, but desired our tears might be dried up when we looked upon so brave and excellent a successor. The Privy Council called for all the seals, and broke them, appointing new ones with the name of James VII. to be made."

In 1681 the Earl of Argyle was committed to the Castle for the third time for declining the oath required by the obnoxious Test Act as Commissioner of the Scottish Treasury; and on the 12th of December an assize brought in their verdict, by the Marquis of Montrose, his hereditary foe, finding him guilty "of treason and leasing telling," for which he received the sentence of death. His guards in the Castle were doubled, while additional troops were marched into the city to enforce order. He despatched a messenger to Charles II. seeking mercy, but the warrant had been hastened. At six in the evening of the 20th December he was informed that next day at noon he would be conveyed to the city prison; but by seven o'clock he had conceived—like his father—a plan to escape.

Lady Sophia Lindsay (of Balcarres), wife of his son Charles, had come to bid him a last farewell; on her departure he assumed the disguise and office of her lackey, and came forth from his prison at eight, bearing up her long train. A thick fall of snow and the gloom of the Decembei evening rendered the attempt successful; but at the outer gate the sentinel roughly grasped his arm. In agitation the earl dropped the train of Lady Sophia, who, with singular presence of mind, fairly slapped his face with it, and thereby smearing his features with half-frozen mud, exclaimed, "Thou careless loon!"

Laughing at this, the soldier permitted them to pass. Lady Sophia entered her coach; the earl sprang on the footboard behind, and was rapidly driven from the fatal gate. Disguising himself completely, he left Edinburgh, and reached Holland, then the focus for all the discontented spirits in Britain. Lady Sophia was committed to the Tolbooth, but was not otherwise punished. After remaining four years in Holland, he returned, and attempted an insurrection in the west against King James, in unison with that of Monmouth in England, but was irretrievably defeated at Muirdykes.

Attired like a peasant, disguised by a long beard, he was discovered and overpowered by three militiamen, near Paisley. "Alas, alas, unfortunate Argyle!" he exclaimed, as they struck him down; then an officer, Lieutenant Shaw (of the house of Greenock), ordered him to be bound hand and foot and sent to Edinburgh, where, by order of the Secret Council, he was ignominiously conducted through the streets with his hands corded behind him, bareheaded, escorted by the horse guards, and preceded by the hangman to the Castle, where, for a third time, he was thrust into his old chamber. On the day he was to die he despatched the following note to his son. It is preserved in the Salton Charter chest:—

"Edr. Castle, 30th June, '85.

"DEARE JAMES,—Learn to fear God; it is the only way to make you happie here and hereafter. Love and respect my wife, and hearken to her advice. The Lord bless. I am your loving father, ARGYLE."

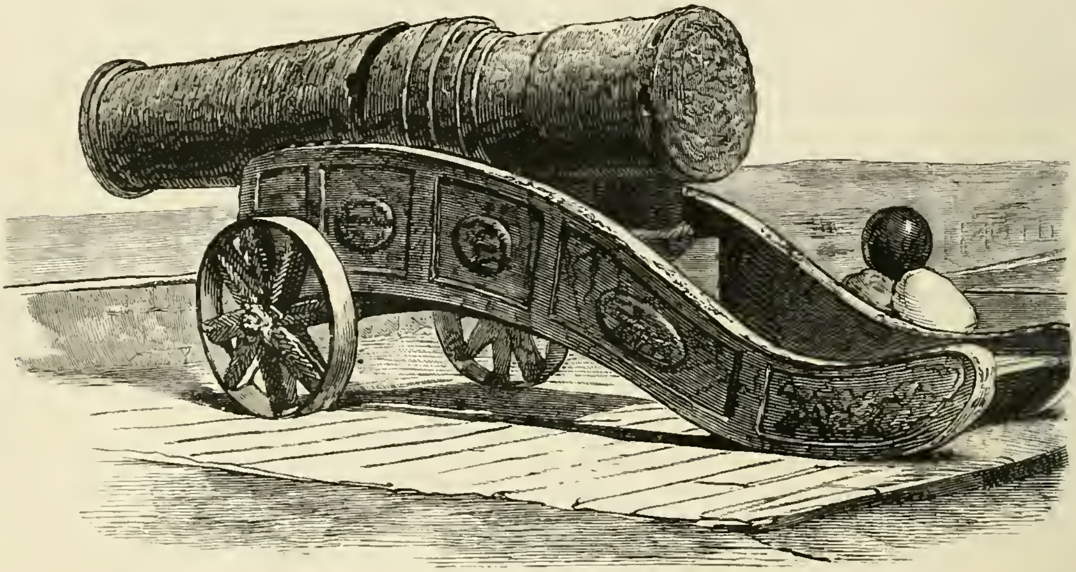
The last day of his life this unfortunate noble passed pleasantly and sweetly; he dined heartily, and, retiring to a closet, lay down to sleep ere the fatal hour came. At this time one of the Privy Council arrived, and insisted on entering. The door was gently opened, and there lay the great Argyle in his heavy irons, sleeping the placid sleep of infancy.

"The conscience of the renegade smote him," says Macaulay; "he turned sick at heart, ran out of the Castle, and took refuge in the dwelling of a lady who lived hard by. There he flung himself on a couch, and gave himself up to an agony of remorse and shame. His kinswoman, alarmed by his looks and groans, thought he had been taken with sudden illness, and begged him to drink a cup of sack. 'No, no,' said he, 'it will do me no good.' She prayed him to tell what had disturbed him. 'I have been,' he said, 'in Argyle's prison. I have seen him within an hour of eternity sleeping as sweetly as ever man did. But as for *me*——!'"

At noon on the 30th June, 1685, he was escorted to the market cross to be "beheaded and have his head affixed to the Tolbooth on a high pin of iron." When he saw the old Scottish guillotine, under the terrible square knife of which his father, and so many since the days of Morton, had perished, he saluted it with his lips, saying, "It is the sweetest *maiden* I have ever kissed." "My lord dies a Protestant!" cried a clergyman aloud to the assembled thousands. "Yes," said the Earl, stepping forward, "and not only a Protestant, but with a heart-hatred of Popery, Prelacy, and all superstition." He made a brief address to the people, laid his head between the grooves of the guillotine, and died with equal courage and composure. His head was placed on the Tolbooth gable, and his body was ultimately sent to the burial-place of his family, Kilmun, on the shore of the Holy Loch in Argyle.

While this mournful tragedy was being enacted his countess and family were detained prisoners in the Castle, wherein daily were placed fresh victims who were captured in the West. Among these were Richard Rumbold, a gentleman of Hertfordshire, who bore a colonel's commission under Argyle (and had planted the standard of revolt on the Castle of Ardkinglass), and Mr. William Spence, styled his "servitour."

Both were treated with terrible severity, especially Rumbold. In a cart, bareheaded, and heavily manacled, he was conveyed from the Water Gate to the Castle, escorted by Graham's City Guard, with drums beating, and on the 28th of June he was hanged, drawn, and quartered, at the Cross, where his heart was torn from his breast, and exhibited, dripping and reeking, by the executioner, on the point of a plug-bayonet, while he exclaimed, "Behold the heart of Richard Rumbold, a bloody English traitor and murderer!" According to Wodrow and others, his head, after being placed on the West Port, was sent to London on the 4th of August, while his quarters were gibbeted in the four principal cities in Scotland.



"MONS MEG," EDINBURGH CASTLE.

Mr. William Spence was put to the torture by the Privy Council concerning his master's affairs, and the contents of several letters in cypher. After that he was put in the hands of Sir Thomas Dalyell, Colonel of the Scots Greys, a grim old veteran, whose snow-white vow-beard had never been cut since the death of Charles I., and by whom, says Fountainhall, "with a hair-shirt and pricking (as the witches are used), he was kept five nights from sleep, till he was half distracted." After being thumb-screwed till his hands were hopelessly crushed, he was again flung into the Castle, where perhaps the most pleasant sounds he heard were the minute guns, about Michaelmas, saluting the corpse of his "persecutor" (Dalyell, who died suddenly) as it was passing through the West Port, with six field-pieces, the whole of the Scottish forces in Edinburgh, with his horse, bâton, and armour, to the family vault near Abercorn. Spence ultimately read the cyphers, which led to the capture, captivity in the Castle, and torture no less than twenty times, of the famous William Carstairs, of that ilk, afterwards Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and Moderator of the General Assembly; but such barbarities soon brought their own punishment; the Revolution came, and with it the last actual siege of the Castle of Edinburgh.

On tidings of William's intended invasion the whole standing forces of Scotland marched south, to form a junction with the English on Salisbury Plain, where they conjointly deserted King James.

The Castle at this crisis had been entrusted by the latter to the Duke of Gordon, a Roman Catholic, who vowed to preserve it "for the king, though the Prince of Orange should obtain possession of every other fortress in the kingdom."

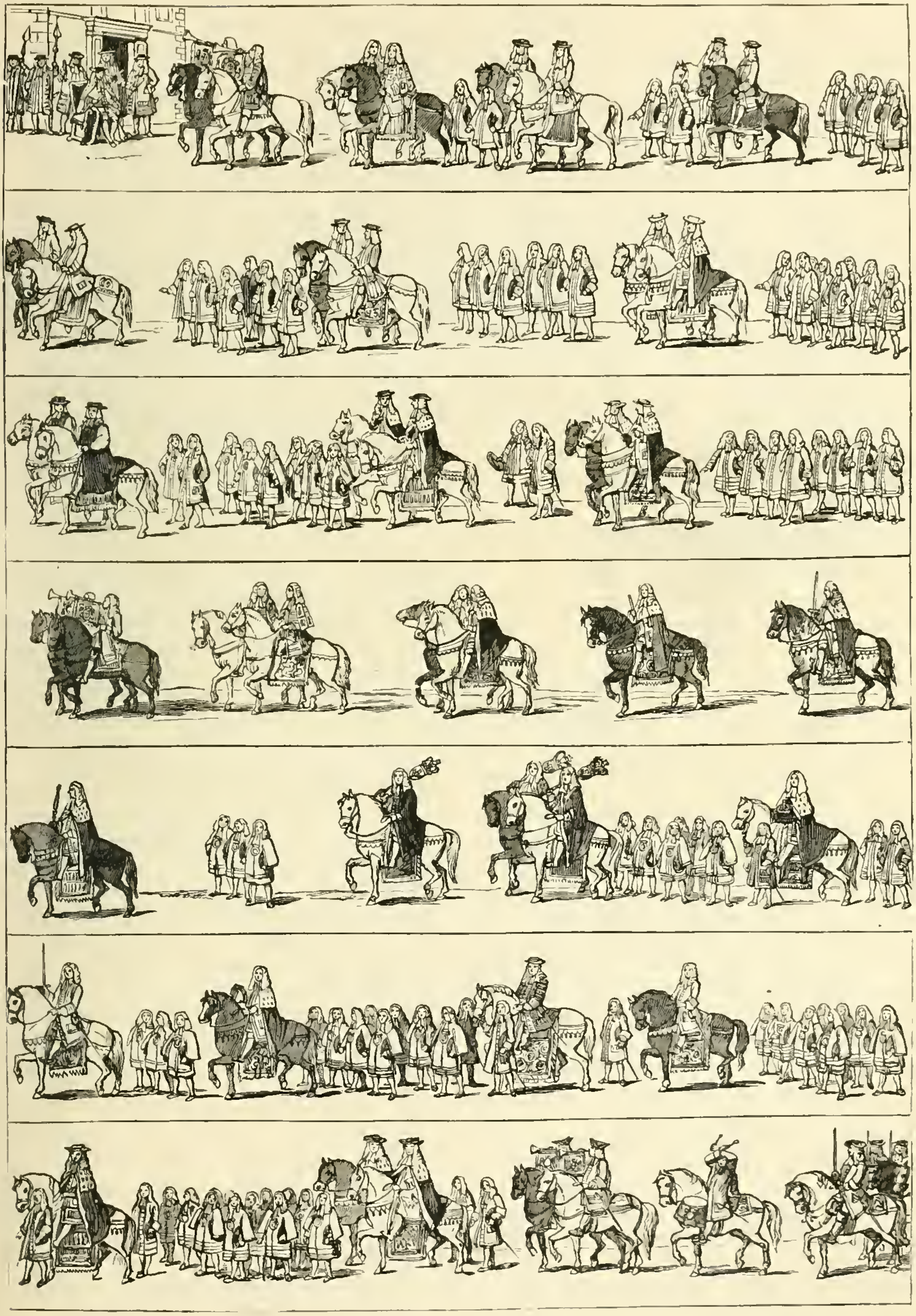
As an example of how the people were imposed upon in those days, when rumours were easily circulated and difficult of contradiction, we may here quote an anonymous broadsheet, which was then hawked about the streets of London and other places in England:—

"*A true relation of the horrid and bloody massacre in Scotland*

"By the Irish Papists; who landed sixty miles from Edinburgh, putting all to fire and sword in their way to that city.

"*Barwick, Dec. 23rd*, 1688.

"SIR,—Yesternight we had the sad and surprising news, by an Express of the Council of Scotland to our Governour, that about 20,000 Irish were landed in Scotland, about sixty miles from Edinburgh, putting all to fire and sword, to whom the Apostate Chancellor of that kingdom will join with the rest of the bloody Papists there. And truly, sir, that kingdom being unarm'd and undisciplin'd, those mas-



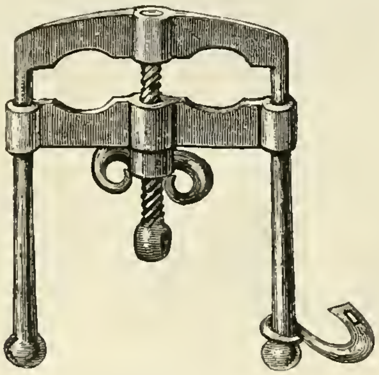
ORDER OF CAVALCADE AT THE OPENING OF THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF JAMES VII.

(Reduced Fac-simile of Alex. Kincaid's Folio Plates.)

sacres will, in a short space, run a great length. I desire you may disperse this news abroad, if it be not in town before your receipt of this; for that country, and the North of England, without speedy relief, is in great danger of depopulation. And the Duke of Gordon hath in his possession the Castle of Edinburgh, whereby he can at pleasure level that city with the ground. At twelve of the clock yesternight our Governor, Lieut.-Collonel Billingsley, dispatched an Express to the Lords Danby and Lumley for drawing their forces to this town. I received yours to-day, which being Sabbath-day, I beg your pardon for brevity.

"I was told they see the fires and burnings of those Rebels at Edinburgh; this is the beginning of the discovery of the Popish intrigue. God defend England from the French, and his Highness the Prince of Orange from the bloody Popish attempts!

"London: Published by J. Wells, St. Paul's Alley, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1688."



THUMBIKIN.

(*From the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.*)

Tidings of William's landing filled the Scottish Presbyterians with the wildest joy, and the magistrates of Edinburgh, who but two years before had been extravagant in their protestations to James VII., were among the first to welcome the invader; and the city filled fast with bands of jubilant revolutionists, rendering it unsafe for all of cavalier tenets to be within the walls. On the 11th of April, 1688, William and Mary were proclaimed at the cross king and queen of Scotland, after an illegally constituted Convention of the Estates, which was attended by only thirty representatives, declared that King James had forfeited all title to the crown, thus making a vacancy. A great and sudden change now came over the realm. "Men," says Dr. Chambers, "who had been lately in danger of their lives for conscience' sake, or starving in foreign lands, were now at the head of affairs! The Earl of Melville, Secretary of State; Crawford, President of Parliament; Argyle, restored to title and lands, and a Privy Councillor; Dalrymple of Stair, Hume of Marchmont, Stewart of Goodtrees, and many other exiles, came back from Holland, to resume prominent positions in the public service at home; while the instruments of the late unhappy Government were either captives under suspicion, or living terror-struck at their country houses. Common people, who had been skulking in mosses from Claverhouse's dragoons, were now marshalled into a regiment, and planted as a watch on the Perth and Forfar gentry. There were new figures in the Privy Council, and none of them ecclesiastical. There was a wholly new set of senators on the bench of the Court of Session. It looked like a sudden shift of scenes in a pantomime rather than a series of ordinary occurrences." For three days and nights Edinburgh was a wild scene of pillage and rapine. The palace was assailed, the chapel royal sacked; and the Duke of Gordon, on finding that the rabble, drunk and maddened by wine and spirits found in the cellars of cavalier families who had fled, were wantonly firing on his sentinels, drew up the drawbridge, to cut off all communication with the city; but finding that his soldiers were divided in their religious and political opinions, and that a revolt was impending, he called a council of officers to frustrate the attempt; and the Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel John Winram, of Liberton and the Inch House, Colonel of the Scots Foot Guards in 1683, undertook to watch the men, forty-four of whom it was deemed necessary to strip of their uniforms and expel from the fortress. In their place came thirty Highlanders, on the 11th of November, and soon after forty-five more, under Gordon of Midstrath.

By the Privy Council the Duke was requested, as a Roman Catholic, to surrender his command to the next senior Protestant officer; but he declined, saying, "I am bound only to obey King James VII."

A few of the Life Guards and Greys, who had quitted the Scottish army on its revolt, now reached Edinburgh under the gallant Viscount Dundee, and their presence served to support the spirits of the Royalists, but the friends of the Revolution brought in several companies of infantry, who were concealed in the suburbs, and 6,000 Cameronians marched in from the west, under standards inscribed, "For Reformation according to the Word of God," below an open Bible. These men nobly rejected all remuneration, saying, with one voice, "We have come to serve our country." Their presence led to other conspiracies in the garrison, and the Duke of Gordon had rather a harassing time of it.

The friends of William of Orange having formed a plan for the assassination of Dundee and Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, compelled them and all loyalists to quit the city. "At the head of his forlorn band, consisting of sixty cavalier troopers—Guardsmen and Greys mingled—Dundee, the idol of his party, quitted Edinburgh by the Leith Wynd Port; and, through a telescope, the Duke of Gordon watched them as they wound past the venerable church of the Holy Trinity, among the cottages and gardens of Moutries Hill, and as they rode westward by the Lang Gate, a solitary roadway bordered by fields and farmhouses."

According to Balcarres this was on the 18th of March, 1689, and as Gordon wished to confer with the viscount, the latter, on seeing a red flag waved at the western postern, rode down the Kirk Brae, and, quitting his horse, all heavily accoutred as he was, climbed the steep rock to hold that conference of which so little was ever known. He is said to have advised the duke to leave the Castle in charge of Winram, on whom they could depend, and seek their fortunes together among the loyal clans in the north. But the duke declined, adding, "Whither go you?"

"Wherever the shade of Montrose may direct me," was the pensive and poetical reply, and then they parted to meet no more. But the moment Dundee was gone the drums of the Cameronians beat to arms, and they came swarming out of their places of concealment, mustering for immediate action, while, in the name of the Estates, the Earls of Tweeddale and Lothian appeared at the gate of the fortress, requesting the duke to surrender it within four-and-twenty hours, and daringly offering a year's pay to every soldier who would desert him.

"My lords," said he, "without the express orders of my royal master, James VII., I cannot surrender this castle."

By the heralds and pursuivants the Duke of Gordon was now, as the only alternative, declared a traitor. He tossed them some guineas to drink the health of James VII., adding, with a laugh, "I would advise you not to proclaim men traitors who wear the king's coat till they have turned it."

Under the highest penalties, all persons were now forbidden to correspond with him or his garrison, and the Earl of Leven was ordered to blockade the rock with his Cameronians, to whom were added 300 Highlanders under Argyle. Out of this body there were formed in one day two battalions of the line, which still exist—the 25th, or old Edinburgh regiment, which bears on its colours the triple castle, with the motto, "Nisi Dominus Frustra,"* and the 26th, or Cameronians, whose appointments bear the five-pointed mullet—the arms of their first colonel; while three battalions of the Scots Brigade, from Holland, were on their march, under Lieutenant-General Hugh Mackay of Scoury, to press the siege. Daily matters looked darker and darker for the gallant Gordon, for now seventy-four rank and file demanded their discharges, and were, like their predecessors, stripped and expelled. The gates were then barricaded, and preparations made for resistance to the last; but though Sir James Grant of Dalvey (formerly King's Advocate), and Gordon of Edintore, contrived to throw in a supply of provisions, the duke wrote King James that he could not hold out beyond the month of June unless relieved.

The entire strength of the garrison, including officers and gentlemen-volunteers, was only eighty-six men, who had to work twenty-two pieces of cannon (exclusive of field-pieces) ranging from 42 to 12-pounders. They had no doctor, no engineer, no money, and only thirty barrels of powder in actual quantity. It was truly a desperate hazard!

FACSIMILE OF THE MEDAL OF THE EDINBURGH REVOLUTION CLUB.

(*Struck in* 1753 *in Commemoration of the recovery of their Religion and Liberty by William and Mary in* 1688.)

By the 18th the entire rock was fully and hopelessly invested by the Earl of Leven, a Brandenburg colonel, who displayed a great want of skill; and on the following night the battlements were blazing with bonfires and tar barrels in honour of King James's safe arrival in Ireland, of which tidings had probably been given by Grant of Dalvey. On the 25th came Mackay, with the three battalions of the Scots Brigade, each consisting of twelve companies, all splendidly-trained soldiers, a brigade of guns, and a great quantity of woolpacks with which to form breastworks. All within the Castle who had gun-shot wounds suffered greatly from the want of medical attendance, till the duke's family physician contrived to join him, probably by the postern.

On the 13th of March he heavily cannonaded the western entrenchments, and by dint of shot and shell retarded the working parties; but General Mackay now formed a battery of 18-pounders, at the Highriggs, opposed to the royal lodging and the half-moon. On the 3rd of April the Duke discovered that the house of Coates, the ancient

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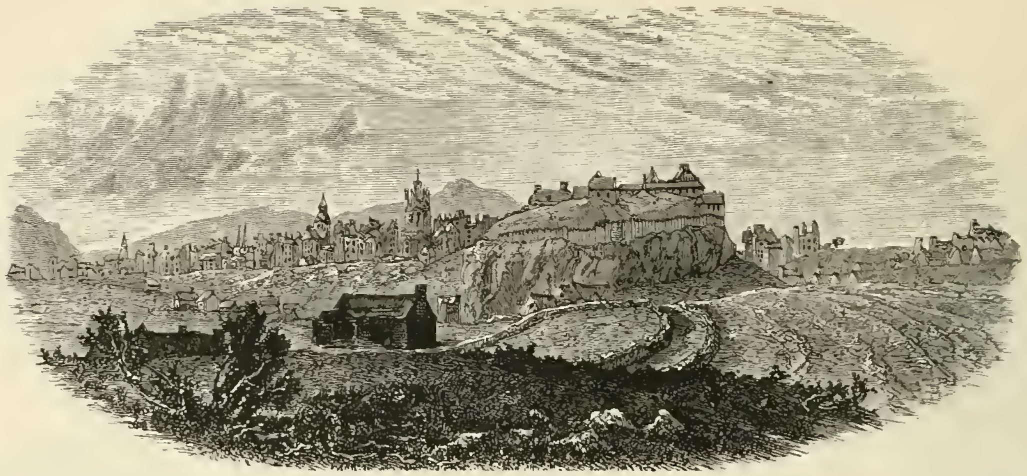
* There was a second regiment, called the 80th, or Royal Edinburgh Volunteers, raised by Major-General Sir William Erskine, Bart., in 1777. It served under Cornwallis in the American War, and was disbanded at the close thereof. Its Lieutenant-Colonel was Dundas of Fingask, who died at Guadaloupe.



EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM KIRKBRAEHEAD. (*After Slezer.*)

seat of the Byres of that ilk, was full of soldiers; he cannonaded it from the present mortar battery, and did great execution. On the 1st of April a parley was asked by beat of drum, during the funeral of Sir George Lockhart, who had been assassinated by Chiesley of Dalry, and whose remains were laid in the Greyfriars' churchyard. Fresh troops now came in, under Lieutenant-Generals Sir John Lanier and James Douglas of Queensberry.

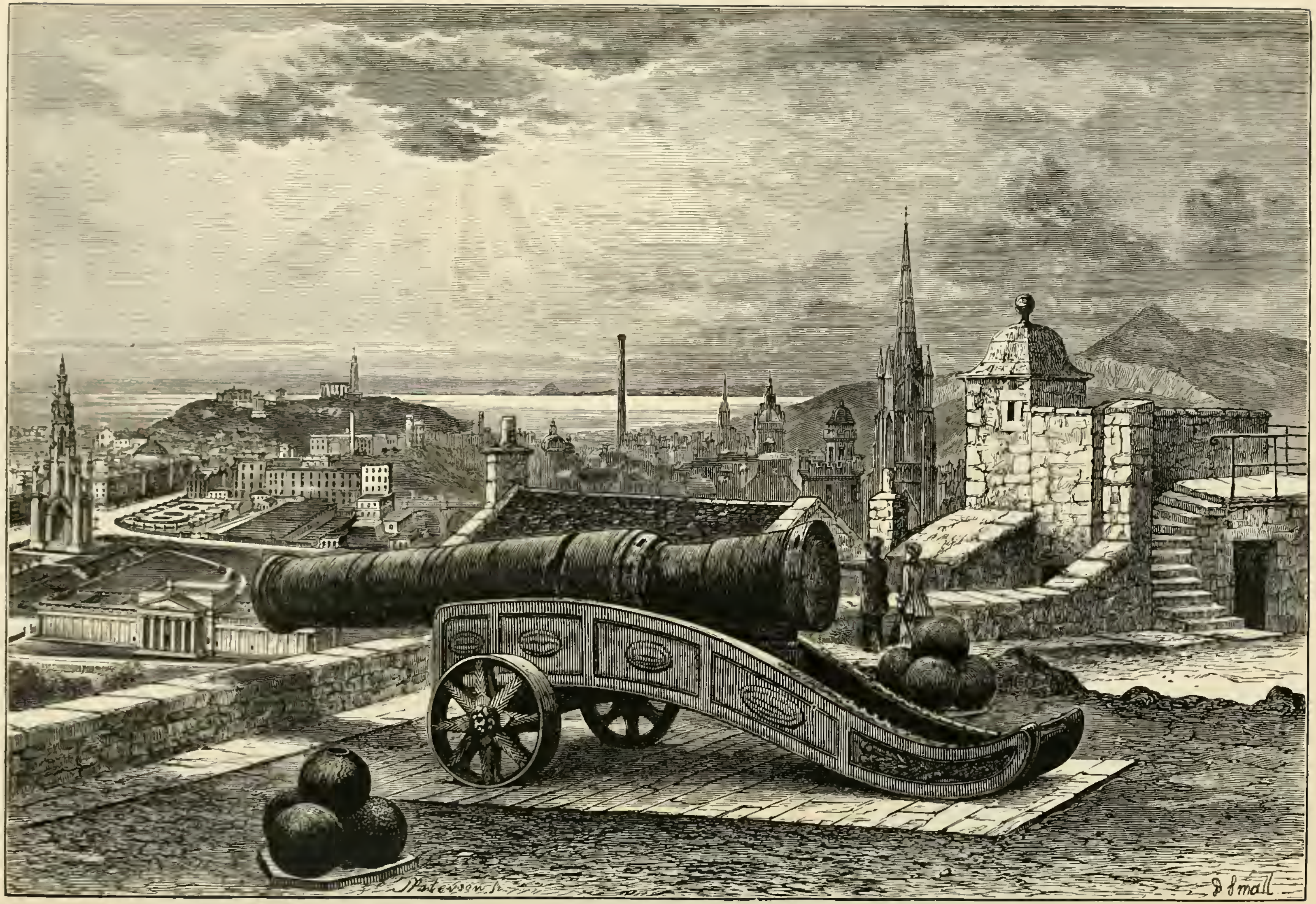
Among these (according to the records of the 4th Hussars) were the Royal Scots Grey Dragoons, Colchester's Cuirassiers (now 3rd Dragoon Guards), and the Prince Anne of Denmark's Dragoons (now 4th Hussars), and to resist longer seemed more than ever madness rather than chivalry.

A new battery was formed where the Register House stands now, another of mortars in rear of Heriot's Hospital. A breach was effected in the western wall, but the steepness of the rock rendered an assault impossible. Many bombs fell into the Portsburgh, greatly to the terror of denizens there, who found themselves between a cross fire. On the 21st sixteen bombs exploded in the Castle, and one blew up the stone steps of the chapel. At this time snow was falling heavily till it was two feet deep; and it was industriously saved by the garrison for water. By the 22nd every building in the place was roofless, yet the now tattered and half-clad soldiers stood manfully to their guns day and night, till worn with toil and hunger, the gallant duke, though sinking with fever, keeping their enthusiasm alive. At this crisis he beat a parley, asking medical aid for the wife of a soldier who was taken in labour, and, with singular inhumanity, it was refused. On the 31st Sir John Lanier began to entrench himself under the half-moon, though sorely impeded by musketry, and four days after the besiegers opened with showers of hand-grenades from their mortar batteries. Colonel Winram proposed a sally, to which the duke objected. John Grant, a volunteer, daringly went out in the night to discover if there was any hope of relief, and two days after he signalled from the Lang Gate, "None!"

There were scarcely men left now to relieve the guards, and still less to man the breaches; and those who were most effective were on sentinel duty from ten at night till three in the morning. The wells now were completely dried up, and for "ten consecutive days this handful of brave fellows, environed as they were by a regular British army, subsisted on dry bread and salt herrings, eaten raw, for they were now without other food. Their ammunition was nearly expended, and the duke, despairing of relief from King James in Ireland, beat a parley."

Attired in his full uniform as a Scottish officer of James VII., and wearing the order of the Thistle, the duke conferred with Major Somerville at the edge of the fosse; but their interview ended in nothing, so the bitter cannonade began again. That night, about twelve o'clock, a strong column of infantry crept up the north side of the Castle Hill, till a sharp fire from the *tête-du-pont* drove it down to the margin of the loch; but next morning it fairly effected a lodgment across the esplanade, under cover of the woolpacks. There were only nineteen men in the *tête-du-pont* at this time, yet their fire proved very destructive, and all the while they were chorusing loudly,

"The king shall enjoy his ain again."



EDINBURGH, FROM MONS MEG BATTERY.

For nearly four-and-twenty hours on both sides the fire was maintained with fury, but slackened about daybreak. "In the Castle only one man was killed—a gunner, whom a cannon ball had cut in two, through a gun-port, but many were weltering in their blood behind the woolpacks and in the trenches, where the number of slain amounted to 500 men." This enumeration probably includes wounded.

On the 13th of June the duke pulled down the king's flag, and hoisted a white one, surrendering, on terms, by which it was stipulated that the soldiers should have their full liberty, and Colonel Winram have security for his life and estates; while Major Somerville, at the head of 200 bayonets, took all the posts, except the citadel. The duke drew up his forlorn band, now reduced to fifty officers and men, in the ruined Grand Parade, and thanking them for their loyal services, gave each a small sum to convey him home; and as hands were shaken all round, many men wept, and so ended the siege. Though emaciated by long toil, starvation, and gangrened wounds, the luckless soldiers were cruelly treated by the rabble of the city. The capitulation was violated; Colonel Winram was seized as a prisoner of war, and the duke was placed under close arrest in his own house, in Blair's Close, but was released on giving his parole not to serve against William of Orange. He died in the year 1716, at his residence in the citadel of Leith.

INNER GATEWAY OF THE CASTLE.

The Castle was once more fully repaired, and presented nearly the same aspect in all its details as we find it to-day. The alterations were conducted under John Drury (chief of the Scottish Engineers), who gave his name to one of the bastions on the south; and Mylne's Mount, another on the north, is so named from his assistant, Robert Mylne, king's master-mason and hereditary master-gunner of the fortress; and it was after this last siege that the round turrets, or *echauguettes*, were added to the bastions.

About this time a strange story went abroad concerning the spectre of Dundee; the terrible yet handsome Claverhouse, in his flowing wig and glittering breastplate, appearing to his friend the Earl of Balcarres, then a prisoner in the Castle, and awaiting tidings of the first battle with keen anxiety.

About daybreak on the morning when Killiecrankie was fought and lost by the Williamites, the spectre of Dundee is said to have come to Balcarres, and drawing back the curtains of his bed, to have looked at him steadfastly and sorrowfully. "After this" (says C. K. Sharpe, in a note to 'Law's Memorials'), "it moved towards the mantelpiece, remained there for a short time in a leaning posture, and then walked out of the chamber without uttering one word. Lord Balcarres, in great surprise, though not suspecting that what he saw was an apparition, called out repeatedly on his friend to stop, but received no answer, and subsequently learned that at the very moment the shadow stood before him Dundee had breathed his last near the field of Killiecrankie."

CHAPTER VII.

EDINBURGH CASTLE (*concluded*).

The Torture of Neville Payne—Jacobite Plots—Entombing the Regalia—Project for Surprising the Fortress—Right of Sanctuary Abolished—Lord Drummond's Plot—Some Jacobite Prisoners—"Rebel Ladies"—James Macgregor—The Castle Vaults—Attempts at Escape—Fears as to the Destruction of the Crown, Sword, and Sceptre—Crown-room opened in 1794—Again in 1817, and the Regalia brought forth—Mons Meg—General Description of the whole Castle.

Among the many unfortunates who have pined as prisoners of state in the Castle, few suffered more than Henry Neville Payne, an English gentleman, who was accused of being a Jacobite conspirator. About the time of the battle of the Boyne, when the Earl of Annandale, Lord Ross, Sir Robert Montgomerie of Skelmorlie, Robert Fergusson "the plotter," and others, were forming a scheme in Scotland for the restoration of King James, Payne had been sent there in connection with it, but was discovered in Dumfriesshire, seized, and sent to Edinburgh. Lockhart, the Solicitor-General for Scotland, who happened to be in London, coolly wrote to the Earl of Melville, Secretary of State at Edinburgh, saying, "that there was no doubt that he (Payne) knew as much as would hang a thousand; but except you put him to the torture, he will shame you all. Pray you, put him in such hands as will have no pity on him!"*

The Council, however, had anticipated these amiable instructions, and Payne had borne torture to extremity, by boot and thumb-screws, without confessing anything. On the 10th of December, under express instruction signed by King William, and countersigned by Lord Melville, the process was to be repeated; and this was done in the presence of the Earl of Crawford, "with all the severity," he reported, "that was consistent with humanity, even unto that pitch that we could not preserve life and have gone further, but without the least success. He was so manly and resolute under his sufferings that such of the Council as were not acquainted with the evidence, were brangled, and began to give him charity that he might be innocent. It was surprising that flesh and blood could, without fainting, endure the heavy penance he was in for two hours." This unfortunate Englishman, in his maimed and shattered condition, was now thrown into a vault of the Castle, where none had access to him save a doctor. Again and again it was represented to the "humane and pious King William" that to keep Payne in prison "without trial was contrary to law;" but notwithstanding repeated petitions for trial and mercy, in defiance of the Bill of Rights, William allowed him to languish from year to year for ten years; until, on the 4th of February, 1701, he was liberated, in broken health, poverty, and premature old age, without the security for reappearance, which was customary in such cases.

Many plots were formed by the Jacobites—one about 1695, by Fraser of Beaufort (the future Lovat), and another in 1703, to surprise the Castle, as being deemed the key to the whole kingdom—but without success; and soon after the Union, in 1707, its walls witnessed that which was deemed "the last act of that national tragedy," the entombing of the regalia, which, by the Treaty, "are never more to be used, but kept constantly in the Castle of Edinburgh."

In presence of Colonel Stuart, the constable; Sir James Mackenzie, Clerk of the Treasury; William Wilson, Deputy-Clerk of Session—the crown, sceptre, sword of state, and Treasurer's rod, were solemnly deposited in their usual receptacle, the crown-room, on the 26th of March. "Animated by the same glow of patriotism that fired the bosom of Belhaven, the Earl Marischal, after having opposed the Union in all its stages, refused to be present at this degrading ceremony, and was represented by his proxy, Wilson, the Clerk of Session, who took a long protest descriptive of the regalia, and declaring that they should remain within the said crown-room, and never be removed from it without due intimation being made to the Earl Marischal. A copy of this protest, beautifully illuminated, was then deposited with the regalia, a linen cloth was spread over the whole, and the great oak chest was secured by three ponderous locks; and there for a hundred and ten years, amid silence, obscurity, and dust, lay the crown that had sparkled on the brows of Bruce, on those of the gallant Jameses, and on Mary's auburn hair—the symbols of Scotland's elder days, for which so many myriads of the loyal, the brave, and the noble, had laid down their lives on the battle-field—neglected and forgotten."

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* Melville's Correspondence.

Just four months after this obnoxious ceremony, and while the spirit of antagonism to it rose high in the land, a gentleman, with only thirty men, undertook to surprise the fortress, which had in it now a party of but thirty-five British soldiers, to guard the equivalent money, £400,000, and a great quantity of Scottish specie, which had been called in to be coined anew. In the memoirs of Kerr of Kerrsland we are told that the leader of this projected surprise was to appear with his thirty followers, all well armed, at noon, on the esplanade, which at that hour was the chief lounge of gay and fashionable people. Among these they were to mingle, but drawing as near to the barrier gate as possible. While affecting to inquire for a friend in the Castle, the leader was to shoot the sentinel; the report of his pistol was to be the signal on which his men were to draw their swords, and secure the bridge, when a hundred men who were to be concealed in a cellar near were to join them, tear down the Union Jack, and hoist the colours of James VIII. in its place. The originator of this daring scheme—whose name never transpired—having communicated it to the well-known intriguer, Kerr of Kerrsland, while advising him to defer it till the chevalier, then expected, was off the coast, he secretly gave information to the Government, which, however, left the fortress in the same defenceless state. Again, in 1708, another plan to seize it was organised among the Hays, Keiths, and Murrays, whom the now repentant Cameronians promised to join with 5,000 horse and 20,000 foot, to the end that, at all hazards, the Union should be dissolved.

On tidings of this, the Earl of Leven, governor of the Castle, was at once despatched from London to put it in a state of defence; but the great magazine of arms, the cannon, stores, and 495 barrels of powder, which had been placed there in 1706, had all been removed to England. "But," says a writer, "this was only in the spirit of centralisation, which has since been brought to such perfection."

In 1708, before the departure of the fleet of Admiral de Fourbin with that expedition which the appearance of Byng's squadron caused to fail, a plan of the Castle had been laid, at Versailles, before a board of experienced engineer officers, who unanimously concluded that, with his troops, cannon, and mortars, M. de Gace would carry the place in a few hours. A false attack was to be made on the westward, while three battalions were to storm the outworks on the east, work their way under the half-moon, and carry the citadel. Two Protestant bishops were then to have crowned the prince in St. Giles's church as James VIII. "The equivalent from England being there," says an officer of the expedition, "would have been a great supply to us for raising men (having about 400 officers with us who had served in the wars in Italy), and above 100 chests in money."

Had M. de Gace actually appeared before the fortress, its capture would not have cost him much trouble, as Kerrsland tells us that there were not then four rounds of powder in it for the batteries!

On the 14th of December, 1714, the Castle was, by a decree of the Court of Session, deprived of its ancient ecclesiastical right of sanctuary, derived from and retained since the monastic institution of David I., in 1128. Campbell of Burnbank, the storekeeper, being under caption at the instance of a creditor, was arrested by a messenger-at-arms, on which Colonel Stuart, the governor, remembering the right of sanctuary, released Campbell, expelled the official, and closed the barriers. Upon this the creditor petitioned the court, asserting that the right of sanctuary was lost. In reply it was asserted that the Castle was not disfranchised, and "that the Castle of Edinburgh, having anciently been *castrum puellarum*, was originally a religious house, as well as the abbey of Holyrood." But the Court decided that it had no privilege of sanctuary "to hinder the king's letters, and ordained Colonel Stuart to deliver Burnbank to a messenger." Burnbank was a very debauched character, who is frequently mentioned in Penicuick's satirical poems, and was employed by "Nicoll Muschat of ill memorie," to seduce the unfortunate wife whom he afterwards murdered where the cairn stood in the Queen's Park.

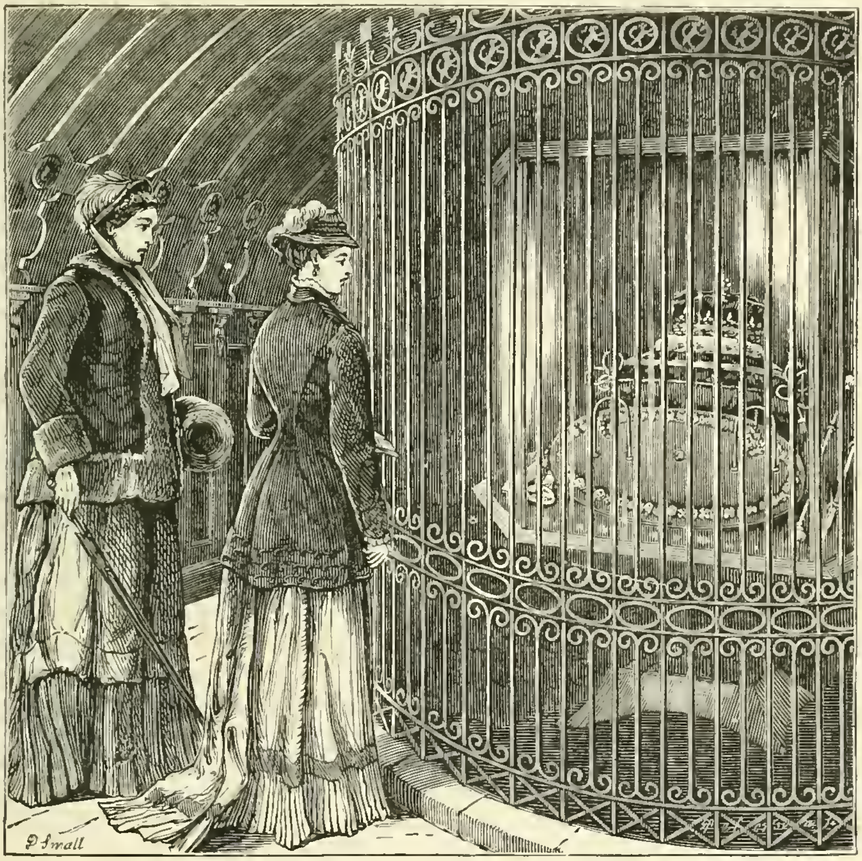
When the severities exercised by George I. upon the Scottish Jacobites brought about the insurrection of 1715, and the Castle was filled with disaffected men of rank, another plot to storm it, at a time when its garrison was the 25th, or old regiment of Edinburgh, was formed by Lord John Drummond, son of the Earl of Perth, with eighty men, mostly Highlanders, and all of resolute courage. All these—among whom was a Captain McLean, who had lost a leg at Killiecrankie, and an Ensign Arthur, late of the Scots Guards—were promised commissions under King James, and 100 guineas each, if the event succeeded; and at that crisis—when Mar was about to fight the battle of Sheriffmuir—it might have put him in possession of all Scotland. Drummond contrived to suborn four of the garrison—a sergeant, Ainslie, to whom he promised a lieutenancy, a corporal, who was to be made an ensign, and two privates, who got bribes in money.

On the night of the 8th September, when the troops marched from the city to fight the Earl of Mar, the attempt was made. The chosen time, near twelve o'clock, was dark and stormy, and the *modus operandi* was to be by escalading the western walls, near the ancient arched postern. A ladder, equipped with great hooks to fix it to the cope of the bastion, and calculated to admit four men abreast, had been constructed, and all was prepared, when the plot was marred by—a lady!

In the exultation he felt at the approaching capture, and the hope he had of lighting the beacon which was to announce to Fife and the far north that the Castle was won, Ensign Arthur unfolded the scheme to his brother, a physician in the city, who volunteered for the enterprise, but most prudently told his wife of it, and she, alarmed for his safety, at once gave information to the Lord Justice Clerk, Sir Adam Cockburn of Ormiston, who instantly put himself in communication with Colonel Stuart. Thus, by the time the conspirators were at the foot of the wall the whole garrison was under arms, the sentinels were doubled, and the ramparts patrolled.

ROYAL LODGING AND HALF-MOON BATTERY.

The first party of forty men, led by the resolute Lord Drummond and the wooden-legged McLean, had reached the foot of the wall unseen; already the ladder had been secured by Sergeant Ainslie, and the escalade was in the act of ascending, with pistols in their girdles and swords in their teeth, when a Lieutenant Lindesay passed with his patrol, and instantly gave an alarm! The ladder and all on it fell heavily on the rocks below. A sentinel



THE CROWN-ROOM, EDINBURGH CASTLE.

fired his musket; the startled Jacobites fled and dispersed, but, the city gates being shut, many of them were captured, among others old McLean, who made a desperate resistance in the West Port with a musket and bayonet. Many who rolled down the rocks to the roadway beneath were severely injured, and taken by the City Guard. A sentinel was bound hand and foot and thrown into the Dark Pit (one of the lowest dungeons on the south) where he confessed the whole plot; the corporal was mercilessly flogged; and Sergeant Ainslie was hanged over the postern gate. Colonel Stuart was dismissed; and Brigadier Grant, whose regiment was added to the garrison, was appointed temporary governor.

From this period, with the exception of a species of blockade in 1745, to be related in its place, the history of the Castle is as uneventful as that of the Tower of London, save a visit paid to it in the time of George I., by Yussuf Jumati, General and Governor of Damascus.

Many unfortunate Jacobites have suffered most protracted periods of imprisonment within its walls. Among these the *Edinburgh Courant* records, on the 10th of January, 1743, the demise therein of Macintosh, of Borlum, in his 80th year, after a captivity of fifteen years, for participation in the rising of 1715; and for twelve months, in 1746, there were confined in a small, horrid, and unhealthy chamber above the portcullis, used for many a year as "the black hole" of the garrison, the Duchess of Perth and Viscountess Strathallan, with her daughters, the Ladies Mary and Amelia, who were brought in by an escort of twenty dragoons, under a ruffianly quartermaster, who treated them with every indignity, even to tearing the wedding-ring from Lady Strathallan's finger, and stripping her daughters of their clothes. During the long year these noble ladies were in that noisome den above the gate, they were without female attendance, and under the almost hourly surveillance of the sergeants of the guard. The husband of the countess was slain at the head of his men on the field of Culloden, where the Jacobite clans were overcome by neither skill nor valour, but the sheer force of numbers and starvation.

Among other "rebel ladies" confined in the Castle was the Lady Ogilvie, who made her escape in the disguise of a laundress, a costume brought by Miss Balmain, who remained in her stead, and who was afterwards allowed to go free.

In 1752 the Castle received a remarkable prisoner, in the person of James Mhor Macgregor of Bohaldie, the eldest of the four sons of Rob Roy, who had lost his estate for the part he had taken in the recent civil strife, "and holding a major's commission under the old Pretender." Robin Oig Macgregor, his younger brother, having conceived that he would make his fortune by carrying off an heiress—no uncommon event then in the Highlands—procured his assistance, and with a band of Macgregors, armed with target, pistol, and claymore, came suddenly from the wilds of Arroquhar, and surrounding the house of Edinbellie, in Stirlingshire, the abode of a wealthy widow of only nineteen, they muffled her in a plaid, and bore her off in triumph to the heath-clad hills, where Rowardennan looks down upon the Gairloch and Glenfruin. There she was married to Robin, who kept her for three months in defiance of several parties of troops sent to recover her.

From his general character James Mhor was considered as the chief instigator of this outrage, thus the vengeance of the Crown was directed against him rather than Robin, "who was considered but a half-wild Highlandman;" and in virtue of a warrant of fugitation issued, he was arrested and tried. The Lords of Justiciary found him guilty, but in consequence of some doubts, or informality, sentence of death was delayed until the 20th of November, 1752. In consequence of an expected rescue—meditated by Highlanders who served in the city as caddies, chairmen, and city guards, among whom Macgregor's bravery at Prestonpans, seven years before, made him popular—he was removed by a warrant from the Lord Justice Clerk, addressed to General Churchill, from the Tolbooth to the Castle, there to be kept in close confinement till his fatal day arrived.

But it came to pass, that on the 16th of November, one of his daughters—a tall and very handsome girl—had the skill and courage to disguise herself as a lame old cobbler, and was ushered into his prison, bearing a pair of newly-soled shoes in furtherance of her scheme. The sentinels in the adjacent corridors heard Lady Bohaldie scolding the supposed cobbler with considerable asperity for some time, with reference to the indifferent manner in which his work had been executed. Meanwhile her husband and their daughter were quickly changing costumes, and the former came limping forth, grumbling and swearing at his captious employers. "An old and tattered great-coat enveloped him; he had donned a leather apron, a pair of old shoes, and ribbed stockings. A red night-cap was drawn to his ears, and a broad hat slouched over his eyes." He quitted the Castle undiscovered, and left the city without delay; but his flight was soon known, the city gates were shut, the fortress searched, and every man who had been on duty was made a prisoner. A court-martial, consisting of thirteen officers, sat for five days in the old barracks on this event, and its proceedings ended in cashiering two officers who had commanded the guards, reducing to the ranks the sergeant who kept the key of Bohaldie's room, and flogging a warder; but Bohaldie escaped to France, where he died about the time of the French Revolution in extreme old age. In 1754 Robin Oig was executed in the Grassmarket, for the abduction of Jean Kay, the widow: the charge was far from being sufficiently proved.

In April, 1751, Thomas Ogilvie of Eastmilne (who had been a Jacobite prisoner since 1749) was killed when attempting to escape from the Castle, "by a net tied to an iron ring; he fell and fractured his skull," on the rock facing Livingstone's Yards, —the old tilting ground, on the south side of the Castle rock. This was a singularly unfortunate man in his domestic relations. His eldest son was taken prisoner at Carlisle, and executed there with the barbarity then usual. His next son, Thomas, was poisoned by his wife, the famous and beautiful Katherine Nairne (who escaped), but whose paramour, the third son, Lieutenant Patrick Ogilvie of the 89th or old Gordon Highlanders (disbanded in 1765), was publicly hanged in the Grassmarket.

In July, 1753, the last of those who were tried for loyalty to the House of Stuart was placed in the Castle—Archibald Macdonald, son of the aged Cole Macdonald of Barrisdale, who died a captive there in 1750. Arraigned as a traitor, this unfortunate gentleman behaved with great dignity before the court; he admitted that he was the person accused, but boldly denied the treason, and asserted his loyalty to his lawful king. "On the 30th March he was condemned to die; but the vengeance of the Government had already been glutted, and after receiving various successive reprieves, young Barrisdale was released, and permitted to return to the Western Isles."

From this period till nearly the days of Waterloo the Castle vaults were invariably used in every war as a receptacle for French prisoners. They are deep, dark, and horrible dungeons, but many of the names and initials of the luckless inmates, and even the games with which they sought to lighten their tedious days, were long discernible on the walls and rock. So many as forty men sometimes slept in one vault. Immediately below the room in which James VI. was born is one curiously-arched dungeon, partly—like others—excavated from the solid rock, and retaining an iron staple, to which, doubtless, the limbs of many an unfortunate creature were chained in "the good old times" romancists write so glibly of. The origin of all these vaults is lost in antiquity.

There prisoners have made many desperate, but in the end always futile, attempts to escape—particularly in 1761 and in 1811. On the former occasion one was dashed to pieces; on the latter, a captain and forty-nine men got out of the fortress in the night, by cutting a hole in the bottom of the parapet, below the place commonly called the Devil's Elbow, and letting themselves down by a rope, and more would have got out had not the nearest sentinel fired his musket. One fell and was killed 200 feet below. The rest were all re-captured on the Glasgow Road.

In the Grand Parade an octagon tower of considerable height gives access to the strongly vaulted crown room, in which the Scottish regalia are shown, and wherein they were so long hidden from the nation, that they were generally believed to have been secretly removed to England and destroyed; and the mysterious room, which was never opened, became a source of wonder to the soldiers, and of superstition to many a Highland sentinel when pacing on his lonely post at night.

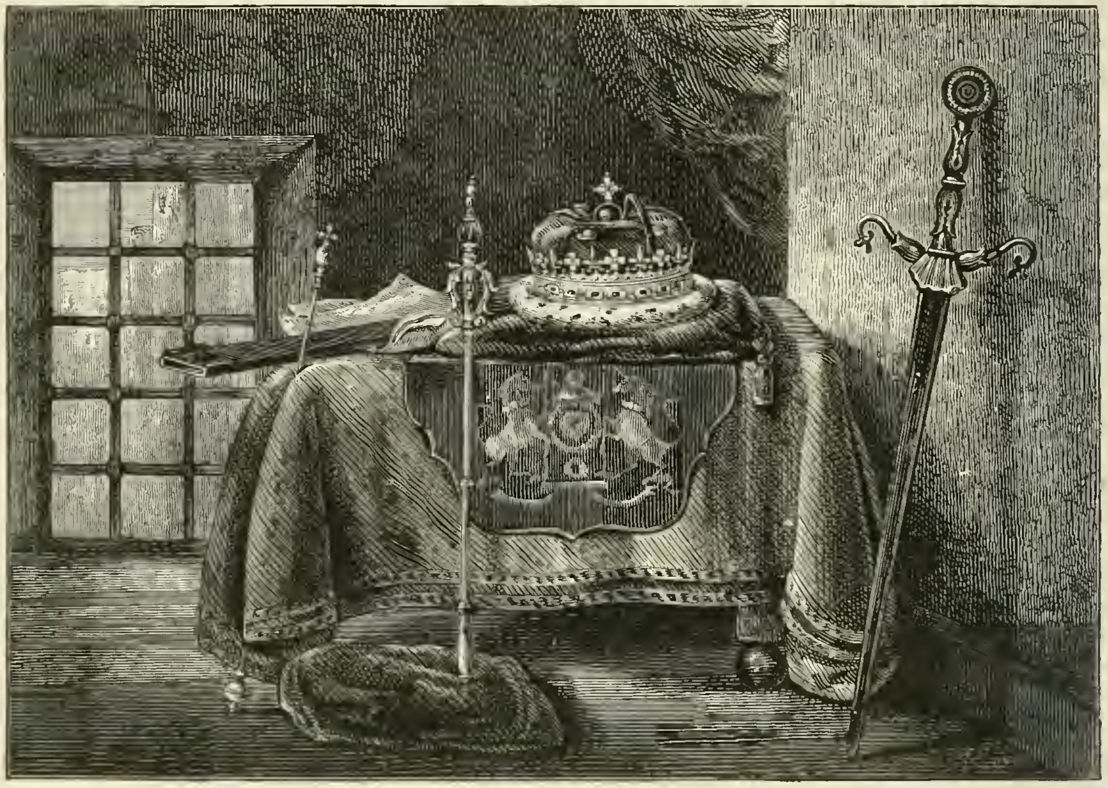
On the 5th of November, 1794, in prosecuting a search for some lost Parliamentary records, the crown-room was opened by the Lieutenant-Governor and other commissioners. It was dark, being then windowless, and filled with foul air. In the grated chimney lay the ashes of the last fire and a cannon ball, which still lies where it had fallen in some past siege; the dust of eighty-seven years lay on the paved floor, and the place looked grim and desolate. Major Drummond repeatedly shook the oak chest; it returned no sound, was supposed to be empty, and stronger in the hearts of the Scots waxed the belief that the Government, in wicked policy, had destroyed its contents; but murmurs arose from time to time, as the years went on, and a crown, called that of Scotland, was actually shown in the Tower of London!

At length, in 1817, ten years after the death of Cardinal York, the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., issued a warrant to the Scottish officers of state and other officials, to open the crown-room, in order that the existence of the regalia might be ascertained; and measures taken for their preservation.

In virtue of this warrant there met, among others, in the governor's house, the Lord President of the Court of Session, the Lord Justice Clerk, the Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court, the Lord Provost, the Commander-in-chief, and Sir Walter Scott, whose emotions on this occasion may be imagined.

"It was with feelings of no common anxiety that the commissioners, having read their warrant, proceeded to the crown-room, and, having found all there in the state in which it had been left in 1794, commanded the king's smith, who was in attendance, to force open the great chest, the keys of which had been sought for in vain. The general impression that the regalia had been secretly removed weighed heavily on the hearts of all while the labour proceeded. The chest seemed to return a hollow and empty sound to the strokes of the hammer; and even those whose expectations had been most sanguine felt at the moment the probability of bitter disappointment, and could not but be sensible that, should the result of the search confirm those forebodings, it would only serve to show that a national affront—an injury had been sustained, for which it might be difficult, or rather impossible, to obtain redress. The joy was therefore extreme when, the ponderous lid of the chest having been forced open, at the expense of some time and labour, the regalia were discovered lying at the bottom covered with linen cloths, exactly as they had been left in 1707, being 110 years before, since they had been surrendered by William the ninth Earl Marischal to the custody of the Earl of Glasgow, Treasurer-Deputy of Scotland. The reliques were passed from hand to hand, and greeted with the affectionate reverence which emblems so venerable, restored to public view after the slumber of more than a hundred years, were so peculiarly calculated to excite. The discovery was instantly communicated to the public by the display of the royal standard, and was greeted by the shouts of the soldiers in garrison, and a vast multitude assembled on the Castle hill; indeed the rejoicing was so general and sincere as plainly to show that, however altered in other respects, the people of Scotland had lost nothing of that national enthusiasm which formerly had displayed itself in grief for the loss of those emblematic honours, and now was expressed in joy for their recovery."

Covered with glass and secured in a strong iron cage, the regalia now lie on a white marble table in the crown-room, together with four other memorials of the House of Stuart, which belonged to the venerable Cardinal York, and were deposited there by order of King William in 1830. These are the golden collar of the Garter presented to James VI. by Elizabeth, with its appendage the George; the order of St. Andrew, cut on an onyx and having on the reverse the badge of the Thistle, which opens with a secret spring, revealing a beautiful miniature of Anne of Denmark, and, lastly, the ancient ruby ring which the kings of Scotland wore at their coronation. It was last used by the unhappy Charles I., and, after all its wanderings with his descendants, is now in its old receptacle, together with the crown, sceptre, sword of state, and the golden mace of Lord High Treasurer.

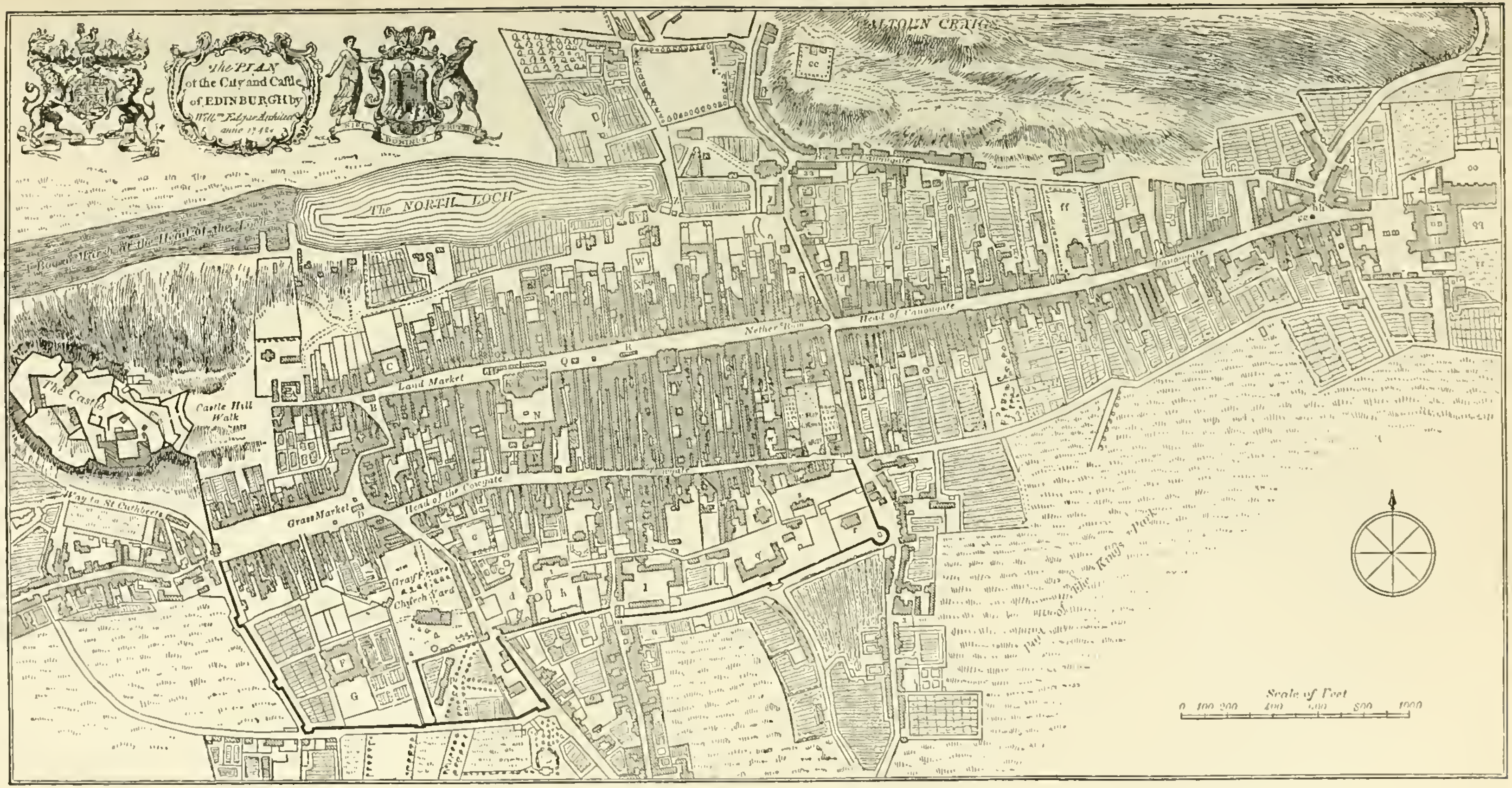


THE REGALIA OF SCOTLAND. (*From a Painting by Alex. Geddes.*)

The mace, like the sceptre, is surmounted by a great crystal beryl, stones doubtless of vast antiquity. The "great beryl" was an amulet which had made part of the more ancient sceptre of the Scottish kings, and such beryls are supposed by some to have been the official badge of the arch Druid. Such are still known among the Highlanders by the title of Clach-bhuai, or "stone of power."

The ancient crown worn by Robert I. and his successors underwent no change till it was closed with four arches by order of James V., and it is thus described in the document deposited with the Regalia in the crown-room, in 1707 :—

"The crown is of pure gold, enriched with many precious stones, diamonds, pearls, and curious enamellings. It is composed of a fillet which goes round the head, adorned with twenty-two large precious stones. Above the great circle there is a small one formed with twenty points, adorned with the like number of diamonds and sapphires alternately, and the points tipped with great pearls; the upper circle is elevated with ten crosses floree, each adorned in the centre with a great diamond betwixt four great pearls placed in the cross, one and one, and these crosses floree are interchanged with ten high *fleurs de lys*, all alternately with the great pearls below, which top the points of the second small circle. From the upper circle proceed four arches, adorned with enamelled figures, which meet and close at the top surmounted by a *mond* of gold, enamelled blue semee, powdered with stars, crossed and enamelled with a large cross patee, adorned in the extremities with great pearls, and



PLAN OF THE CITY AND CASTLE OF EDINBURGH IN 1742. (*Reduced Fac-simile of Edgar's Map.*)

A.—Reservoir.
B.—Weigh House.
C.—James's Court.
D.—Corn Market.
E.—West Port.
F.—Heriot's Hospital.
G.—Bowling Green.
H.—Tolbooth.
I.—Luckenbooth.
K.—Haddows Holo Church and Tolbooth Church.
L.—Old Church.
M.—New Church Isle.
N.—Parliament Close.
O.—Parliament House.
P.—Meal Market.
Q.—The Market Cross.
R.—The Town Guard House.
S.—Fish Market.
T.—Tron Church.
V.—Poultry Market.
W.—Flesh Market.
X—Upper Market.
Y.—Slaughter-house.
Z.—New Port.

a.—Mary's Chapel.
b.—Magdalen Chapel.
c.—Bowling Green.
d.—Society.
e.—New Gray Friars.
f.—Old Church.
g.—Bristo Port.
h.—Bowling Green.
i.—Argyll's Square.
k.—Trades Hospital.
l.—College.
m.—Potter Row Port.
n.—Bowling Green.
o.—Seceders' Meeting-house.
p.—Charity Workhouse.
q.—Royal Infirmary.
r.—Chirurgeon's Hall.
s.—High School.
t.—Lady Yester's Church.
u.—Cowgate Port.
w.—The Mint.
x.—Quakers' Burying-ground.
y.—Trinity Hospital.
z.—Trinity Church.
aa.—Paul's Work.
bb.—Physic Garden.
cc.—Caltoun Burying-place.
dd.—Canongate Flesh Market.
ee.—Canongate Church.
ff.—Churchyard.
gg.—The Girth Cross.
hh.—The Water Gate.
ii.—Physic Gardens.
kk. Abbey of Holyrood House.
ll.—Royal Palace.
mm.—Abbey Close.
nn.—Court.
oo.—Abbey Churchyard.
pp.—Abbey Church.
qq.—Bowling Green.
rr.—Part of St. Anne's Yard.

cantoned with other four in the angles. The tiar, or bonnet, was of purple velvet; but, in 1685, it got a cap of crimson velvet, adorned with four plates of gold, on each of them a great pearl, and the bonnet is trimmed up with ermine. Upon the lowest circle there are eight small holes, two and two, on the four quarters of the crown, which were for lacing or tying thereto diamonds or precious stones. The crown is 9 inches in diameter, 27 inches about, and in height from the under circle to the top of the cross patee 6½ inches.

"The sceptre: its stem or stalk, which is of silver double overgilt, is two feet long, of a hexagon form, with three buttons or knobs; betwixt the first button and the second is the handle of a hexagon form, furling in the middle and plain. Betwixt the second button and the third are three sides engraven. From the third button to the capital the three sides under the statues are plain, and on the other three are antique engravings. Upon the top of the stalk is an antique capital of leaves embossed, the abacus whereof arises round the prolonged stem, surrounded with three little statues; between every two statues arises a rullion in the form of a dolphin; above the rullions and statues stands another hexagon button, with oak leaves under every corner, and down it a crystal (beryl?) globe. The whole sceptre is in length 34 inches." The statues are those of the Virgin, St. Andrew, and St. James. The royal initials, J. R. V. are engraved under them. If James V. had this sceptre made, the metallic settings of the great beryl belong to some sceptre long anterior to his time.

"The sword is in length 5 feet; the handle and pommel are of silver overgilt, in length 15 inches. The pommel is round and somewhat flat on the two sides. The traverse or cross of the sword, which is of silver overgilt, is in length 17½ inches; its form is like two dolphins with their heads joining and their tails ending in acorns; the shell is hanging down towards the point of the sword, formed like an escalop flourished, or rather like a green oak-leaf. On the blade of the sword are indented with gold these letters—JULIUS II. P. The scabbard is of crimson velvet, covered with silver wrought in philagram-work into branches of the oak-tree leaves and acorns." Such are the Scottish regalia, which, since the destruction of those of England by Cromwell, are the only ancient regal emblems in Great Britain.

The sword of state is of an earlier date than the rod of the sceptre, being presented by the warlike Pope Julius to James IV. with a consecrated hat in 1507. The keys of St. Peter figure prominently among the filagree work. After the fall of the Castle of Dunottar, in 1651, the belt of the sword became an heirloom in the family of Ogilvie of Barras.

The great pearl in the apex of the crown is alleged to be the same which in 1620 was found in the burn of Kellie, a tributary of the Ythan in Aberdeenshire, and was "so large and beautiful that it was esteemed the best that had at any time been found in Scotland." Sir Thomas Menzies, Provost of Aberdeen, obtaining this precious jewel, presented it to James VI., who in requital "gave him twelve or fourteen chaldron of victuals about Dunfermline, and the custom of certain merchant goods during his life." *

Before quitting the Castle of Edinburgh, it is impossible to omit some special reference to Mons Meg—that mighty bombard which is thirteen feet long and two feet three and a half inches within the bore, and which was long deemed by the Scots a species of palladium, the most ancient cannon in Europe, except one in Lisbon, and a year older than those which were made for Mahomet II. Not a vestige of proof can be shown for the popular error that this gun was forged at Mons, while unvarying tradition, supported by very strong corroborative evidence, proves that she was formed by Scottish artisans, by order of James II., when he besieged the rebellious Douglases in the castle of Thrieve, in Galloway, during 1455. He posted his artillery at the Three Thorns of the Carlinwark, one of which is still surviving; but their fire proving ineffective, a smith named M'Kim, and his sons, offered to construct a more efficient piece of ordnance. Towards this the inhabitants of the vicinity contributed each a *gaud*, or iron bar. Tradition, which never varied, indicated the place where it was forged, a mound near the Three Thorns, and when the road was formed there, that mound was discovered to be a mass of cinders and the iron débris of a great forge. To this hour the place where the great gun was posted is named *Knock-cannon*. Only *two* of Meg's bullets were discharged before Thrieve surrendered, and it is remarkable that both have been found there. "The first," says the *New Statistical Account*, "was, towards the end of the last century, picked out of the well and delivered to Gordon of Greenlaw. The second was discovered in 1841, by the tenant of Thrieve, when removing an accumulation of rubbish." It lay in a line direct from Knock-cannon to the breach in the wall. To reward M'Kim James bestowed upon him the forfeited lands of Mollance. The smith is said to have named the gun after his wife; and the contraction of the name from Mollance to *Monce*, or *Mons* Meg, was quite natural to the Scots, who sink the l's in all similar words. The balls still preserved in the Castle of Edinburgh, piled on each side of the gun, are exactly similar to those found in Thrieve, and are of Galloway granite, from the summit of the Binnan Hill, near the Carlinwark.* Andrew Symson, whose description of Galloway was written 180 years ago, records "that in the isle of Thrieve, the great gun, called *Mounts Meg*, was wrought and made." This, though slightly incorrect as to actual spot, being written so long since, goes to prove the Scottish origin of the gun, which bears a conspicuous place in all the treasurer's accounts; and of this pedigree of the gun Sir Walter Scott was so convinced that, as he wrote, "henceforth all conjecture must be set aside." In 1489 the gun was employed at the siege of Dumbarton, then held for James III. by his adherents. In 1497, when James IV. invaded England in the cause of Perkin Warbeck, he conveyed it with his other artillery on a new stock made at St. Leonard's Craig; and the public accounts mention the sum paid to those who brought "hame Monse and the other artailzerie from Dalkeith." It was frequently used during the civil war in 1571, and two men died of their exertion in dragging it from the Blackfriars Yard to the Castle. On that occasion payment was made to a person through whose roof one of the bullets had fallen in mistake. In Cromwell's list of captured guns, in 1650, mention is made of "the great iron murderer, Meg;" and Ray, in his "Observations" on Scotland eleven years after, mentions the "great old iron gun which they call *Mounts Meg*, and some 'Meg of Berwick.'" A demi-bastion near the Scottish gate there bears, or bore, the name of Megs *Mount*, which in those days was the term for a battery. Another, in Stirling, bore the same name; hence we may infer that the gun has been in both places. It was stupidly removed in mistake, among unserviceable guns, to the Tower of London in 1758, where it was shown till 1829, when, by the patriotic exertions of Sir Walter Scott, it was sent home to Edinburgh, and escorted from Leith back to its old place in the Castle by three troops of cavalry and the 73rd or Perthshire regiment, with a band of pipers playing at the head of the procession.

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* "Succinct Survey of Aberdeen, 1685."

We are now in a position to take a brief but comprehensive view of the whole Castle, of which we have hitherto dealt in detail, and though we must go over the same ground, we shall do so at so rapid a rate that such repetition as is unavoidable will be overlooked. In the present day the Castle is entered by a barrier of palisades, beyond which are a deep ditch and drawbridge protected by a *tête-de-pont*, flanked out and defended by cannon. Within are two guardhouses, the barrier and the main, the former a mean-looking edifice near which once stood a grand old entrance-gate, having many rich sculptures, an entablature, and a pediment rising from pilasters. Above the bridge rises the great halfmoon battery of 1573, and the eastern curtain wall, which includes an ancient peel with a corbelled rampart. The path, which millions of armed men must have trod, winds round the northern side of the rock, passing three gateways, the inner of which is a deep-mouthed archway wherein two iron portcullises once hung. This building once terminated in a crenelated square tower, but was some years ago converted into a species of state prison, and black-hole for the garrison; and therein, in 1792, Robert Watt and David Downie, who were sentenced to death for treason, were confined; and therein, in times long past and previous to these, pined both the Marquis and Earl of Argyle, and many of high rank but of less note, down to 1747.

Above the arch are two sculptured hounds, the supporters of the Duke of Gordon, governor in 1688, and between these is the empty panel from which Cromwell cast down the royal arms in 1650. Above it is a pediment and little cornice between the triglyphs of which may be traced alternately the star and crowned heart of the Regent Morton. Beyond this arch, on the left, are the steps ascending to the citadel, the approaches to which are defended by loopholes for cannon and musketry. On the right hand is a gun battery, named from John Duke of Argyle, commander-in-chief in Scotland in 1715; below it is Robert Mylne's battery, built in 1689; and on the acclivity of the steep hill are a bomb-proof powder magazine, erected in 1746, the ordnance office, and the house of the governor and storekeeper, an edifice erected apparently in the reign of Queen Anne, having massive walls and wainscoted apartments. In the former is a valuable collection of fire-arms of every pattern, from the wheel-lock petronel of the fifteenth century down to the latest rifled arms of precision.

There, also, is the armoury, formed for the reception of 30,000 rifle muskets, several ancient brass howitzers, several hundred coats of black mail (most of which are from the arsenal of the knights of Malta), some forty stand of colours, belonging to extinct Scottish regiments, and various weapons from the field of Culloden, particularly the Doune steel pistols, of beautiful workmanship, worn by Highland gentlemen.

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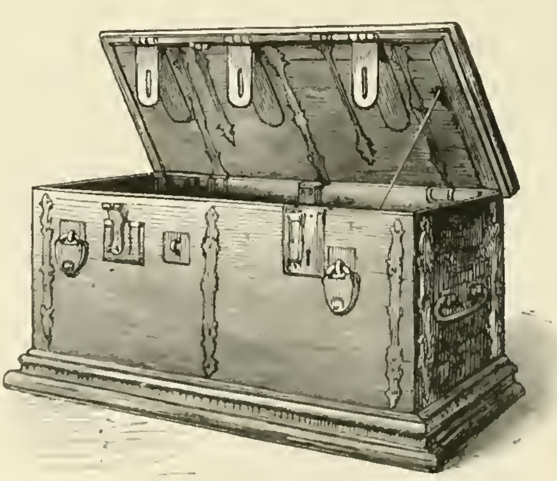
* "History of Galloway."

Near this rises the Hawk Hill, where kings and nobles practised falconry of old; on the left is the Gothic arch of the citadel; and on the right rises the great mass of the hideous and uncomfortable infantry barracks, erected partly on the archery butts, in 1796, and likened by Sir Walter Scott to a vulgar cotton-mill. This edifice is 150 feet long, and four storeys high to the westward, where it rises on a massive arcade, and from its windows can be had a magnificent prospect, extending almost to the smoke of Glasgow, and the blue cone of Ben Lomond, fifty miles distant.

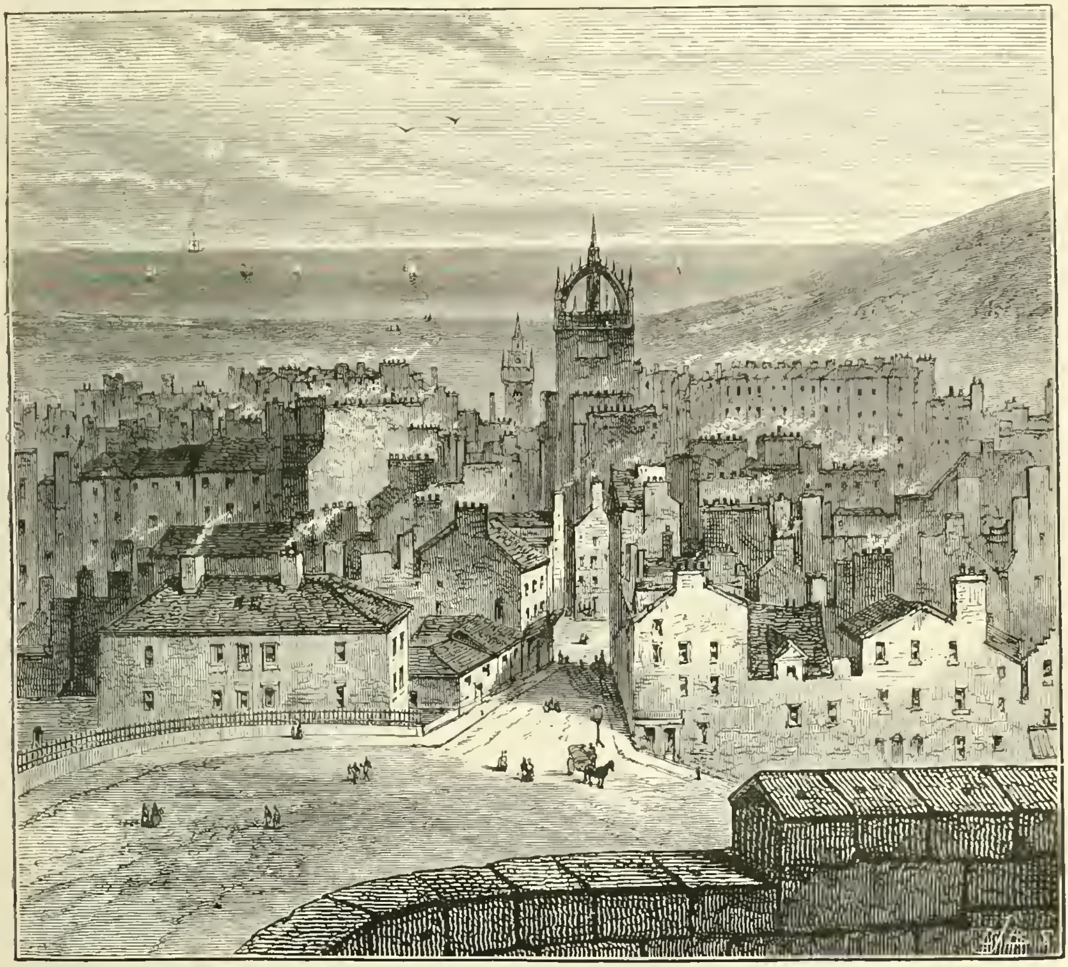
On the south-west is Drury's gun-battery, so named from the officer of Scottish Engineers who built it in 1689, and in its rear is the square prison-house, built in 1840. Passing through the citadel gate, we find on the left the modern water-tank, the remains of the old shot-yard, the door of which has now disappeared; but on the gablet above it was a thistle, with the initials D.G.M.S. Here is the king's bastion, on the north-west verge of the citadel, and on the highest cliff of the Castle rock. Here, too, are St. Margaret's Chapel, which we have already described, Mons Meg, frowning, as of old, from the now-ruinous mortar battery, and a piece of bare rock, the site of a plain modern chapel, the pointed window of which was once conspicuous from Princes Street, but which was demolished by Colonel Moodie, R.E., in expectation that one more commodious would be erected. But many years have since passed, and this has never been done, consequently there is now no chapel for the use of the troops of any religious denomination; while the office of chaplain has also been abolished, at a time when Edinburgh has been made a depôt centre for Scottish regiments, and in defiance of the fact that the Castle is under the Presbytery, and is a parish of the city.



CHEST IN WHICH THE REGALIA WERE FOUND.

The platform of the half-moon battery is 510 feet above the level of the Forth. It is armed with old 18 and 24 pounders, one of which is, at one P.M., fired by electricity as a time-gun, by a wire from the Calton Hill. It is furnished with a lofty flagstaff, an iron grate for beacon fires, and contains a draw-well 110 feet deep. From its massive portholes Charles II. saw the rout of Cromwell's troops at Lochend in 1650; and from there the Corsican chief Paoli in 1771, the Grand Duke Nicholas in 1819, George IV. in 1822, Queen Victoria, and many others of note, have viewed the city that stretched at their feet below.

Within this battery is the ancient square or Grand Parade, where some of the most interesting buildings in the Castle are to be found, as it is on the loftiest, most precipitous, and inaccessible portion of the isolated rock. Here, abutting on the very verge of the giddy cliff, overhanging the Grassmarket, several hundred feet below, stands all that many sieges have left of the ancient royal palace, forming the southern and eastern sides of the quadrangle. The chief feature of the former is a large battlemented edifice, now nearly destroyed by its conversion into a military hospital. This was the ancient hall of the Castle, in length 80 feet by 33 in width, and 27 in height, and lighted by tall mullioned windows from the south, wherein Parliaments have sat, kings have feasted and revelled, ambassadors been received, and treaties signed for peace or war. Some remains of its ancient grandeur are yet discernible amid the new floors and partitions that have been run through it. At the summit of the principal staircase is a beautifully-sculptured stone corbel representing a well-cut female face, ornamented on each side by a volute and thistle. On this rests one of the original beams of the open oak roof, and on each side are smaller beams with many sculptured shields, all defaced by the whitewash of the barrack pioneers and hospital orderlies. "The view from the many windows on this side is scarcely surpassed by any other in the capital. Immediately below are the picturesque old houses of the Grassmarket and West Port, crowned by the magnificent towers of Heriot's Hospital. From this deep abyss the hum of the neighbouring city rises up, mellowed by the distance, into one pleasing voice of life and industry; while far beyond a gorgeous landscape is spread out, reaching almost to the ancient landmarks of the kingdom, guarded on the far east by the old keep of Craigmillar, and on the west by Merchiston Tower." Besides the hall in this edifice there was another in the fortress; for among the items of the High Treasurer's accounts, in 1516, we find for flooring the Lord's Hall in David's Tower, 10*s.*, and other payments for woodwork in the "Gret Ha' windois in the Castell, gret gestis and dowbill dalis for the myd chalmer, the king's kechin, and the New Court kechin in David's Toure," and for the Register House built in 1542 by "John Merlyoune," who first paved the High Street by order of James V.



EDINBURGH, FROM THE KING'S BASTION, 1825. (*After Ewbank.*)

On the east side of the square is the old palace, or royal lodging, in which many stirring events have happened, many a lawless deed been done, where the longest line of sovereigns in the British Isles dwelt, and many have been born and have died. It is a handsome edifice, repaired so lately as 1616, as a date remains to show; but its octagonal tower, square turrets and battlements, were probably designed by Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, the architect to James V. A semi-octagonal tower of considerable height gives access to the strongly vaulted and once totally dark room in which the regalia—or all of it that the greedy James VI. was unable to take with him to England—lay so long hidden from view, and where they are now exhibited daily to visitors, who number several thousands every week. The room was greatly improved in 1848, when the ceiling was repaired with massive oak panelling, having shields in bold relief, and a window was opened to the square. Two barriers close this room, one a grated door of vast strength like a small portcullis.

In this building Mary of Guise died in 1560, and a doorway, bearing the date of 1566, gives entrance to the apartment in which her daughter was delivered of James VI. It was formerly part of a large room which, before being partitioned, measured 30 by 25 feet. On the 11th of February, 1567, after the murder of Darnley, Mary retired to this apartment, where she had the walls hung with black, and remained in strict seclusion until after the funeral. Killigrew, who came from Elizabeth with letters of condolence, on his introduction found "the Queen's Majesty in a dark chamber, so that he could not see her face, but by her words she seemed very doleful." In 1849, an antique iron chisel, spear-shaped, was found in the fireplace of this apartment, which was long used as a canteen for the soldiers, but has now been renovated, though in a rude and inelegant form.

Below the grand hall are a double tier of strongly-vaulted dungeons, entered by a passage from the west, and secured by an intricate arrangement of iron gates and massive chains. In one of these Kirkaldy of Grange buried his brother David Melville. The small loophole that admits light into each of these huge vaults, whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, is strongly secured by three ranges of iron bars. Within these drear abodes have captives of all kinds pined, and latterly the French prisoners, forty of whom slept in each. In some are still the wooden frames to which their hammocks were slung. Under Queen Mary's room there is one dungeon excavated out of the solid rock, and having, as we have said, an iron staple in its wall to which the prisoner was chained.

The north side of the quadrangle consists now of an uninteresting block of barracks, erected about the middle of the eighteenth century, and altered, but scarcely improved, in 1860–2, by the Royal Engineers and Mr. Charles W. Billings. It occupies the site, and was built from the materials, of what was once a church of vast dimensions and unknown antiquity, but the great western gable of which was long ago a conspicuous feature above the eastern curtain wall. By Maitland it is described as "a very long and large ancient church, which from its spacious dimensions I imagine that it was not only built for the use of the garrison, but for the service of the neighbouring inhabitants before St. Giles's church was erected for their accommodation." Its great font, and many beautifully carved stones were found built into the barrack wall during recent alterations. It is supposed to have been a church erected after the death of the pious Queen Margaret, and dedicated to her, as it is mentioned by David I. in his Holyrood charter as "the church of the Castle of Edinburgh," and is again confirmed as such in the charter of Alexander III. and several Papal bulls, and the "paroche kirk within the said Castell," is distinctly referred to by the Presbytery of Edinburgh in 1595.* In 1753 it was divided into three storeys, and filled with tents, cannon, and other munitions of war.

A winding stair descends from the new barracks to the butts, where the rock is defended by the western wall and Bute's Battery, near which, at an angle, a turret, named the Queen's Post, occupies the site of St. Margaret's Tower. Fifty feet below the level of the rock is another guard-house and one of the draw-wells poisoned by the English in 1572. Near it is the ancient postern gate, where Dundee held his parley with the Duke of Gordon in 1688, and through which, perhaps, St. Margaret's body was borne in 1093.

From thence there is a sudden ascent by steps, behind the banquette of the bastions and near the principal magazine, to Mylne's Mount, where there is another grate for a bale-fire to alarm Fife, Stirling, and the north. The fortifications are irregular, furnished throughout with strong stone turrets, and prepared for mounting about sixty pieces of cannon. Two door-lintels covered with curious sculptures are still preserved: one over the entrance to the ordnance office represents Mons Meg and other ancient cannon; the other a cannoneer of the sixteenth century, in complete armour, in the act of loading a small culverin.

The Castle farm is said to have been the ancient village of Broughton, which St. David granted to the monks of Holyrood; the Castle gardens we have already referred to; and to the barns, stables, and lists attached to it, we shall have occasion to refer elsewhere.

The Castle company was a corps of Scottish soldiers raised in January 1661, and formed a permanent part of the garrison till 1818, when, with the ancient band of Mary of Guise, which garrisoned the Castle of Stirling, they were incorporated in one of the thirteen veteran battalions embodied in that year. The Castle being within the abrogated parish of Holyrood, has a burial-place for its garrison in the Canongate churchyard; but dead have been buried within the walls frequently during sieges and blockades, as in 1745, when nineteen soldiers and three women were interred on the summit of the rock.

The Castle is capable of containing 3,000 infantry; but the accommodation for troops is greatly neglected by Government, and the barracks have been characterised as "hovels that are a disgrace to Europe."

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* Wodrow's "Miscellany."

In lists concerning the Castle of Edinburgh, the first governor appears to have been Thomas de Cancia in 1147; the first constable, David Kincaid of Coates House, in 1542; and the first State prisoner warded therein Thomas of Colville in 1210, for conspiring against William the Lion.

We may fittingly take leave of the grand old Castle in the fine lines of Burns's "Address to Edinburgh":—

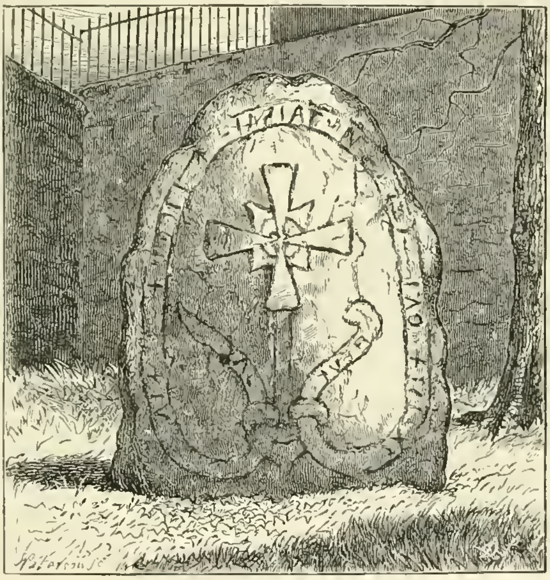
> "There, watching high the least alarms,
>   Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
> Like some bold vet'ran, grey in arms,
>   And marked with many a seamy scar;
> The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
>   Grim rising o'er the rugged rock,
> Have oft withstood assailing war,
>   And oft repelled th' invader's shock."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CASTLE HILL.

The Esplanade or Castle Hill—Castle Banks—The Celtic Crosses—The Secret Passage and Well-house Tower—The Church on the Castle Hill—The Reservoir—The House of Allan Ramsay—Executions for Treason, Sorcery, &c.—The Master of Forbes—Lady Jane Douglas—Castle Hill Promenade—Question as to the Proprietary of the Esplanade and Castle Hill.

"THE Castle Hill," says Dr. Chambers, "is partly an esplanade, serving as a parade ground for the garrison, and partly a street, the upper portion of that vertebral line which, under the names of Lawnmarket, High Street, and Canongate, extends to Holyrood Palace;" but it is with the Esplanade and banks we have chiefly to deal at present.



RUNIC CROSS, CASTLE BANK.

Those who now see the Esplanade, a peaceful open space, 510 feet in length by 300 in breadth, with the squads of Highland soldiers at drill, or the green bank that slopes away to the north, covered with beautiful timber, swarming in summer with little ones in care of their nurses, can scarcely realise that thereon stood the ancient Spur, before which so many men have perished sword in hand, and that it was the arena of so many revolting executions by the axe and stake, for treason, heresy, and sorcery.

It lay in a rough state till 1753, when the earth taken from the foundations of the Royal Exchange was spread over it, and the broad flight of forty steps which gave access to the drawbridge was buried. The present ravelin before the half-moon was built in 1723; but alterations in the level must have taken place prior to that, to judge from "Archæologia Scotica," which contains an "Elegie on the great and famous Blew Stone which lay on the Castle Hill, and was interred there." On this relic, probably a boulder, a string of verses form the doggerel elegy:—

> "Our old Blew Stone, that's dead and gone,
>   His marrow may not be;
> Large, twenty feet in length he was,
>   His bulk none e'er did ken;
> Dour and dief, and run with grief,
>   When he preserved men.
> Behind his back a batterie was,
>   Contrived with packs of woo,
> Let's now think on, since he is gone,
>   We're in the Castle's view."

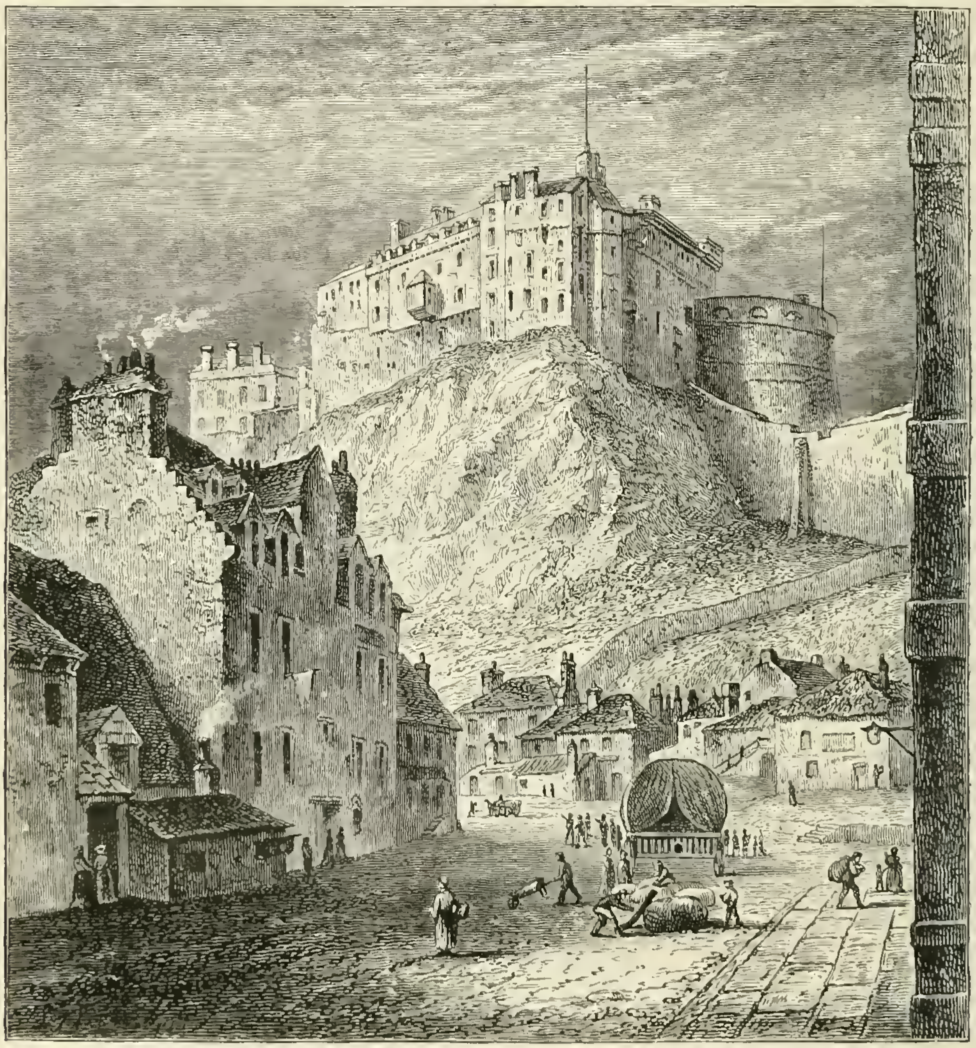
The woolpacks evidently refer to the siege of 1689.

The Esplanade was improved in 1816 by a parapet and railing on the north, and a few years after by a low wall on the south, strengthened by alternate towers and turrets. A bronze statue of the Duke of York and Albany, K.G., holding his marshal's bâton, was erected on the north side in 1839, and a little lower down are two Celtic memorial crosses of remarkable beauty. The larger and more ornate of them was erected in 1862, by the officers and soldiers of the 78th Ross-shire Highlanders, to the memory of their comrades who fell during the revolt in India in 1857–8; and the smaller cross was raised, "In memory of Colonel Kenneth Douglas Mackenzie, C.B., who served for forty-two years in the 92nd Highlanders—who saw much of service in the field, and deserved well of his country in war and in peace. . . . Died on duty at Dartmoor, 24th August, 1873."

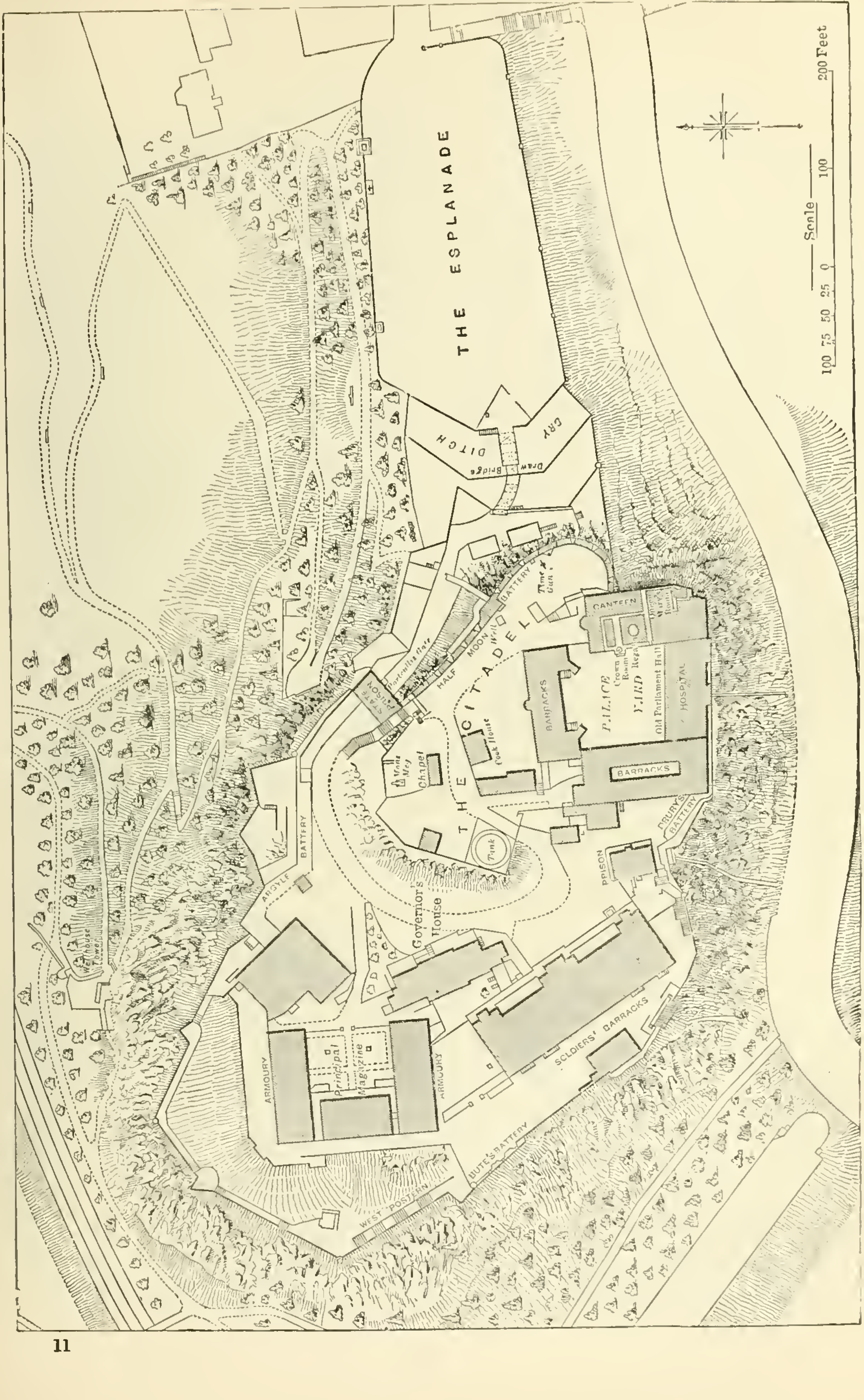
On the green bank behind the duke's statue is a very curious monumental stone, which, however, can scarcely be deemed a local antiquity—though of vast age. It was brought from the coast of Sweden by Sir Alexander Seton, of Preston, many years ago. On it is engraved a serpent encircling a cross, and on the body of the former is an inscription in runes, signifying—

ARI ENGRAVED THIS STONE IN MEMORY
OF HIALM, HIS FATHER.
GOD HELP HIS SOUL!

Two relics of great antiquity remain on this side of the Castle bank—a fragment of the secret passage, and the ruins of the Well-house tower, which, in 1450, and for long after, guarded the pathway that led under the rock to the church of St. Cuthbert. Within the upper and lower portion of this tower, a stair, hewn in the living rock, was found a few years ago, buried under a mass of rubbish, among which was a human skull, shattered by concussion on a step. Many human bones lay near it, with various coins, chiefly of Edward I. and Edward III.; others were Scottish and foreign. Many fragments of exploded bombs were found among the upper layer of rubbish, and in a breach of the tower was found imbedded a 48-pound shot. At certain seasons, woodcock, snipe, and water-ducks are seen hovering near



EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM THE KING'S MEWS, 1825. (*After Ewbank.*)



GROUND PLAN OF EDINBURGH CASTLE IN THE PRESENT DAY.

the ruins, attracted by the dampness of the soil, where for ages the artificial loch lay. A few feet eastward of the tower there was found in the bank, in 1820, a large coffin of thick fir containing three skeletons, a male and two females, supposed to be those of a man named Sinclair and his two sisters, who were all drowned in the loch in 1628 for a horrible crime.

Eastward of this tower of the 15th century are the remains of a long, low archway, walled with rubble, but arched with well-hewn stones, popularly known as "the lion's den," and which has evidently formed a portion of that secret escape or covered way from the Castle (which no Scottish fortress was ever without), the tradition concerning which is of general and very ancient belief; and this idea has been still further strengthened by the remains of a similar subterranean passage being found below Brown's Close, on the Castle Hill. At the highest part of the latter stood the ancient barrier gate of 1450, separating the fortress from the city. This gate was temporarily replaced on the occasion of the visit of George IV. in 1822, and by an iron *chevaux de frise*—to isolate the 82nd Regiment and garrison generally—during the prevalence of Asiatic cholera, ten years subsequently.

There stood on the north side of the Castle Hill an ancient church, some vestiges of which were visible in Maitland's time, in 1753, and which he supposed to have been dedicated to St. Andrew the patron of Scotland, and which he had seen referred to in a deed of gift of twenty merks yearly, Scottish money, to the Trinity altar therein, by Alexander Curor, vicar of Livingstone, 20th December, 1488. In June, 1754, when some workmen were levelling this portion of the Castle Hill, they discovered a subterranean chamber, fourteen feet square, wherein lay a crowned image of the Virgin, hewn of very white stone, two brass altar candlesticks, some trinkets, and a few ancient Scottish and French coins. By several remains of burnt matter and two large cannon balls being also found there, this edifice was supposed to have been demolished during some of the sieges undergone by the Castle since the invention of artillery. And in December, 1849, when the Castle Hill was being excavated for the new reservoir, several finely-carved stones were found in what was understood to be the foundation of this chapel or of Christ's Church, which was commenced there in 1637, and had actually proceeded so far that Gordon of Rothiemay shows it in his map with a high-pointed spire, but it was abandoned, and its materials used in the erection of the present church at the Tron. Under all this were found those pre-historic human remains referred to in our first chapter. This was the site of the ancient water-house. It was not until 1621 that the citizens discovered the necessity for a regular supply of water beyond that which the public wells with their water-carriers afforded. It cannot be supposed that the stagnant fluid of the north and south lochs could be fit for general use, yet, in 1583 and 1598, it was proposed to supply the city from the latter. Eleven years after the date above mentioned, Peter Brusche, a German engineer, contracted to supply the city with water from the lands of Comiston, in a leaden pipe of three inches' bore, for a gratuity of £50. By the year 1704 the increase of population rendered an additional supply from Liberton and the Pentland Hills necessary. As years passed on the old water-house proved quite inadequate to the wants of the city. It was removed in 1849, and in its place now stands the great reservoir, by which old and new Edinburgh are alike supplied with water unexampled in purity, and drawn chiefly from an artificial lake in the Pentlands, nearly seven miles distant. On the outside it is only one storey in height, with a tower of 40 feet high; but within it has an area 110 feet long, 90 broad, and 30 deep, containing two millions of gallons of water, which can be distributed through the entire city at the rate of 5,000 gallons per minute.

Apart from the city, embosomed among trees—and though lower down than this reservoir, yet perched high in air—upon the northern bank of the Esplanade, stands the little octagonal villa of Allan Ramsay, from the windows of which the poet would enjoy an extensive view of all the fields, farms, and tiny hamlets that lay beyond the loch below, with the vast panorama beyond—the Firth of Forth, with the hills of Fife and Stirling. "The sober and industrious life of this exception to the race of poets having resulted in a small competency, he built this oddly-shaped house in his latter days, designing to enjoy in it the Horatian quiet he had so often eulogised in his verse. The story goes," says Chambers in his "Traditions," "that, showing it soon after to the clever Patrick Lord Elibank, with much fussy interest in its externals and accommodation, he remarked that the wags were already at work on the subject—they likened it to a goose-pie (owing to the roundness of the shape). 'Indeed, Allan,' said his lordship, 'now I see you in it I think the wags are not far wrong.'"

Ramsay, the author of the most perfect pastoral poem in the whole scope of British literature, and a song writer of great merit, was secretly a Jacobite, though a regular attendant in St. Giles's Church. Opposed to the morose manners of his time, he delighted in music and the theatre, and it was his own advanced taste and spirit that led him, in 1725, to open a circulating library for the diffusion of fiction among the citizens of the time. Three years subsequently, in the narrow-minded spirit of "the dark age" of Edinburgh, the magistrates were moved to action, by the fear this new kind of reading might have on the minds of youth, and actually tried, but without effect, to put his library down. Among the leaders of these self-constituted guardians of morality was Erskine Lord Grange, whose life was a scandal to the age. In 1736 Allan Ramsay's passion for the drama prompted him to erect a theatre in Carrubber's Close; but in the ensuing year the act for licensing the stage was passed, and the magistrates ordered the house to be shut up. By this speculation he lost a good deal of money, but it is remarked by his biographers that this was perhaps the only unfortunate project in which he ever engaged. His constant cheerfulness and great conversational powers made him a favourite with all classes; and being fond of children he encouraged his three daughters to bring troops of young girls about his house, and in their sports he mingled with a vivacity singular in one of his years, and for them he was wont to make dolls and cradles with his own hands. In that house on the Castle bank he spent the last twelve years of a blameless life. He did not give up his shop—long the resort of all the wits of Edinburgh, the Hamiltons of Bangour, and Gilbertfield, Gay, and others—till 1755. He died in 1757, in his seventy-second year, and was buried in the Greyfriars Churchyard, where a tomb marks his grave. "An elderly female told a friend of mine," says Chambers, "that she remembered, as a girl, living as an apprentice with a milliner in the Grassmarket, being sent to Ramsay Garden, to assist in making dead-clothes for the poet. She could recall, however, no particulars of the same, but the roses blooming in the death-chamber."

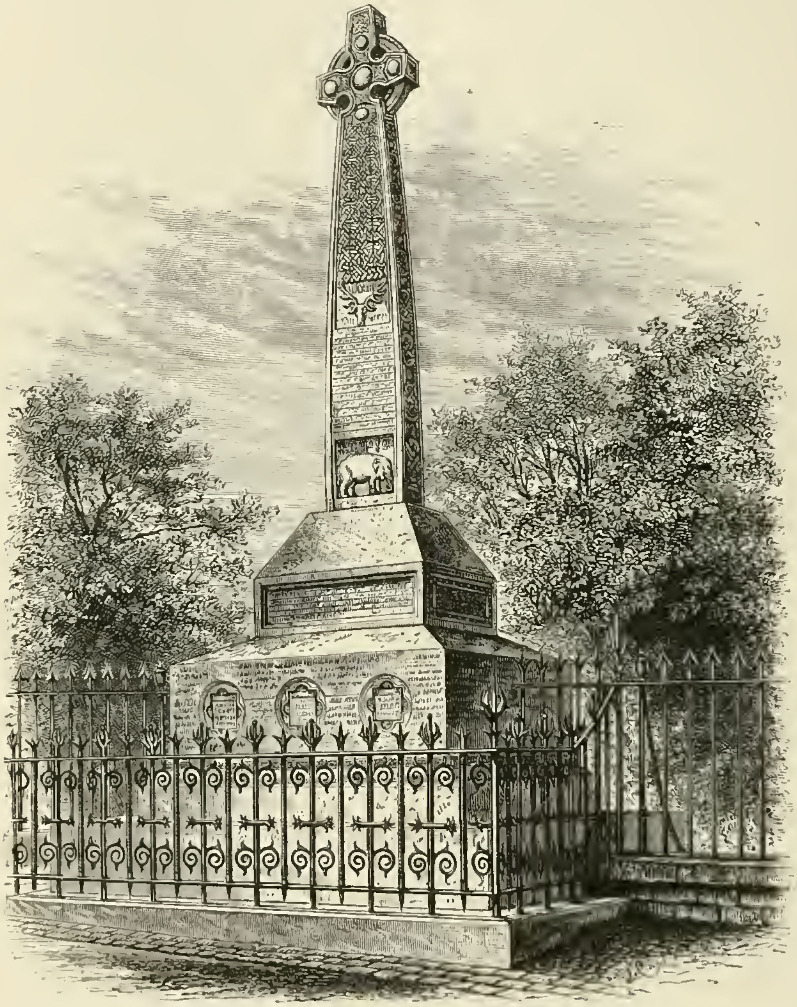
The house of the poet passed to his son, Allan, an eminent portrait painter, a man of high culture, and a favourite in those circles wherein Johnson and Boswell moved. He inherited considerable literary taste from his father, and was the founder of the "Select Society" of Edinburgh, in 1754, of which all the learned men there were members. By the interest of Lord Bute he was introduced to George III., when Prince of Wales, whose portrait he painted. He enlarged the house his father built, and also raised the additional large edifices to the eastward, now known as Ramsay Gardens. The biographers of the painter always assert that he made a romantic marriage. In his youth, when teaching drawing to the daughters of Sir Alexander Lindesay, of Evelick, one of them fell in love with him, and as the consent of the parents was impossible then, they were secretly united in wedlock. He died at Dover in 1784, after which the property went to his son, General John Ramsay (latterly of the Chasseurs Britanniques), who, at his death in 1845, left the property to Murray of Henderland, and so ended the line of the author of "The Gentle Shepherd."

Having thus described the locality of the Esplanade, we shall now relate a few of the terrible episodes—apart from war and tumult—of which it has been the scene.

In the reign of James V. the Master of Forbes was executed here for treason. He and his father had been warded in the Castle on that charge in 1536. By George Earl of Huntly, who bore a bitter animosity to the house of Forbes, the former had been accused of a design to take the life of the king, by shooting him with a hand-gun in Aberdeen, and also of being the chief instigator of the mutiny among the Scottish forces at Jedburgh, when on the march for England. Protesting his innocence, the Master boldly offered to maintain it in single combat against the earl, who gave a bond for 30,000 merks to make good his charge before the 31st of July, 1537. But it was not until the 11th of the same month in the following year that the Master was brought to trial, before Argyle, the Lord Justice General, and Huntly failed not to make good his vaunt. Though the charges were barely proved, and the witnesses were far from exceptionable, the luckless Master of Forbes was sentenced by the Commissioners of Justiciary and fifteen other men of high rank to be hanged, drawn, beheaded, and dismembered as a traitor, on the Castle Hill, which was accordingly done, and his quarters were placed above the city gates. The judges are supposed to have been bribed by Huntly, and many of the jury, though of noble birth, were his hereditary enemies. His father, after a long confinement, and undergoing a tedious investigation, was released from the Castle.

But a more terrible execution was soon to follow—that of Lady Jane Douglas, the young and beautiful widow of John Lord Glammis, who, with her second husband, Archibald Campbell of Skipness, her son the little Lord Glammis, and John Lyon an aged priest, were all committed prisoners to the Castle, on an absurd charge of seeking to compass the death of the king by poison and sorcery. "Jane Douglas," says a writer in "Miscellanea Scotica," "was the most renowned beauty in Britain at that time. She was of ordinary stature, but her mien was majestic; her eyes full, her face oval, her complexion delicate and extremely fair; heaven designed that her mind should want none of those perfections a mortal creature can be capable of; her modesty was admirable, her courage above what could be expected from her sex, her judgment solid, and her carriage winning and affable to her inferiors." One of the most ardent of her suitors, on the death of Glammis, was a man named William Lyon, who, on her preferring Campbell of Skipness, vowed by a terrible oath to dedicate his life to revenge. He thus accused Lady Jane and the three others named, and though their friends were inclined to scoff at the idea of treason, the artful addition of "sorcery" was suited to the growing superstition of the age, and steeled against them the hearts of many.

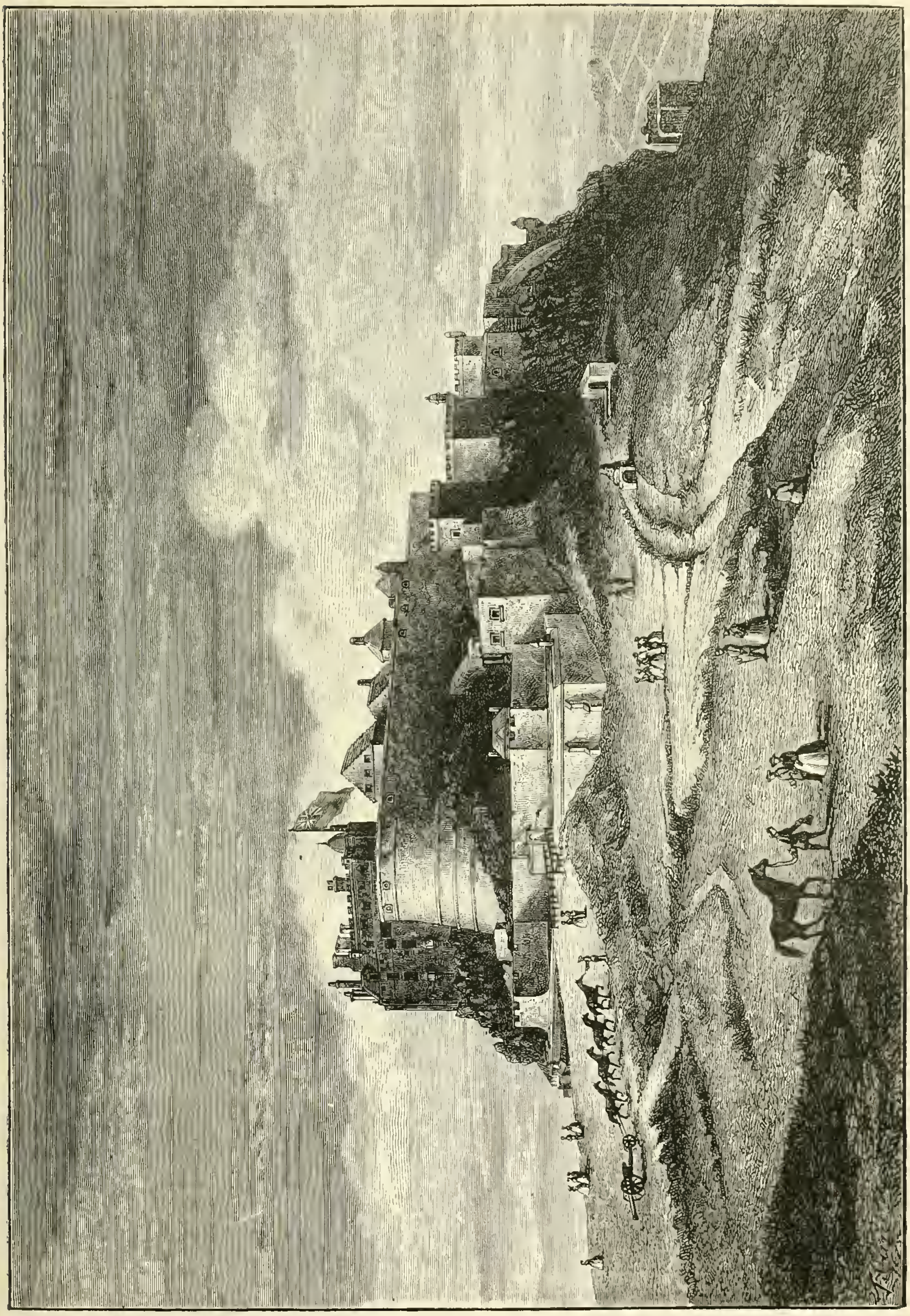
Examined on the rack, before the newly-constituted Court of Justiciary, extremity of agony compelled them to assent to whatever was asked, and they were thus condemned by their own lips. Lady Jane was sentenced to perish at the stake on the Castle Hill. Her son, her husband, and the old friar were all replaced in David's Tower, where the first remained a prisoner till 1542.



MEMORIAL CROSS TO THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS, ESPLANADE, EDINBURGH CASTLE.

Mercy was implored in vain, and on the 17th of July—three days after the execution of the Master of Forbes—the beautiful and unfortunate Lady Jane was led from the Castle gates and chained to a stake. "Barrels tarred, and faggots oiled, were piled around her, and she was burned to ashes within view of her son and husband, who beheld the terrible scene from the tower that overlooked it."

On the following night Campbell, frenzied by grief and despair, attempted to escape, but fell over the rocks, and was found next morning dashed out



PROSPECT OF EDINBURGH CASTLE FROM THE EAST IN 1779. (*After an Engraving in Hugo Arnot's "History of Edinburgh."*)

of all human shape at the foot of the cliff. James V. was struck with remorse on hearing all this terrible story. He released the friar; but, singular to say, William Lyon was merely banished the kingdom; while a man named Mackie, by whom the alleged poison was said to be prepared, was shorn of his ears.*

On the last day of February, 1539, Thomas Forret, Vicar of Dollar, John Keillor and John Beveridge, two black-friars, Duncan Simpson a priest, and a gentleman named Robert Forrester, were all burned together on the Castle Hill on a charge of heresy; and it is melancholy to know that a king so good and so humane as James V. was a spectator of this inhuman persecution for religion, and that he came all the way from Linlithgow Palace to witness it, whither he returned on the 2nd of March. It is probable that he viewed it from the Castle walls.

Again and again has the same place been the scene of those revolting executions for sorcery which disgraced the legal annals of Scotland. There, in 1570, Bessie Dunlop "was worried" at the stake for simply practising as a "wise woman" in curing diseases and recovering stolen goods. Several others perished in 1590–1; among others, Euphemie M'Calzean, for consorting with the devil, abjuring her baptism, making waxen pictures to be enchanted, raising a storm to drown Anne of Denmark on her way to Scotland, and so forth.†

In 1600 Isabel Young was "woryt at a stake" for laying sickness on various persons, "and thereafter burnt to ashes on the Castle Hill." ‡ Eight years after, James Reid, a noted sorcerer, perished in the same place, charged with practising healing by the black art, "whilk craft," says one authority, "he learned frae the devil, his master, in Binnie Craigs and Corstorphine, where he met with him and consulted with him divers tymes, whiles in the likeness of a man, whiles in the likeness of a horse." Moreover, he had tried to destroy the crops of David Liberton by putting a piece of enchanted flesh under his mill door, and to destroy David bodily by making a picture of him in wax and melting it before a fire, an ancient superstition—common to the Western Isles and in some parts of Rajpootana to this day. So great was the horror these crimes excited, that he was taken direct from the court to the stake. During the ten years of the Commonwealth executions on this spot occurred with appalling frequency.§ On the 15th October, 1656, seven culprits were executed at once, two of whom were burned; and on the 9th March, 1659, "there were," says Nicoll, "fyve wemen, witches, brint on the Castell Hill, all of them confessand their covenanting with Satan, sum of thame renunceand thair baptisme, and all of them oft tymes dancing with the devell."

During the reign of Charles I., when the Earl of Stirling obtained permission to colonise Nova Scotia, and to sell baronetcies to some 200 supposed colonists, with power of pit and gallows over their lands, the difficulty of enfeoffing them in possessions so distant was overcome by a royal mandate, converting the soil of the Castle Hill for the time being into that of Nova Scotia; and between 1625 and 1649 sixty-four of these baronets took seisin before the archway of the Spur.

When the latter was fairly removed the hill became the favourite promenade of the citizens; and in June, 1709, we find it acknowledged by the town council, that the Lord's Day "is profaned by people standing in the streets, and vaguing (*sic*) to fields, gardens, and the Castle Hill." Denounce all these as they might, human nature never could be altogether kept off the Castle Hill; and in old times even the most respectable people promenaded there in multitudes between morning and evening service. In the old song entitled "The Young Laird and Edinburgh Katie," to which Allan Ramsay added some verses, the former addresses his mistress:—

"Wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming doon the street, my jo?
My mistress in her tartan screen,
Fu bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo!
'My dear,' quo I, 'thanks to the night,
That never wished a lover ill,
Since ye're out o' your mother's sight,
Let's tak' a walk up to *the Hill.*'"

In 1858 there ensued a dispute between the magistrates of Edinburgh and the Crown as to the proprietary of the Castle Hill and Esplanade. The former asserted their right to the whole ground claimed by the board of ordnance, acknowledging no other boundary to the possessions of the former than the ramparts of the Castle. This extensive claim they made in virtue of the rights conferred upon them by the golden charter of James VI. in 1603, wherein they were gifted with "all and whole, the loch called the North Loch, lands, pools, and mariches thereof, the north and south banks and braes situated on the west of the burgh, near the Castle of Edinburgh, on both sides of the Castle from the public highway, and that part of the said burgh situated under the Castle Hill towards the north, to the head of the bank, and so going down to the said North Loch," &c.

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* Tytler, "Criminal Trials," &c. &c.

† Spotswood, "Miscellany."

‡ "Diurnal of Occurrents."

§ Pitcairn.

This right of proprietary seems clear enough, yet Lord Neaves decided in favour of the Crown, and found that "all the ground adjacent to the Castle of Edinburgh, including the Esplanade and the north and south banks or braes," belonged, "*jure coronæ*, to Her Majesty as part and pertinent of the said Castle."

CHAPTER IX.

THE CASTLE HILL (*concluded*).

Dr. Guthrie's Original Ragged School—Old Houses in the Street of the Castle Hill—Duke of Gordon's House, Blair's Close—Webster's Close—Dr. Alex. Webster—Boswell's Court—Hyndford House—Assembly Hall—Houses of the Marquis of Argyle, Sir Andrew Kennedy, the Earl of Cassillis, the Laird of Cockpen—Lord Semple's House—Lord Semple—Palace of Mary of Guise—Its Fate.

On the north side of this thoroughfare—which, within 150 years ago, was one of the most aristocratic quarters of the old city—two great breaches have been made: one when the Free Church College was built in 1846, and the other, a little later, when Short's Observatory was built in Ramsay Lane, together with the Original Ragged School, which owes its existence to the philanthropic efforts of the late Dr. Guthrie, who, with Drs. Chalmers, Cunningham, and Candlish, took so leading a part in the non-intrusion controversy, which ended in the disruption in 1843 and the institution of the Free Church of Scotland. In 1847 Guthrie's fervent and heart-stirring appeals on behalf of the homeless and destitute children, the little street Arabs of the Scottish capital, led to the establishment of the Edinburgh Original Ragged Industrial School, which has been productive of incalculable benefit to the children of the poorer classes of the city, by affording them the blessing of a good common and Christian education, by training them in habits of industry, enabling them to earn an honest livelihood, and fitting them for the duties of life.

All children are excluded who attend regular day-schools, whose parents have a regular income, or who receive support or education from the parochial board; and the Association consists of all subscribers of 10*s.* and upwards per annum, or donors of £5 and upwards; and the general plan upon which this ragged school and its branch establishment at Leith Walk, are conducted is as follows, viz.:—"To give children an adequate allowance of food for their daily support; to instruct them in reading, writing, and arithmetic; to train them in habits of industry, by instructing and employing them in such sorts of work as are suited to their years; to teach them the truths of the Gospel, making the Holy Scriptures the groundwork of instruction. On Sabbath the children shall receive food as on other days, and such religious instruction as shall be arranged by the acting committee," which consists of not less than twelve members.

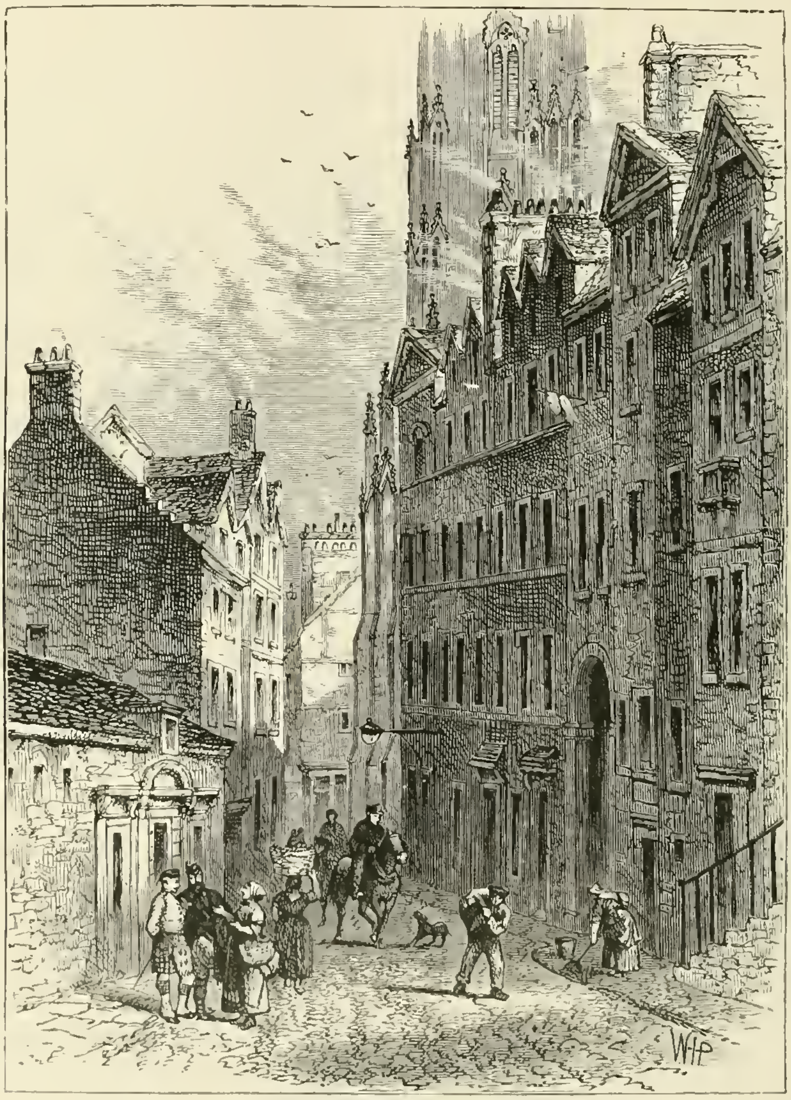
To this most excellent institution no children are admissible who are above fourteen or under five years of age, and they must either be natives of Edinburgh or resident there at least twelve months prior to application for admission, though, in special cases, it may be limited to six. None are admitted or retained who labour under infectious disease, or whose mental or bodily constitution renders them incapable of profiting by the institution. All must attend church on Sunday, and no formula of doctrine is taught to which their parents may object; and children are excused from attendance at school or worship on Sunday whose parents object to their attendance, but who undertake that the children are otherwise religiously instructed in the tenets of the communion to which they belong, provided they are in a condition to be entrusted with the care of their children.

Such were the broad, generous, and liberal views of Dr. Guthrie, and most ably have they been carried out.

According to the Report for 1879—which may be taken as fairly typical of the work done in this eminently useful institution—there was an average attendance in the Ramsay Lane Schools of 216 boys and 89 girls. The Industrial Department comprises carpentry, box-making, shoemaking, and tailoring, and the net profits made by the boys in these branches amounted to £182 14*s.* 5½*d.* Besides this the boys do all the washing, help the cook, make their beds, and wash the rooms they occupy twice a week. The washing done by boys was estimated at £130, and the girls, equally industrious, did work to the value (including the washing) of £109 7*s.*

Full of years and honour, Dr. Thomas Guthrie died 24th February, 1873.

Memories of these old houses that have passed away, yet remain, while on the opposite side of the street some are unchanged in external aspect since the days of the Stuarts.

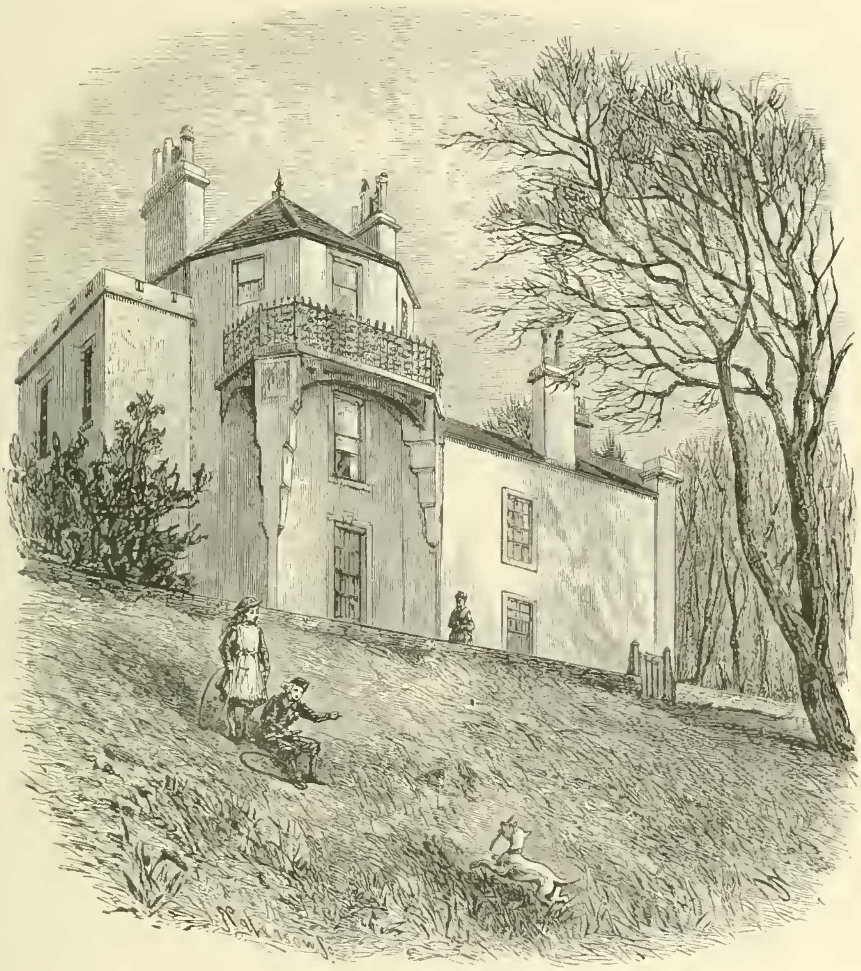


THE CASTLE HILL, 1845.

On the pediment of a dormer window of the house that now forms the south-west angle of the street, directly facing the Castle, and overlooking the steep flight of steps that descend to Johnston Terrace, we find a date 1630, with the initials A. M.—M. N., and in the wall below there still remains a cannon ball, fired from the half-moon during the blockade in 1745. Through this building there is a narrow alley named Blair's Close—so narrow indeed, that amid the brightest sunshine there is never in it more than twilight giving access to an open court, at the first angle of which is a handsome Gothic doorway, surmounted by an ogee arch, within which, is a large coronet, supported by two deerhounds, well known features in the Gordon arms. Local tradition universally affirms this mansion to have been the residence of the dukes of that title, which was bestowed on the house of Huntly in 1684; but the edifice in question evidently belongs to an anterior age; and the old tradition was proved to be correct, when in a disposition (now in possession of the City Improvement Commission) by Sir Robert Baird to his son William, dated 1694, he describes it as "all and hail, that my lodging in the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, formerly possessed by the Duchess of Gordon."

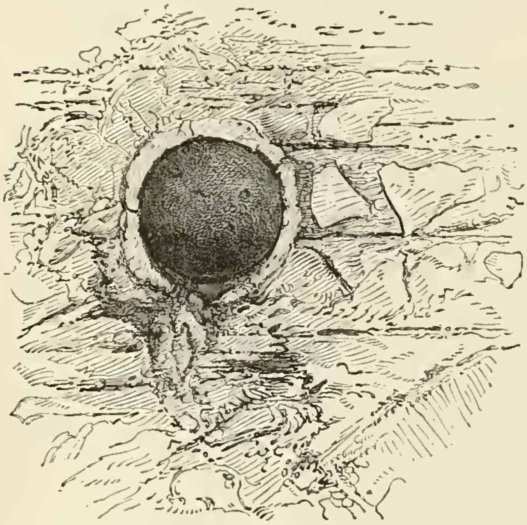
The latter was Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk and wife of Duke George, who so gallantly defended the Castle against the troops of William of Orange; during the lifetime of the duke she retired to a Belgian convent, but afterwards returned to the old mansion in Edinburgh, where she frequently resided till her death, which took place at the abbey in 1732, sixteen years after that of the duke at Leith. The internal fittings of the mansion are in many respects unchanged since its occupation by the duchess. It is wood-panelled throughout, and one large room which overlooks the Esplanade is decorated with elaborate carvings, and with a large painting over the mantelpiece the production of Norrie, a famous house-decorator of the eighteenth century, whose genius for landscapes entitles him to a place among Scottish painters. An explosion of gunpowder which took place in the basement of the house in 1811, attended with serious loss of life, destroyed utterly the ancient Gothic fireplace, which was very beautiful in its design.

This house is mentioned in the "Diurnal of Occurrents" as being, in 1570, the residence of Patrick Edgar; and after it passed from the Gordons it was possessed by the family of Newbyth, who resided in it for several generations, and therein, on the 6th December, 1757, was born the gallant Sir David Baird, Bart., the hero of Seringapatam and conqueror of Tippoo Saib; and therein he was educated and brought up. Returning years after, he visited the place of his birth, which had long since passed into other hands. Chambers relates that the individual then occupying the house received the veteran hero with great respect, and, after showing him through it, ushered him into the little garden behind, where some boys were engaged in mischievously throwing cabbage stalks at the chimneys of the Grassmarket. On



ALLAN RAMSAY'S HOUSE.

one going plump down a vent they set up a shout of joy. Sir David laughed, and entreated the father of the lads "not to be too angry; he and his brother," he added with some emotion, "when living here at the same age, had indulged in precisely the same amusement, the chimneys then, as now, being so provokingly open to attacks, that there was no resisting the temptation." From the Bairds of Newbyth the house passed to the Browns of Greenbank, and from them, Brown's Close, where the modern entrance to it is situated, derives its name.



CANNON BALL IN WALL OF HOUSE IN CASTLE HILL.

On the same side of the street Webster's Close served to indicate the site of the house of Dr. Alexander Webster, appointed in 1737 to the Tolbooth church. In his day one of the most popular men in the city, he was celebrated for his wit and social qualities, and amusing stories are still told of his fondness for claret. With the assistance of Dr. Wallace he matured his favourite scheme of a perpetual fund for the relief of widows and children of the clergy of the Scottish Church; and when, in 1745, Edinburgh was in possession of the Jacobite clans, he displayed a striking proof of his fearless character by employing all his eloquence and influence to retain the people in their loyalty to the house of Hanover. He had some pretension to the character of a poet, and an amatory piece of his has been said to rival the effusions of Catullus. It was written in allusion to his marriage with Mary Erskine. There is one wonderfully impassioned verse, in which, after describing a process of the imagination, by which he comes to think his innamorata a creature of more than mortal purity, he says that at length he clasps her to his bosom and discovers that she is but a woman after all!

> "When I see thee, I love thee, but hearing adore,
> I wonder and think you a woman no more,
> Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
> And, kissing those lips, find you woman again!"

He died in January, 1784.

Eastward of this point stands a very handsome old tenement of great size and breadth, presenting a front of polished ashlar to the street, surmounted by dormer windows. Over the main entrance to Boswell's Court (so named from a doctor who resided there about the close of the last century) there is a shield, and one of those pious legends so peculiar to most old houses in Scottish burghs. O. LORD. IN. THE. IS. AL. MI. TRAIST. And this edifice uncorroborated tradition asserts to have been the mansion of the Earls of Bothwell.

A tall narrow tenement immediately to the west of the Assembly Hall forms the last ancient building on the south side of the street. It was built in 1740, by Mowbray of Castlewan, on the site of a venerable mansion belonging to the Countess Dowager of Hyndford (Elizabeth daughter of John Earl of Lauderdale), and from him it passed, about 1747, into the possession of William Earl of Dumfries, who served in the Scots Greys and Scots Guards, who was an *aide de camp* at the battle of Dettingen, and who succeeded his mother, Penelope, countess in her own right, and afterwards, by the death of his brother, as Earl of Stair. He was succeeded in it by his widow, who, within exactly a year and day of his death, married the Hon. Alexander Gordon (son of the Earl of Aberdeen), who, on his appointment to the bench in 1784, assumed the title of Lord Rockville.

He was the last man of rank who inhabited this stately old mansion; but the narrow alley which gives access to the court behind bore the name of Rockville Close. Within it, and towards the west there towered a tall substantial edifice once the residence of the Countess of Hyndford, and sold by her, in 1740, to Henry Bothwell of Glencorse, last Lord Holyroodhouse, who died at his mansion in the Canongate in 1755.

The corner of the street is now terminated by the magnificent hall built in 1842-4, at the cost of £16,000 for the accommodation of the General Assembly, which sits here annually in May, presided over by a Commissioner, who is always a Scottish nobleman, and resides in Holyrood Palace, where he holds royal state, and gives levées in the gallery of the kings of Scotland. The octagonal spire which surmounts the massive Gothic tower at the main entrance rises to an altitude of 240 feet, and forms a point in all views of the city.

Many quaint closes and picturesque old houses were swept away to give place to this edifice, and to the hideous western approach, which weakened the strength and destroyed the amenity of the Castle in that quarter. Among these, in Ross's Court, stood the house of the great Marquis of Argyle, which, in the days of Creech, was rented by a hosier at £12 per annum. In another, named Kennedy's Close—latterly a mean and squalid alley—there resided, until almost recent times, a son of Sir Andrew Kennedy of Clowburn, Bart., whose title is now extinct; and the front tenement was alleged to have been the town residence of those proud and fiery Earls of Cassillis, the "kings of Carrick," whose family name was Kennedy, and whose swords were seldom in the scabbard. Here, too, stood a curious old timber-fronted "land," said to have been a nonjurant Episcopal chapel, in which was a beautifully sculptured Gothic niche with a cusped canopy, and which Wilson supposes to have been one of the private oratories that Arnot states to have been existing in his time, and in which the baptismal fonts were then remaining.

On the north side of the street, most quaint was the group of buildings partly demolished to make way for Short's Observatory. One was dated 1621; another was very lofty, with two crowstepped gables and four elaborate string mouldings on a smooth ashlar front. The first of these, which stood at the corner of Ramsay Lane, and had some very ornate windows, was universally alleged to be the town residence of that personage so famous in Scottish song, the Laird of Cockpen, whose family name was Ramsay (being a branch of the noble family of Dalhousie) and from whom some affirm the lane to have been called, long before the days of the poet. By an advertisement in the *Edinburgh Courant* for January, 1761, we find that Lady Cockpen was then resident in a house "in the Bell Close," the north side of the Castle Hill, the rental of which was £14 10*s*.

The last noble occupants of the old mansion were two aged ladies, daughters of the Lord Gray of Kinfauns. The house adjoining bore the date as mentioned, 1621; and the one below it was a fine specimen of the wooden-fronted tenements, with the oak timbers of the projecting gable beautifully carved. During the early part of the 18th century this was the town mansion of David third Earl of Leven, who succeeded the Duke of Gordon as governor of the Castle in 1689, and belied his race by his cowardice at Killiecrankie. "No doubt," wrote an old cavalier at a later period, "if Her Majesty Queen Anne had been rightly informed of his care of the Castle, where there were not ten barrels of powder when the Pretender was on the coast of Scotland, and of his courteous behaviour to ladies—particularly how he horsewhipped the Lady Mortonhall—she would have made him a general for life." *

Close by this edifice there stands, in Semple's Close, a fine example of its time, the old family mansion of the Lords Semple of Castlesemple. Large and substantially built, it is furnished with a projecting octagonal turnpike stair, over the door to which is the boldly-cut legend—

PRAISED BE THE LORD MY GOD, MY STRENGTH
AND MY REDEEMER.
ANNO DOM. 1638.

Over a second doorway is the inscription—*Sedes, Manet optima Cœlo*, with the above date repeated, and the coat of arms of some family now unknown. Hugh eleventh Lord Semple, in 1743 purchased the house from two merchant burgesses of Edinburgh, who severally possessed it, and he converted it into one large mansion. He had seen much military service in Queen Anne's wars, both in Spain and Flanders. In 1718 he was major of the Cameronians; and in 1743 he commanded the Black Watch, and held the town of Aeth when it was besieged by the French. In 1745 he was colonel of the 25th or Edinburgh Regiment, and commanded the left wing of the Hanoverian army at the battle of Culloden.

Few families have been more associated with Scottish song than the Semples. Prior to the acquisition of this mansion their family residence appears to have been in Leith, and it is referred to in a poem by Francis Semple, of Belltrees, written about 1680. The Lady Semple of that day, a daughter of Sir Archibald Primrose of Dalmeny (ancestor of the Earls of Rosebery), is traditionally said to have been a Roman Catholic. Thus, her house was a favourite resort of the priesthood then visiting Scotland in disguise, and she had a secret passage by which they could escape to the fields in time of peril.

Anne, fourth daughter of Hugh Lord Semple, was married in September, 1754, to Dr. Austin, of Edinburgh, author of the well-known song, "For lack of gold," in allusion to Jean Drummond, of Megginch, who jilted him for the Duke of Athol.

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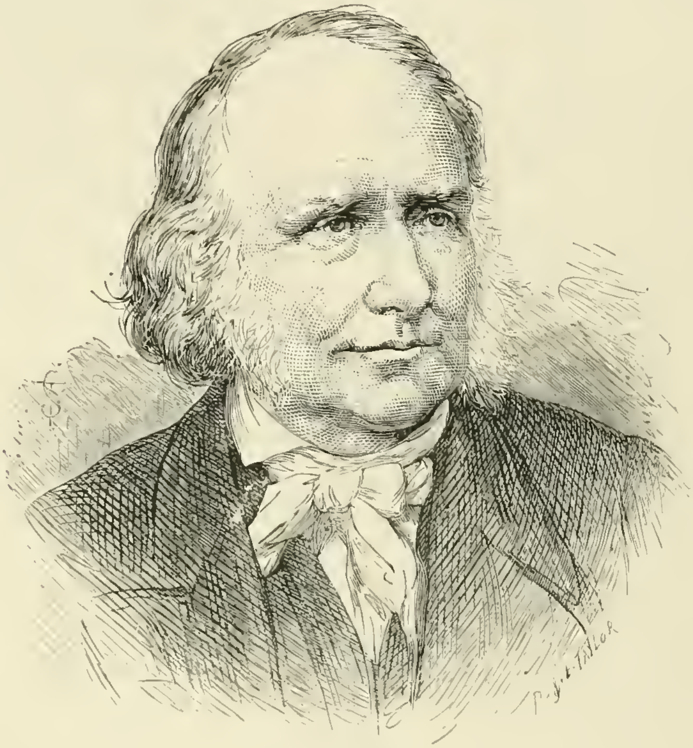
* "Miscellanea Scotica."

> "For lack of gold she left me, O!
> And of all that's dear bereft me, O!
> For Athol's Duke
> She me forsook,
> And to endless care has left me, O!"

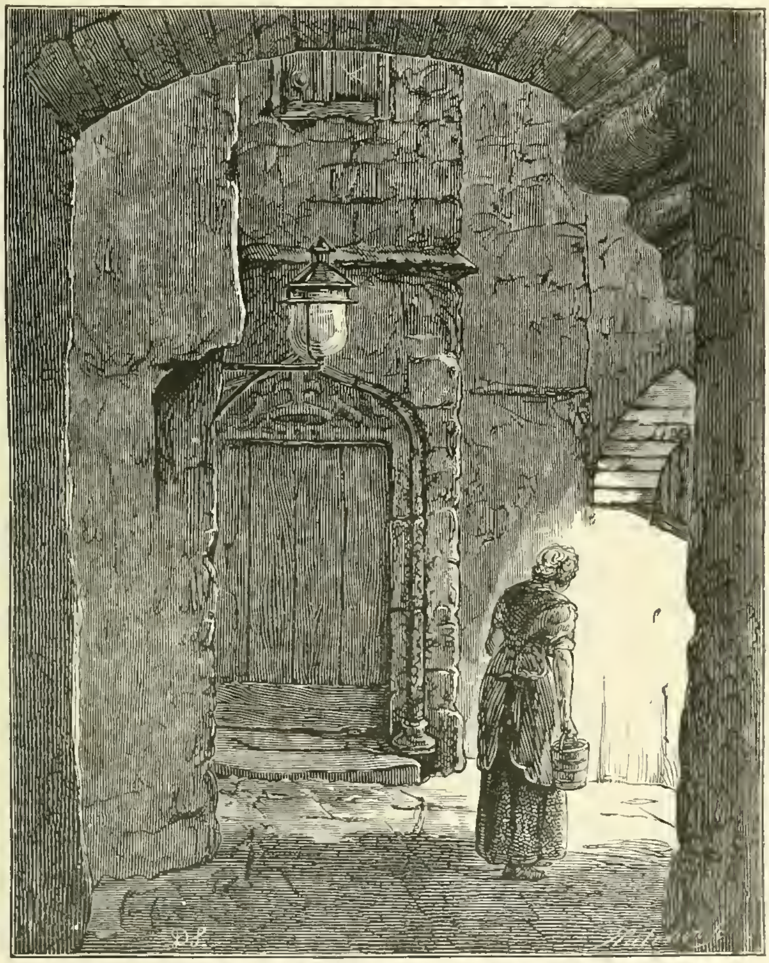
The Doctor died in 1774, in his house at the north-west corner of Brown Square; but his widow survived him nearly twenty years. Her brother John, twelfth Lord Semple, in 1755 sold the family mansion to Sir James Clerk of Penicuik, well-known in his time as a man of taste, and the patron of Runciman the artist.

An ancient pile of buildings, now swept away, but which were accessible by Blyth's, Tod's, and Nairne's Closes, formed once the residence of Mary of Lorraine and Guise, widow of James V., and Regent of Scotland from 1554 to 1560. It is conjectured that this palace and oratory were erected immediately after the burning of Holyrood and the city by the English in 1544, when the widowed queen would naturally seek a more secure habitation within the walls of the city, and close to the Castle guns. In this edifice it is supposed that Mary, her daughter, after succeeding in detaching the imbecile Darnley from his party, took up her residence for a few days after the murder of Rizzio, as she feared to trust herself within the blood-stained precincts of the palace. Over its main doorway there was cut in old Gothic letters the legend *Laus honor Deo*, with I. R., the initials of King James V., and at each end were shields having the monograms of the Saviour and the Virgin. The mansion, though it had been sorely changed and misused, still exhibited some large and handsome fireplaces, with beautifully clustered pillars, and seven elaborately sculptured stone recesses, with much fine oak carving in the doors and panels that are still preserved. Over one of the former are the heads of King James V., with his usual slouched bonnet, and of his queen, whose well-known beauty certainly cannot be traced in this instance.



THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

A portion of this building, accessible by a stair near the head of the close, contained a hall, with other apartments, all remarkable for the great height and beauty of their ceilings, on all of which were coats armorial in fine stucco. In the decorated chimney of the former were the remains of one of those chains to which, in Scotland, the poker and tongs were usually attached, to prevent their being used as weapons in case of any sudden quarrel. One chamber was long known as the queen's *Deid-room*, where the individuals of the royal establishment were kept between their death and burial. In 1828 there was found walled up in the oratory an infantine head and hand in wax, being all that remained of a *bambino*, or figure of the child Jesus, and now preserved by the Society of Antiquaries. The edifice had many windows on the northern side, and from these a fine view must have been commanded of the gardens in the immediate foreground, sloping downward to the loch, the opposite bank, with its farm-houses, the Firth of Forth, and Fifeshire. "It was interesting," says the author of "Traditions of Edinburgh," "to wander through the dusky mazes of this ancient building, and reflect that they had been occupied three centuries ago by a sovereign princess, and of the most illustrious lineage. Here was a substantial monument of the connection between Scotland and France. She, whose ancestors owned Lorraine as a sovereignty, who had spent her youth in the proud halls of the Guises in Picardy, and had been the spouse of a Longueville, was here content to live—in a close in Edinburgh! In these obscurities, too, was a government conducted, which had to struggle with Knox, Glencairn, James Stewart, Morton, and many other powerful men, backed by a popular sentiment which never fails to triumph. It was the misfortune of Mary (of Guise) to be placed in a position to resist the Reformation. Her own character deserved that she should have stood in a more agreeable relation to what Scotland now venerates, for she was mild and just, and sincerely anxious for the welfare of her adopted country. It is also proper to remember on the present occasion, that in her Court she maintained a decent gravity, nor would she tolerate any licentious practices therein. Her maids of honour were always busied in commendable exercises, she herself being an example to them in virtue, piety, and modesty.



DUKE OF GORDON'S HOUSE, BLAIR'S CLOSE, CASTLE HILL.

When all is considered, and we further know that the building was strong enough to have lasted many more ages, one cannot but regret that the palace of Mary de Guise, reduced as it was to vileness, should not now be in existence. The site having been purchased by individuals connected with the Free Church, the buildings were removed in 1846 to make room for the erection of an academical institution, or college, for that body."

The demolition of this mansion brought to light a concealed chamber on the first floor, lighted by a narrow loophole opening into Nairne's Close. The entrance had been by a movable panel, affording access to a narrow flight of steps wound round in the wall of the turnpike stair. The existence of this mysterious chamber was totally unknown to the various inhabitants, and all tradition has been lost of those to whom it may have afforded escape or refuge.

The Duke of Devonshire possesses an undoubted portrait of Mary of Guise. It represents her with a brilliantly fair complexion, with reddish, or auburn hair. This is believed to be the only authentic one in existence. That portrait alleged to be of her in the Trinity House at Leith is a bad copy, by Mytens, of that of her daughter at St. James's. Some curious items connected with her Court are to be found in the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer, among them are the following :—

At her coronation in 1540, "Item, deliverit to ye French telzour, to be ane cote to Serrat, the Queen's fule," &c. Green and yellow seems to have been the Court fool's livery; but Mary of Guise seems to have had a female buffoon and male and female dwarfs :—"1562. Paid for ane cote, hois, lyning and making, to Jonat Musche, fule, £4 5*s.* 6*d.*; 1565, for green plaiding to make ane bed to Jardinar the fule, with white fustione fedders," &c.; in 1566, there is paid for a garment of red and yellow, to be a gown "for Jane Colquhoun, fule;" and in 1567, another entry, for broad English yellow, "to be cote, breeks, also sarkis, to James Geddie, fule."

The next occupant of the Guise palace, or of that portion thereof which stood in Tod's Close, was Edward Hope, son of John de Hope, a Frenchman who had come to Scotland in the retinue of Magdalene, first queen of James V., in 1537.

It continued in possession of the Hopes till 1691, when it was acquired by James, first Viscount Stair, for 3,000 guilders, Dutch money, probably in connection with some transaction in Holland, from whence he accompanied William of Orange four years before. In 1702 it was the abode and property of John Wightman of Mauldsie, afterwards Lord Provost of the city. From that period it was the residence of a succession of wealthy burgesses —the closes being then, and till a comparatively recent period, exclusively occupied by peers and dignitaries of rank and wealth. Since then it shared the fate of all the patrician dwellings in old Edinburgh, and became the squalid abode of a host of families in the most humble ranks of life.

CHAPTER X.

THE LAWNMARKET.

The Lawnmarket—*Risps*—The Weigh-house—Major Somerville and Captain Crawford—Anderson's Pills—Mylne's Court—James's Court—Sir John Lauder—Sir Islay Campbell—David Hume—"Corsica" Boswell—Dr. Johnson—Dr. Blair—"Gladstone's Land"—A Fire in 1771.

THE Lawnmarket is the general designation of that part of the town which is a continuation of the High Street, but lies between the head of the old West Bow and St. Giles's Church, and is about 510 feet in length. Some venerable citizens still living can recall the time when this spacious and stately thoroughfare used to be so covered by the stalls and canvas booths of the "lawn-merchants," with their webs and rolls of cloth of every description, that it gave the central locality an appearance of something between a busy country fair and an Indian camp. Like many other customs of the olden time this has passed away, and the name alone remains to indicate the former usages of the place, although the importance of the street was such that its occupants had a community of their own called the Lawnmarket Club, which was famous in its day for the earliest possession of English and foreign intelligence.

Among other fashions and customs departed, it may be allowable here to notice an adjunct of the first-floor dwellings of old Edinburgh. The means of bringing a servant to the door was neither a knocker nor bell, but an apparatus peculiar to Scotland alone, and still used in some parts of Fife, called a *risp*, which consists of a slender bar of serrated or twisted iron screwed to the door in an upright position, about two inches from it, and furnished with a large ring, by which the bar could be rasped, or risped, in such a way as secured attention. In many instances the doors were also furnished with two eyelet-holes, through which the visitor could be fully viséd before admission was accorded. In many other instances the entrances to the turnpike stairs had loopholes for arrows or musketry, and the archways to the closes and wynds had single and sometimes double gates, the great hooks of which still remain in some places, and on which these were last hung in 1745, prior to the occupation of the city by the Highlanders.

The Lawnmarket was bounded on the west by the Butter Tron, or Weigh-house, and on the east by the Tolbooth, which adjoined St. Giles's, thus forming in earlier times the greatest open space, save the Grassmarket, within the walls. The Weigh-house, built on ground which was granted to the citizens by David II., in 1352, was a clumsy and hideous edifice, rebuilt in 1660, on the site of the previous building, which Gordon of Rothiemay, in his map of 1647, shows to have been rather an ornate edifice, two storeys in height, with a double outside stair on the south side, and a steeple and vane at the east end, above an archway, where enormous quantities of butter and cheese were continually being disposed of.

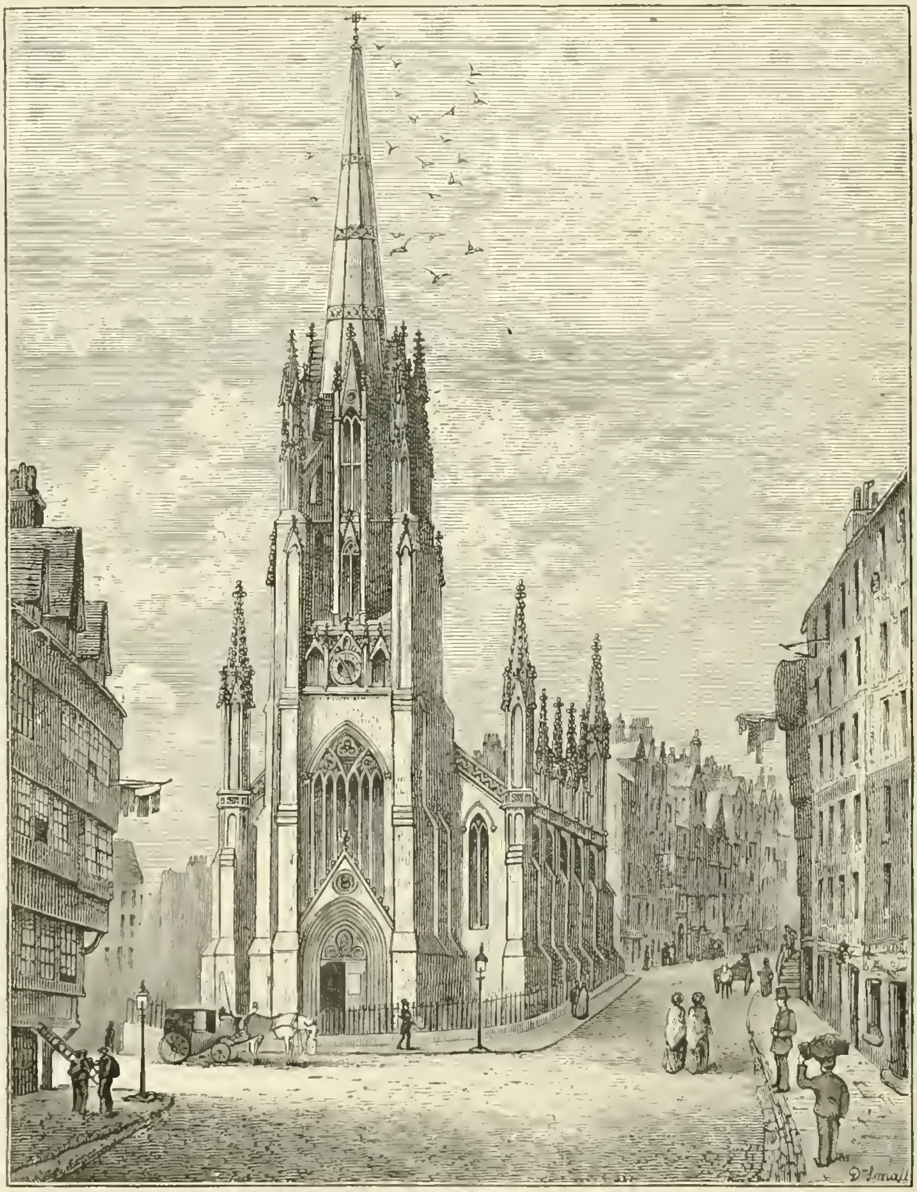
In 1640 the Lawnmarket was the scene of a remarkable single combat, of which we have a very clearly-detailed account in "The Memoirs of the Somervilles." In that year, when Major Somerville of Drum commanded the garrison of Covenanting troops in Edinburgh Castle, a Captain Crawford, who, though not one of his officers, deemed himself privileged to enter the fortress at all times, walked up to the gates one morning, and, on finding them closed, somewhat peremptorily demanded admission. The sentinel within told him that he must "before entering, acquaint Major Somerville with his name and rank." To this Crawford replied, furiously, "Your major is neither a soldier nor a gentleman, and if he were without this gate, and at a distance from his guards, I would tell him that he was a pitiful cullion to boot!"

The irritated captain was retiring down the Castle Hill, when he was overtaken, rapier in hand, by Major Somerville, to whom the sentinel had found means to convey the obnoxious message with mischievous precision.

"Sir," said the major, "you must permit me to accompany you a little way, and then you shall know more of my mind." "I will wait on you where you please," replied Crawford, grimly; and they walked together in silence to the south side of the Greyfriars churchyard, at all times a lonely place.

"*Now*," said Somerville, unsheathing his sword, "I am without the Castle gates and at a distance from my guards. Draw and make good your threat!" Instead of defending himself like a man of honour, Crawford took off his hat, and begged pardon, on which Somerville jerked his long bowl-hilted rapier into its sheath, and said, with scorn, "You have neither the discretion of a gentleman, nor the courage of a soldier; begone for a coward and fool, fit only for Bedlam!" and he returned to the Castle, accompanied by his officers, who had followed them to see the result of the quarrel. It is said that Crawford had been offended at not being invited to a banquet given in the Castle by Somerville to old General Ruthven, on the day after the latter surrendered. As great liberties were taken with him after this in consequence of his doubtful reputation for courage, he resolved, by satisfaction demanded in a public and desperate manner, to retrieve his lost honour, or die in seeking it. Thus, one forenoon, about eleven o'clock, when the Major was on his way to visit General Sir Alexander Leslie, and proceeding down the spacious Lawnmarket, which at that hour was always thronged with idlers, he was suddenly confronted by Captain Crawford, who, unsheathing both sword and dagger, exclaimed, "If you be a pretty man—*draw!*" With a thick walking cane recently presented to him by General Ruthven, the Major parried his onset and then drew his sword, which was a half-rapier slung in a shoulder-belt, and attacked the Captain so briskly, that he was forced to fall back, pace by pace, fighting desperately, from the middle of the Lawnmarket to the goldsmiths' booths, where Somerville struck him down on the causeway by the iron pommel of his sword, and disarmed him. Several of Somerville's soldiers now came upon the scene, and by these he would have been slain, had not the victor protected him; but for this assault upon a superior officer he was thrown into prison, where he lay for a year, heavily manacled, and in a wretched condition, till Somerville's wife, who resided at the Drum House, near Gilmerton, and to whom he had written an imploring letter, procured his liberation.

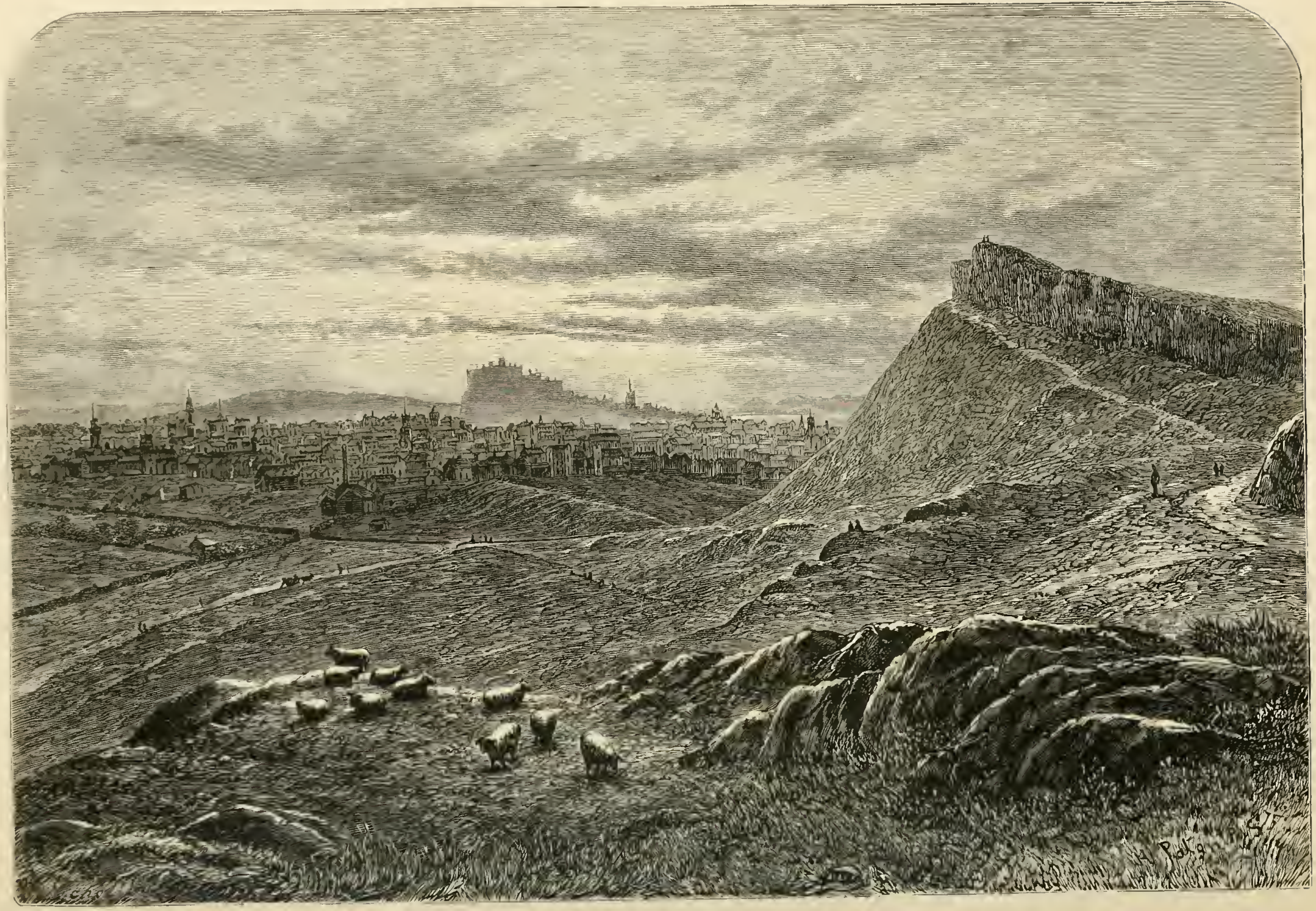
Here in the Lawnmarket, in the lofty tenement dated 1690, on the second floor, is the "shop" where that venerable drug, called the "Grana Angelica," but better known among the country people as "Anderson's Pills," are sold. They took their origin from a physician of the time of Charles I., who gave them his name, and of whom a long account was given in the *University Magazine*, and locally their fame lasted for nearly 250 years. From his daughter Lilias Anderson, the patent, granted by James VII., came "to Thomas Weir, chirurgeon, in Edinburgh," who left the secret of preparing the pills to his daughter, Mrs. Irving, who died in 1837, at the age of ninety-nine. Portraits of Anderson and his daughter, in Vandyke costumes, the former with a book in his hand, and the latter with a pill the size of a walnut between her fingers, are still preserved in the house. It was in 1635 that the Doctor first made known the virtues of his pills, which is really a good form of aloetic medicine.



ASSEMBLY HALL. (*From an Engraving published in* 1845.)

In Mylne's Court, on the north side of the Lawnmarket, we find the first attempt to substitute an open square of some space for the narrow closes which so long contained the town residences of the Scottish noblesse. Under a Roman Doric entablature, bearing the date 1690, is the main entrance to this court, the principal house of which, forming its northern side, has a very handsome doorway, peaked in the centre, like an ogee arch, with ornate mouldings that mark the handiwork of the builder, Robert Mylne, who erected the more modern portions of Holyrood Palace—the seventh royal master-mason, whose uncle's tomb, on the east side of the Greyfriars churchyard, bears that he—

> "Sixth master-mason to a royal race,
> Of seven successive kings, sleeps in this place."



EDINBURGH OLD TOWN, FROM SALISBURY CRAIGS. (*From an Original Drawing by Waller H. Paton, R.S.A.*)

The edifice that forms the west side of Mylne's Court belongs to an earlier period, and had once been the side of the close. The most northerly portion, which presents a very irregular but most picturesque façade, with dormer windows above the line of the roof, was long the town mansion of the Lairds of Comiston. Over the entrance is a very common Edinburgh legend, *Blissit . be . God in . al . his . Giftis*, and the date, 1580. Bartholomew Somerville, a merchant and burgess, was one of the earliest inhabitants of this edifice, and his name appears conspicuously among those to whose liberality Edinburgh was indebted for the establishment of her University on a lasting basis. Here also resided Sir John Harper of Cambusnethan.

In 1710, Lord Fountainhall reports a case connected with this court, in which Bailie Michael Allan, a proprietor there, endeavoured to prevent the entrance of "heavy carriages," which damaged his cellar under the pend thereto.

The last person of rank resident here was Lady Isabella Douglas, who had a house on the west side of it in 1761.

Robert, the son of Mylne, the builder, who was born in 1734, settled in London as an architect, and his plan for constructing a bridge at Blackfriars was preferred to those of twenty other candidates,* and on its completion he was appointed surveyor of St. Paul's Cathedral; with a salary of £300 per annum.

Eastward of Mylne's Court is James's Court, a more modern erection of the same kind, associated, in various ways, with some of the most eminent men in the Scottish capital; for here resided David Hume, after his removal from Jack's Land in the Canongate, in 1762; in the same house afterwards dwelt Boswell, and here he welcomed Paoli, the Corsican chief, in 1771, and the still more illustrious Dr. Johnson, when, in 1773, he was on his way to the Western Isles.

James's Court occupies the site of some now forgotten closes, in one of which dwelt Sir John Lauder, afterwards Lord Fountainhall, author of the famous "Decisions" and other works. At the trial of the Earl of Argyle, in 1681, for an alleged illegal construction of the Test, Lauder acted as counsel for that unfortunate nobleman, together with Sir George Lockhart and six other advocates. These having all signed an opinion that his explanation of the Test contained nothing treasonable, were summoned before the Privy Council, and after being examined on oath, were dismissed with a warning and censure by the Duke of Albany. Though it is so long ago as September, 1722, since Lord Fountainhall died, a tradition of his residence has come down to the present time. "The mother of the late Mr. Gilbert Innes of Stow," says Chambers, "was a daughter of his lordship's son, Sir Andrew Lauder, and she used to describe to her children the visits she used to pay to her venerable grandfather's house, situated, as she said, where James's Court now stands. She and her sister always went with their maid on the Saturday afternoons, and were shown into a room where the aged judge was sitting—a room covered with gilt leather, and containing many huge presses and cabinets, one of which was ornamented with a death's head at the top. After amusing themselves for an hour or two with his lordship they used each to get a shilling from him, and retire. . . . It is curious to think that the mother of a gentleman living in 1839 (for only then did Mrs. Innes of Stow leave this earthly scene) should have been familiar with a lawyer who entered at the bar soon after the Restoration (1668), and acted as counsel for the unfortunate Earl of Argyle in 1681—a being

THE ORATORY OF MARY OF GUISE.

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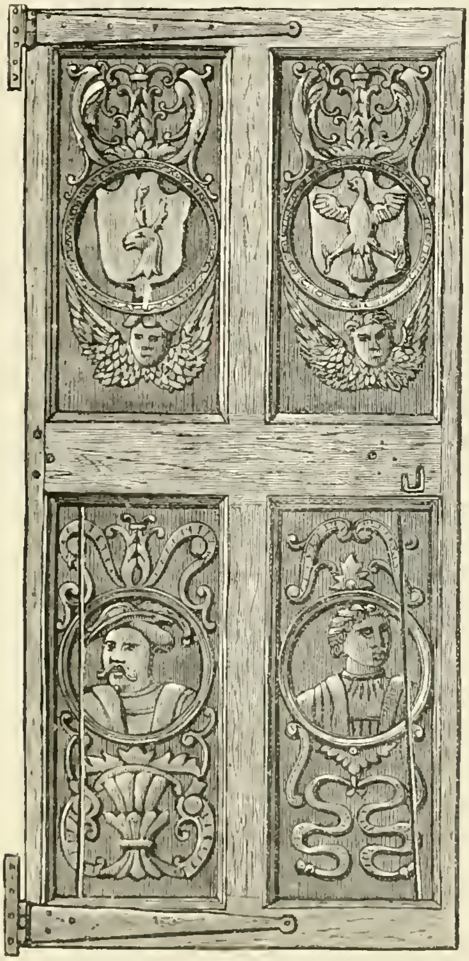
* "Old and New London," vol. i., pp. 205-6.

of an age as different in every respect from the present as the wilds of North America are different from the long-practised lands of Lothian or Devonshire."

In James's Court was the residence of Sir Islay Campbell, Lord President. whose mother was Helen Wallace, a daughter of the house of Ellerslie. Admitted to the bar in 1757, he was one of the counsel for the defender in the famous Douglas case, and, on the decision of the House of Lords being given, he posted to Edinburgh ere the mail could arrive, and was the first to announce to the crowds assembled at the Cross the great intelligence. "Douglas for ever!" he cried, waving his hat in the air.



OAK DOOR, FROM THE GUISE PALACE.
(*From the Original in the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.*)

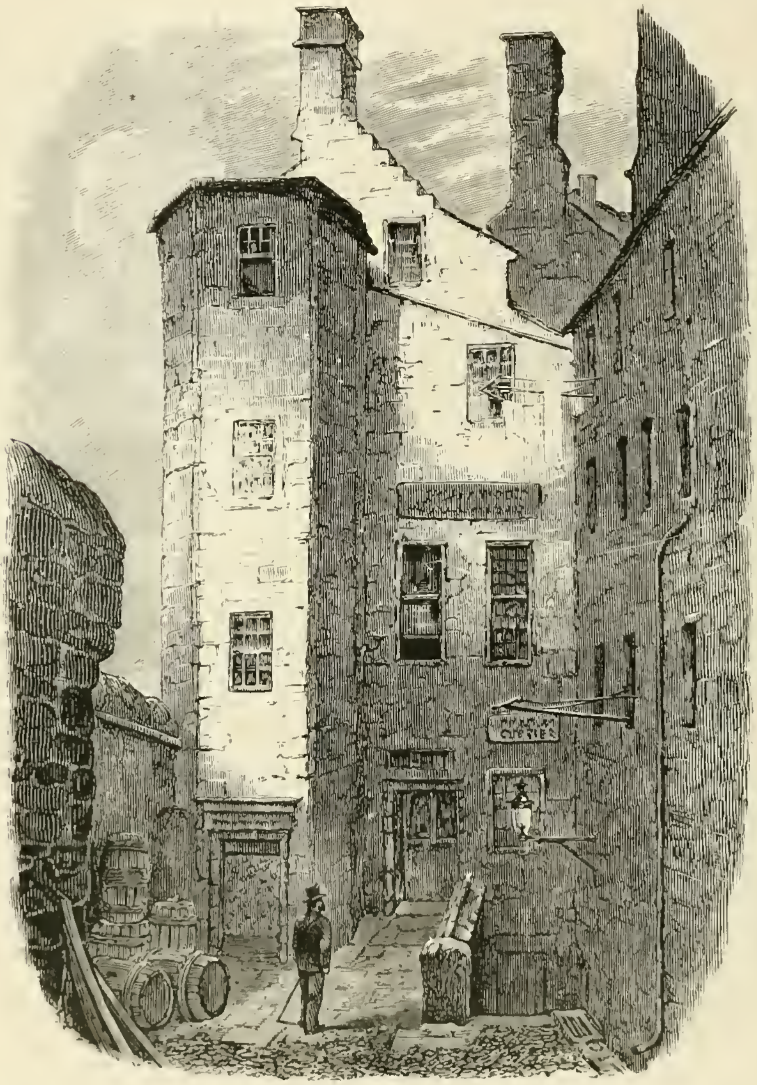
A shout from the people responded, and, untracing the horses from his carriage, they drew it in triumph to his house in James's Court, probably the same in which his father, who was long one of the principal clerks of Session, resided.

This court is a well-known pile of building which rises to a vast height at the head of the Earthen Mound, and was erected between 1725 and 1727 by James Brownhill, a speculative builder, and for years after it was deemed a fashionable quarter. the denizens of which were all persons of good position, though each occupied but a flat or floor; they clubbed in all public measures, kept a secretary to record their names and proceedings, and had balls and parties among themselves; but among the many local notables who dwelt here the names of only three, Hume, Boswell, and Dr. Blair, are familiar to us now. Burton, the biographer of the historian of England, thus describes this great fabric. the western portion of which was destroyed by fire in 1858, and has erected on its site, in the old Scottish style, an equally lofty structure for the Savings Bank and Free Church offices; consequently the houses rendered so interesting by the names of Hume, Blair, Johnson, and Boswell, are among the things that were. "Entering one of the doors opposite to the main entrance, the stranger is sometimes led by a friend, wishing to afford him an agreeable surprise, down flight after flight of the steps of a stone staircase, and when he imagines he is descending so far into the bowels of the earth, he emerges on the edge of a cheerful, crowded thoroughfare, connecting together the old and new town, the latter of which lies spread before him in a contrast to the gloom from which he has emerged. When he looks up to the building containing the *upright street* through which he has descended, he sees that vast pile of tall houses standing at the head of the Mound, which creates astonishment in every visitor of Edinburgh. This vast fabric is built on the declivity of a hill, and thus one entering on the level of the Lawnmarket, is at the height of several storeys from the ground on the side next the New Town. I have ascertained that by ascending the western of the two stairs facing the entry of James's Court to the height of three storeys we arrive at the door of David Hume's house, which, of the two doors on that landing place, is the one towards the left."

The first fixed residence of David Hume was in Riddell's Land, Lawnmarket, near the head of the West Bow. From thence he removed to Jack's Land, in the Canongate, where nearly the whole of his "History of England" was written; and it is somewhat singular that Dr. Smollett, the continuator of that work, lived some time after in his sister's house, exactly opposite. The great historian and philosopher dwelt but a short time in James's Court, when he went to France as Secretary to the Embassy. During his absence, which lasted some years, his house was rented by Dr. Blair; but amid the gaieties of Paris his mind would seem to have reverted to his Scottish home. "I am sensible that I am misplaced, and I wish twice or thrice a-day for my easy-chair, and *my retreat in James's Court*," he wrote to his friend Dr. Fergusson; then he added, as Burton tells us, "Never think, dear Fergusson, that as long as you are master of your own fireside and your own time, you can be unhappy, or that any other circumstance can add to your enjoyment." "Never put a fire in the south room with the red paper," he wrote to Dr. Blair; "it is so warm of itself, that all last winter, which was a very severe one, I lay with a single blanket, and frequently, upon coming in at midnight starving with cold, I have sat down and read for an hour as if I had a stove in the room." One of his most intimate friends and correspondents while in France was Mrs. Cockburn of Ormiston, authoress of one of the beautiful songs called "The Flowers of the Forest," who died at Edinburgh, 1794. Some of her letters to Hume are dated in 1764, from Baird's Close, on the Castle Hill. About the year 1766, when still in Paris, he began to think of settling there, and gave orders to sell his house in James's Court, and he was only prevented from doing so by a mere chance. Leaving the letter of instruction to be posted by his Parisian landlord, he set out to pass his Christmas with the Countess de Boufflers at L'Isle Adam; but a snow storm had blocked up the roads. He returned to Paris, and finding that his letter had not yet been posted, he changed his mind, and thought that he had better retain his flat in James's Court, to which he returned in 1766. He soon after left it as Under-Secretary of State to General Conway, but in 1769, on the resignation of that Minister, he returned again to James's Court, with what was then deemed opulence—£1,000 per annum—and became the head of that brilliant circle of literary men who then adorned Edinburgh. "I am glad to come within sight of you," he wrote to Adam Smith, then busy with "The Wealth of Nations" in the quietude of his mother's house, "and to have a view of Kirkcaldy from my windows; but I wish also to be on speaking terms with you." In another letter he speaks of "my old house in James's Court, which is very cheerful and very elegant, but too small to display my great talent for cookery, the science to which I intend to addict the remaining years of my life."

Elsewhere we shall find David Hume in a more fashionable abode in the new town of Edinburgh, and on his finally quitting James's Court, his house there was leased by James Boswell, whose character is thus summed up by Lord Macaulay:—"Servile and impertinent, shallow and pedantic, a bigot and a sot, bloated with family pride, and eternally blustering about the dignity of a born gentleman, yet stooping to be a talebearer, an eavesdropper, a common butt in the taverns of London; so curious to know everybody who was talked about that, Tory and High Churchman though he was, he manœuvred for an introduction to Tom Paine; so vain of the most childish distinctions, that when he had been to Court he drove to the office where his book was printing, without changing his clothes, and summoned all the printer's devils to admire his new ruffles and sword. Such was this man, and such he was content to be."

He was the eldest son of Alexander Boswell, one of the Judges of the Court of Session, a sound scholar, a respectable and useful country gentleman, an able and upright judge, who, on his elevation to the Bench, in compliance with the Scottish custom, assumed the distinctive title of Lord Auchinleck, from his estate in Ayrshire. His mother, Eupham Erskine, a descendant of the line of Alloa, from the House of Mar, was a woman of exemplary piety. To James's Court, Boswell, in August, 1773, conducted Dr. Johnson, from the White Horse Hostel, in St. Mary's Wynd, then one of the principal inns of Edinburgh, where he found him storming at the waiter for having sweetened his lemonade without using the sugar-tongs. "Johnson and I," says Boswell, "walked arm-in-arm up the High Street to my house in James's Court, and as we went, he acknowledged that the breadth of the street and the loftiness of the buildings on each side made a noble appearance." "My wife had tea ready for him," he adds, "and we sat chatting till nearly two in the morning." It would appear that before the time of the visit—which lasted over several days—Boswell had removed into a better and larger mansion, immediately below and on the level of the court, a somewhat extraordinary house in its time, as it consisted of two floors with an internal stair. Mrs. Boswell, who was Margaret Montgomery, a relation of the Earl of Eglinton, a gentlewoman of good breeding and brilliant understanding, was disgusted with the bearing and manners of Johnson, and expressed her opinion of him that he was "a great brute!" And well might she think so, if Macaulay's description of him be correct. "He could fast, but when he did not fast he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling in his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks; he scarcely ever took wine; but when he drank it, he drank it greedily and in large tumblers. Everything about him—his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eyes, his insatiable appetite for fish sauce and veal pie with plums, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence and his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage," &c., all served to make it a source of wonder to Mrs. Boswell that her husband could abide, much less worship, such a man. Thus, she once said to him, with extreme warmth, "I have seen many a bear led by a man, but I never before saw a man led by a bear!" So romantic and fervid was his admiration of Johnson, that he tells us he added £500 to the fortune of one of his daughters, Veronica, because when a baby she was not frightened by the hideous visage of the lexicographer.



LORD SEMPLE'S HOUSE, CASTLE HILL.

Among those invited to meet him at James's Court was Margaret Duchess of Douglas, a lady noted among those of her own rank for her illiteracy, and whom Johnson describes as "talking broad Scotch with a paralytic voice, as scarcely understood by her own countrymen;" yet it was remarked that in that which we would term now a spirit of "snobbery," Johnson reserved his attentions during the whole evening exclusively for the duchess. A daughter of Douglas of Mains, she was the widow of Archibald Duke of Douglas, who died in 1761.

While on this visit, Patrick Lord Elibank, a learned and accomplished noble, addressed a letter to him, and they afterwards had various conversations on literary subjects, all of which are duly recorded in the pages of the sycophantic Boswell. Johnson was well and hospitably received by all classes in Edinburgh, where his roughness of manner and bearing were long proverbial. "From all I can learn," says Captain Topham, who visited the city in the following year, "he repaid all their attention to him with ill-breeding; and when in the company of the ablest men in this country his whole design was to show them how little he thought of them."

PASADENA PUBLIC LIBRARY

MARY OF GUISE. (*From the Portrait in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire*)

On one occasion he was in a large party, of which David Hume was one. A mutual friend proposed to introduce him to the historian. "No, sir!" bellowed the intolerant moralist, and turned away. Among Boswell's friends and visitors at James's Court were Lords Kames and Hailes, the annalist of Scotland; Drs. Robertson, Blair, and Beattie, and others, the most eminent of his countrymen; but his strong predilection for London induced him to move there with his family, and in the winter of 1786 he was called to the English bar. His old house was not immediately abandoned to the plebeian population, as his successor in it was Lady Wallace, dowager of Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, and mother of the unfortunate Captain William Wallace of the 15th Hussars, whose involvement in the affairs of the

Duke of York and Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke made some noise in London during the time of the Regency. The house below those occupied by Hume and by Boswell was the property and residence of Andrew Macdowal of Logan, author of the "Institutional Law of Scotland," afterwards elevated to the bench, in 1755, as Lord Bankton.

In another court named Paterson's, opening on the Lawnmarket, Margaret Countess Dowager of Glasgow was resident in 1761, and for some years before it. Her husband, the second earl, died in 1740.

One of the handsomest old houses still existing in the Lawnmarket is the tall and narrow tenement of polished ashlar adjoining James's Court. It is of a marked character, and highly adorned. Of old it belonged to Sir Robert Bannatyne, but in 1631 was acquired by Thomas Gladstone, a merchant burgess, and on the western gable are the initials of himself and wife. In 1634, when the city was divided for the formation of sixteen companies, in obedience to an injunction of Charles I., the second division was ordered to terminate at "Thomas Gladstone's Land," on the north side of the street.

In 1771 a dangerous fire occurred in the Lawnmarket, near the head of the old Bank Close. It was first discovered by the flames bursting through the roof of a tall tenement known as Buchanan's. It baffled the efforts of three fire-engines and a number of workmen, and some soldiers of the 22nd regiment. It lasted a whole night, and created the greatest consternation and some loss of life. "The new church and weigh-house were opened during the fire," says the *Scots Magazine* of 1771, "for the reception of the goods and furniture belonging to the sufferers and the inhabitants of the adjacent buildings, which were kept under guard." Damage to the extent of several thousand pounds was done, and among those who suffered appear the names of General Lockhart of Carnwath; Islay Campbell, advocate; John Bell, W.S.; and Hume of Ninewells; thus giving a sample of those who still abode in the Lawnmarket.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAWNMARKET (*continued*).

Lady Stair's Close—Gray of Pittendrum—"Aunt Margaret's Mirror" The Marshal Earl and Countess of Stair—Miss Ferrier—Sir Richard Steele—Martha Countess of Kincardine—Burns's Room in Baxter's Close—The Bridge' Shop in Bank Street—Bailie MacMorran's Story—Sir Francis Grant of Cullen.

PRIOR to the opening of Bank Street, Lady Stair's Close, the first below Gladstone's Land, was the chief thoroughfare for foot passengers, taking advantage of the half-formed Earthen Mound to reach the New Town. It takes its name from Elizabeth Countess Dowager of Stair, who was long looked up to as a leader of fashion in Edinburgh, admission to her select circle being one of the highest objects of ambition among the lesser gentry of her day, when the distinctions of rank and family were guarded with an angry jealousy of which we have but little conception now. Lady Stair's Close is narrow and dark, for the houses are of great height; the house she occupied still remains on the west side thereof, and was the scene of some romantic events and traditions, of which Scott made able use in his "Aunt Margaret's Mirror," ere it became the abode of the widow of the Marshal Earl of Stair, who, when a little boy, had the misfortune to kill his elder brother, the Master, by the accidental discharge of a pistol; after which, it is said, that his mother could never abide him, and sent him in his extreme youth to serve in Flanders as a volunteer in the Cameronian Regiment, under the Earl of Angus. The house occupied by Lady Stair has over its door the pious legend—

"*Feare the Lord and depart from evill,*"

with the date 1622, and the initials of its founder and of his wife—Sir William Gray of Pittendrum, and Egidia Smith, daughter of Sir John Smith, of Grothall, near Craigleith, Provost of Edinburgh in 1643. Sir William was a man of great influence in the time of Charles I.; and though the ancient title of Lord Gray reverted to his family, he devoted himself to commerce, and became one of the wealthiest Scottish merchants of that age. But troubles came upon him; he was fined 100,000 merks for corresponding with Montrose, and was imprisoned, first in the Castle and then in the Tolbooth till the mitigated penalty of 35,000 merks was paid. Other exorbitant exactions followed, and these hastened his death, which took place in 1648. Three years before that event, his daughter died, in the old house, of the plague. His widow survived him, and the street was named Lady Gray's Close till the advent of Lady Stair, in whose time the house had a terraced garden that descended towards the North Loch.

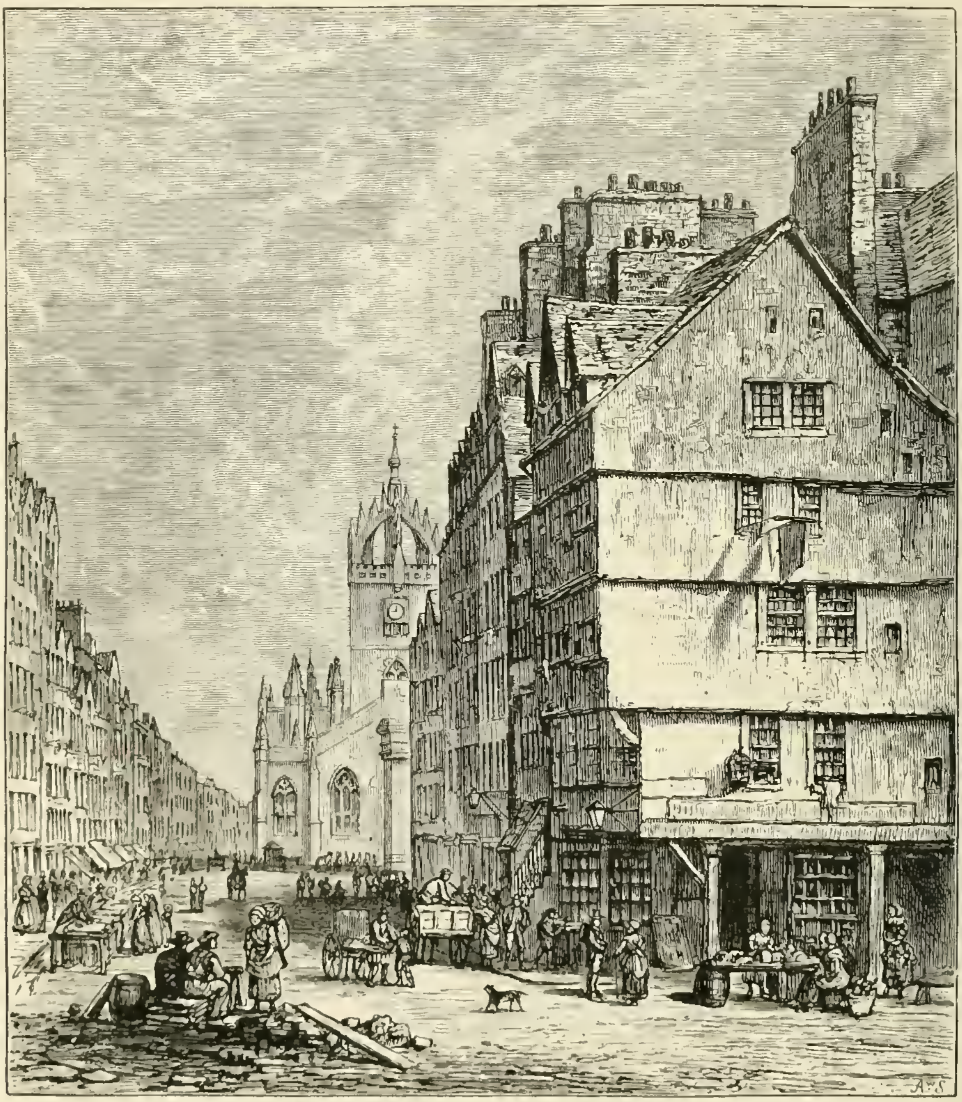
Lady Eleanor Campbell, widow of the great marshal and diplomatist, John Earl of Stair, was by paternal descent related to one of the most celebrated historical figures of the seventeenth century, being the grand-daughter of the Lord High Chancellor Loudon, whose talents and influence on the Covenanting side procured him the enmity of Charles I.

In her girlhood she had the misfortune to be united to James Viscount Primrose, of Castlefield, who died in 1706, a man of dissipated habits and intolerable temper, who treated her so barbarously that there were times when she had every reason to feel that her life was in peril. One morning she was dressing herself before her mirror, near an open window, when she saw the viscount suddenly appear in the room behind her with a drawn rapier in his hand. He had softly opened the door, and in the mirror she could see that his face, set white and savage, indicated that he had nothing less than murder in his mind. She threw herself out of window into the street, and, half-dressed as she was, fled, with great good sense, to Lord Primrose's mother, who had been Mary Scott of Thirlstane, and received protection; but no attempt was made to bring about a reconciliation, and, though they had four children, she never lived with him again, and soon after he went abroad.

During his absence there came to Edinburgh a certain foreign conjuror, who, among other occult powers, professed to be able to inform those present of the movements of the absent, however far they might be apart; and the young viscountess was prompted by curiosity to go with a lady friend to the abode of the wise man in the Canongate, wearing over their heads, by way of disguise, the tartan plaid then worn by women of the lower classes. After describing the individual in whose movements she was interested, and expressing a desire to know what he was then about, the conjuror led her before a large mirror, in which a number of colours and forms rapidly assumed the appearance of a church with a marriage party before the altar; and in the shadowy bridegroom she instantly recognised her absent husband! She gazed upon the delineation as if turned to stone, while the ceremonial of the marriage seemed to proceed, and the clergyman to be on the point of bidding the bride and bridegroom join hands, when suddenly a gentleman in whose face she recognised a brother of her own, came forward, and paused. His face assumed an expression of wrath; drawing his sword he rushed upon the bridegroom, who also drew to defend himself; the whole phantasmagoria then became tumultuous and indistinct, and faded completely away. When the viscountess reached home she wrote a minute narrative of the event, noting the day and hour. This narrative she sealed up in presence of a witness and deposited it in a cabinet. Soon after this her brother returned from his travels abroad—which brother we are not told, and she had three: Hugh the Master of Loudon, Colonel John Campbell of Shankeston, and James, who was Colonel of the Scots Greys, and was killed at Fontenoy. She asked him if he heard aught of the viscount in his wanderings. He answered, furiously, "I wish I may never again hear the name of that detestable personage mentioned!" On being questioned he confessed to "having met his lordship under very strange circumstances." While spending some time at Rotterdam he made the acquaintance of a wealthy merchant who had a very beautiful daughter, an only child, who, he informed him, was on the eve of her marriage with a Scottish gentleman, and he was invited to the wedding as a countryman of the bridegroom. He went accordingly, and though a little too late for the commencement of the ceremony, was yet in time to save an innocent girl from becoming the victim of his own brother-in-law, Viscount Primrose!

Though the deserted wife had proved her willingness to believe in the magic mirror, by having committed to writing what she had seen, yet she was so astonished by her brother's tidings, that she nearly fainted; but something more was to be learned still. She asked her brother on what day the circumstance took place, and having been informed, she gave him her key, and desired him to bring to her the sealed paper. On its being opened, it was then found, that at the very moment when she had seen the roughly-interrupted nuptial ceremony it had actually been in progress.

Primrose died, as we have said, in the year before the Union. His widow was still young and beautiful, but made a resolution never again, after her past experience, to become a wife; but the great Earl Stair, who had been now resident some twenty years in Edinburgh, and whose public and private character was irreproachable, earnestly sued for her hand, yet she firmly announced her intention of remaining unwedded; and in his love and desperation the Earl bethought him of an expedient indicative of the roughness and indelicacy of the age. By dint of powerfully bribing her household he got himself introduced over-night into a small room where she was wont to say her prayers—such private oratories being common in most of the Edinburgh houses of the time—and the window of which overlooked the High Street. Thereat he showed himself, *en déshabille*, to the people passing, an exhibition which so seriously affected the reputation of the young widow, that she saw the necessity of accepting him as her husband.



THE LAWNMARKET, FROM THE SITE OF THE WEIGH-HOUSE, 1825. (*After Ewbank.*)

Lady Eleanor was happier as Countess of Stair than she had ever been as Viscountess Primrose; but the Earl had one failing—a common one enough among gentlemen in those days—a disposition to indulge in the bottle, and then his temper was by no means improved; thus, on coming home he more than once treated the Countess with violence. Once—we regret to record it of so heroic a soldier—when transported beyond the bounds of reason, he gave her a blow on the face with such severity as to draw blood; and then, all unconscious of what he had done, fell asleep. Poor Lady Stair, overwhelmed by such an insult, and recalling perhaps much that she had endured with Lord Primrose, made no attempt to bind up the wound, but threw herself on a sofa, and wept and bled till morning dawned. When the Earl awoke, her bloody and dishevelled aspect filled him with horror and dismay. "What has happened? How came you to be thus?" he exclaimed. She told him of his conduct over-night, which filled him with shame—such shame and compunction, that he made a vow never again to take any species of drink, unless it had first passed through her hands; and this vow he kept religiously till the day of his death, which took place on the 9th April, 1747, at Queensberry House in the Canongate, when he was in his seventy-fifth year. He was General of the Marines, Governor of Minorca, Colonel of the Greys, and Knight of the Thistle. He was buried in the family vault at Kirkliston, and his funeral is thus detailed in the *Scots Magazine* for 1747:—

"1. Six bâton men, two and two. 2. A mourning coach with four gentlemen ushers and the Earl's crest. 3. Another mourning coach with three gentlemen ushers, and a friend carrying the coronet on a velvet cushion. 4. Six ushers on foot, with bâtons and gilt streamers. 5. The corpse, under a dressed canopy, drawn by six dressed horses, with the Earl's achievement, within the Order of the Thistle. 6. Chief mourners in a coach and six. 7. Nine mourning coaches, each drawn by six horses. 8. The Earl's body coach empty. 9. Carriages of nobility and gentry, in order of rank."

A sky-rocket was thrown up in the Canongate when the procession began, as a signal to the garrison in the Castle, when the flag was half hoisted, and minute guns fired, till the funeral was clear of the city.

With much that was irreproachable in her character, Lady Stair was capable of ebullitions of temper, and of using terms that modern taste would deem objectionable. The Earl of Dundonald had stated to the Duke of Douglas that Lady Stair had expressed her doubts concerning the birth of his nephew—a much-vexed question, at this time before the House of Lords and Court of Session. In support of what he stated, Dundonald, in a letter to the Lord Justice Clerk, gave the world leave to deem him "a damned villain" if he spoke not the truth. Involved thus unpleasantly with the ducal house of Douglas, Lady Stair went straight to Holyrood Palace, and there, before the Duke, the Duchess, and their attendants, she said that she "had lived to a good age, and never, until now, got entangled in any scandal." She then struck the floor thrice with her cane, each time calling the Earl of Dundonald "a damned villain," after which she withdrew, swelling with rage; but Lady Mary Wortley Montagu mentions in her

THE LAWNMARKET, FROM ST. GILES'S, 1825. (*After Ewbank.*)

"Letters," that the Countess of Stair was subject to hysterical fits—the result perhaps of all she had undergone as a wife. After being long the queen of society in Edinburgh, she died in November, 1759, twelve years after the death of the Marshal. She was the first person in the city, of her time, who had a black domestic servant. Another dowager, the Lady Clestram, succeeded her in the old house in the close. It was advertised for sale, at the upset price of £250, in the *Edinburgh Advertiser* of 1789; and is described as "that large dwelling-house, sometime belonging to the Dowager Countess of Stair, situated at the entry to the Earthen Mound. The sunk storey consists of a good kitchen, servants' rooms, closets, cellars, &c.; the second of a dining and bed rooms; the third storey of a dining and five bed rooms." It has long since been the abode of the humblest artisans.

The parents of Miss Ferrier, the well-known novelist, according to a writer in *Temple Bar* for November, 1878, occupied a flat in Lady Stair's Close after their marriage. Mrs. Ferrier (*née* Coutts) was the daughter of a farmer at Gourdon, near Montrose, and was a woman of remarkable beauty, as her portrait by Sir George Chalmers, Bart. (a native of Edinburgh) in 1765 attests. At the time of her marriage, in 1767, she had resided in Holyrood with her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Maitland, widow of a younger son of Lord Lauderdale; and the flat the young married couple took in the old close had just been vacated by Sir James Pulteney and his wife Lady Bath.

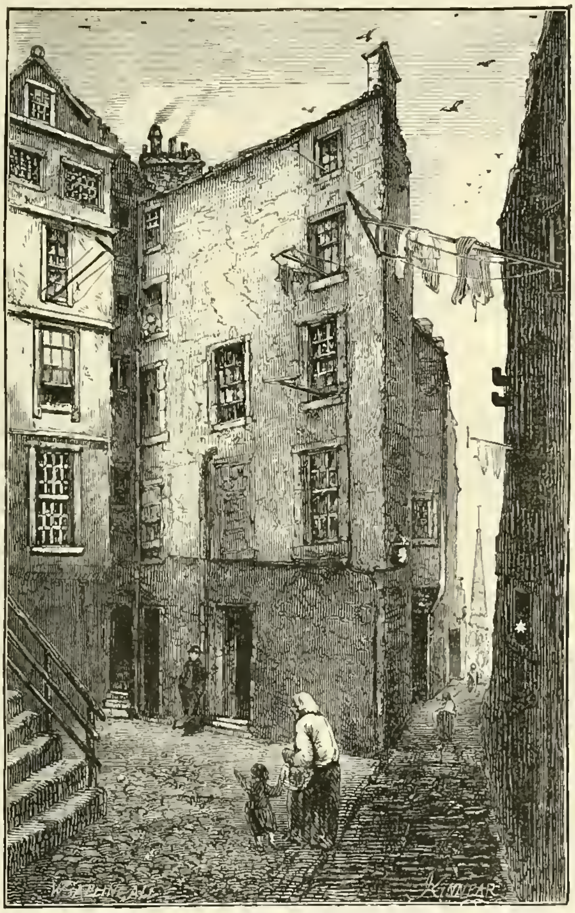
When Sir Richard Steele, of the *Spectator*, visited Edinburgh, in 1717, on the business of the Forfeited Estates Commission, we know not whether he resided in Lady Stair's Close, but it is recorded that he gave, in a tavern there, a whimsical supper, to all the eccentric-looking mendicants in the city, giving them the enjoyment of an abundant feast, that he might witness their various oddities. Richard Sheils mentions this circumstance, and adds that Steele confessed afterwards that he had "drunk enough of native drollery to compose a comedy."

Upper Baxter's Close, the adjoining alley, is associated with the name of Robert Burns. There the latter, in 1786, saved from a heartless and hopeless exile by the generosity of the blind poet, Dr. Blacklock, came direct from the plough and the banks of his native Ayr, to share the humble room and bed of his friend Richmond, a lawyer's clerk, in the house of Mrs. Carfrae. But a few weeks before poor Burns had made arrangements to go to Jamaica as joint overseer on an estate; but the publication of his poems was deemed such a success, that he altered his plans, and came to Edinburgh in the November of that year. In one of the numbers of the *Lounger* appeared a review of the first (or Kilmarnock) edition of his poems, written by Henry Mackenzie, who was thus the means, together with Dr. Blacklock, of kindly bringing Burns before the learned and fashionable circles of Edinburgh. His merited fame had come before him, and he was now caressed by all ranks. His brilliant conversational powers seem to have impressed all who came in contact with him as much as admiration of his poetry. Under the patronage of Principal Robertson, Professor Dugald Stewart, Henry Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling," and Sir John Whiteford of that ilk, but more than all of James Earl of Glencairn, and other eminent persons, a new edition of his poems was published in April, 1787; but amid all the adulation he received he ever maintained his native simplicity and sturdy Scottish independence of character. By the Earl of Glencairn he was introduced to the members of the Caledonian Hunt, and he dedicated to them the second edition of his poems. In verse he touchingly records his gratitude to the earl:—

> "The bridegroom may forget the bride
> Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
> The monarch may forget the crown
> That on his head an hour has been;
> The mother may forget the child
> That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
> But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
> And all that thou hast done for me!"

Burns felt acutely the death of this amiable and accomplished noble, which occurred in 1791.

The room occupied by Burns in Baxter's Close, and from which he was wont to sally forth to dine and sup with the magnates of the city, is still pointed out, with its single window which opens into Lady Stair's Close. There, as Allan Cunningham records, he had but "his share of a deal table, a sanded floor, and a chaff bed, at eighteenpence a week." According to the same biographer, the impression which Burns made at first on the fair, the titled, and the learned, of Edinburgh, "though lessened by intimacy on the part of the men, remained unimpaired on that of the softer sex till his dying day. His company, during the season of balls and festivities, continued to be courted by all who desired to be reckoned gay or polite. Cards of invitation fell thick on him; he was not more welcomed to the plumed and jewelled groups whom her fascinating Grace of Gordon gathered about her, than he was to the grave divines and polished scholars who assembled in the rooms of Stewart, Blair, or Robertson. . . . But Edinburgh offered tables and entertainers of a less staid character, when the glass circulated with greater rapidity, when wit flowed more freely, and when there were neither high-bred ladies to charm conversation within the bounds of modesty, nor serious philosophers nor grave divines to set a limit to the licence of speech or the hours of enjoyment. To those companions, who were all of the better classes, the levities of the rustic poet's wit and humour were as welcome as were the tenderest of his narratives to the accomplished Duchess of Gordon or the beautiful Miss Burnet of Monboddo; they raised a social roar not at all classic, and demanded and provoked his sallies of wild humour, or indecorous mirth, with as much delight as he had witnessed among the lads of Kyle, when, at mill or forge, his humorous sallies abounded as the ale flowed."



LADY STAIR'S CLOSE.[*]

While in Edinburgh Burns was the frequent and welcome guest of John Campbell, Precentor of the Canongate Church, a famous amateur vocalist in his time, though forgotten now; and to him Burns applied for an introduction to Bailie Gentle, to the end that he might accord his tribute to the memory of the poet, poor Robert Fergusson, whose grave lay in the adjacent churchyard, without a stone to mark it. Bailie Gentle expressed his entire concurrence with the wish of Burns, but said that "he had no power to grant permission without the consent of the managers of the Kirk funds."

"Tell them," said Burns, "it is the Ayrshire ploughman who makes the request." The authority was obtained, and a promise given, which we believe has been sacredly kept, that the grave should remain inviolate.

After a stay of six months in Edinburgh, Burns set out on a tour to the south of Scotland, accompanied by Robert Ainslie, W.S.; but elsewhere we shall meet him again. Opposite the house in which he dwelt is one with a very ancient legend, *Blissit . be . the . Lord . in . all . His . giftis . nov. and . evir.* In 1746 this was the inheritance of Martha White, only child of a wealthy burgess who became a banker in London. She became the wife of Charles ninth Earl of Kincardine, and afterwards Earl of Elgin, "undoubted heir male and chief of all the Bruces in Scotland," as Douglas records. The countess, who died in 1810, filled, with honour to herself, the office of governess to the unfortunate Princess Charlotte of Wales.

One of the early breaches made in the vicinity of the central thoroughfare of the city was Bank Street, on the north (the site of Lower Baxter's Close), wherein was the shop of two eminent cloth merchants, David Bridges and Son, which became the usual resort of the whole *literati* of the city in its day. David Bridges junior had a strongly developed bias towards literary studies, and, according to the memoirs of Professor Wilson, was dubbed by the *Blackwood* wits, "Director-General of the Fine Arts." His love for these and the drama was not to be controlled by his connection with mercantile business; and while the senior partner devoted himself to the avocations of trade in one part of their well-known premises, the younger was employed in adorning a sort of *sanctum*, where one might daily meet Sir Walter Scott and his friend Sir Adam Fergusson (who, as a boy, had often sat on the knee of David Hume), Professor

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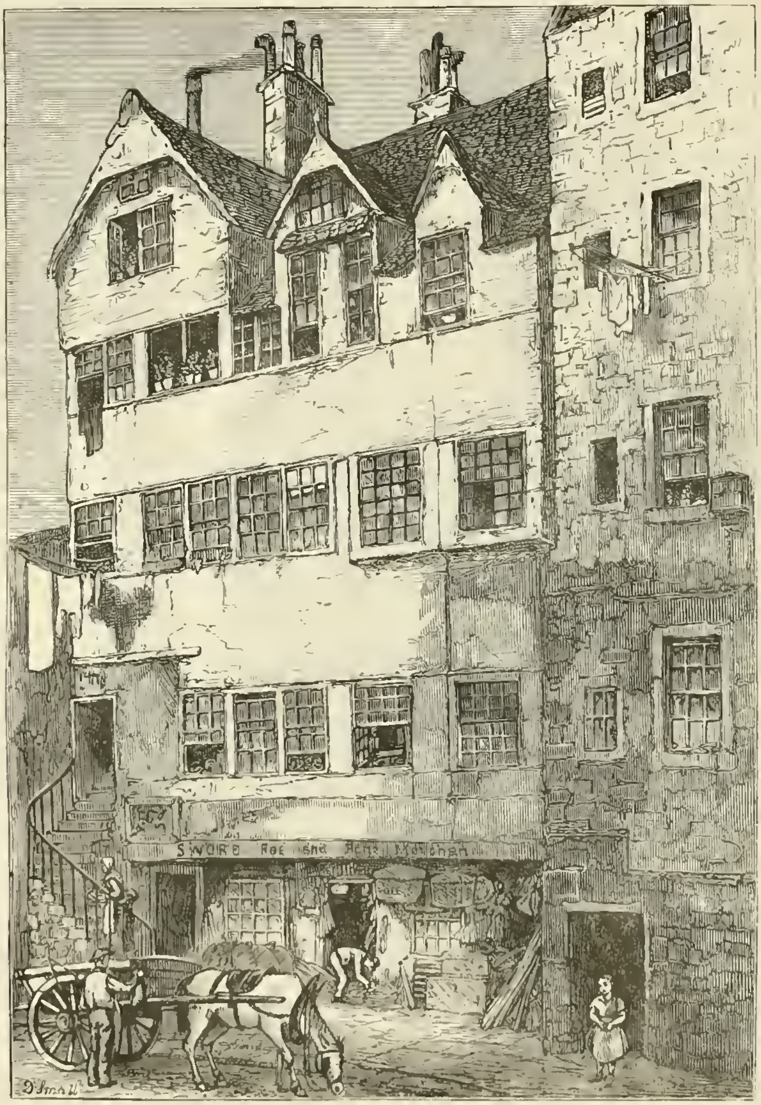
[*] Tradition points to the window on the immediate right (marked *) as that of the room occupied by Burns.

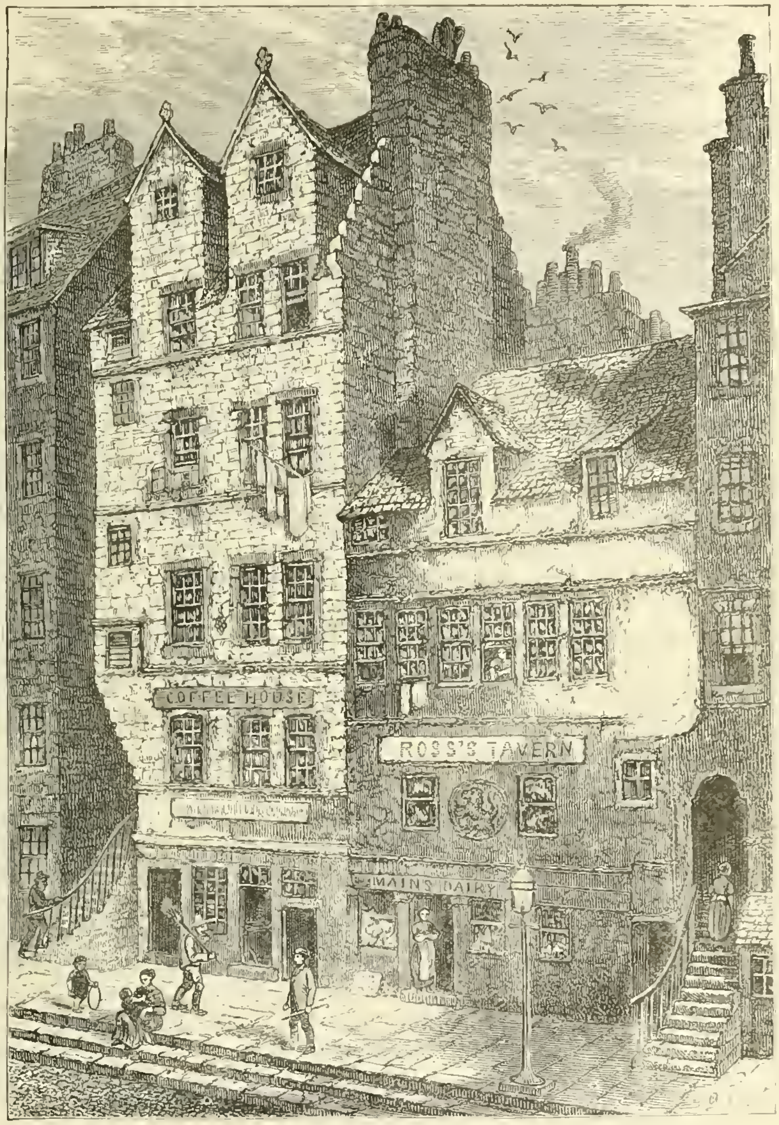
Wilson, J. G. Lockhart, Sir David Wilkie, and other eminent men of the day. His writings, spread over the periodical literature of his time—particularly the *Edinburgh Magazine* and *Annual Register*—are very numerous, and he was the first among modern Scotsmen who made art the subject of systematic criticism; and from the purity and clearness of his style, his perfect knowledge of the subject, and the graceful talent he possessed of mingling illustration with argument, he imparted an interest to a subject, which, to many, might appear otherwise unattractive. And when it is considered that it was to the acting of the great Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, Kean, and Miss O'Neil, that he had to apply those rules which his taste and study had suggested, it is not to be wondered at that in exercises of this sort he took particular delight and obtained great excellence. He was secretary of the Dilettanti Society of Edinburgh.



OLD TIMBER-FRONTED HOUSE, LAWNMARKET.

The establishment of the Bridges is thus referred to in Peter's "Letters to his Kinsfolk":—

"Wastle immediately conducted me to this dilettanti lounge, saying, that here was the only place where I might be furnished with every means of satisfying my curiosity. On entering, one finds a very neat and tasteful-looking shop, well-stocked with all the tempting diversities of broad-cloth and bombaseens, silk stockings and spotted handkerchiefs. A few sedate-looking old-fashioned cits are probably engaged in conning over the Edinburgh newspapers of the day, and perhaps discussing *mordicus* the great question of Burgh Reform. . . . After waiting for a few minutes, the younger partner tips a sly wink across his counter, and beckons you to follow him through a narrow cut in its mahogany surface, into the unseen recesses of the establishment. A few steps downward, and in the dark, land you in a sort of cellar, below the shop proper, and here by the dim religious light, which enters through one or two well-grated peeping holes, your eyes soon discover enough of the furniture of the place to satisfy you that you have reached at last the *sanctum sanctorum* of the fine arts. Plaster of Paris casts of the head of the famous Hercules, the Dancing Fawn, the Laocoon, and the Hermaphrodite, occupy conspicuous stations on the counters, one large table is entirely covered with a book of Canova's designs, Turner's 'Liber Studiorum,' and such like manuals; and in the corners where the little light there is streams brightest, are placed, upon huge piles of corduroy and kerseymere, various wooden boxes, black, brown, and blue, wherein are locked up from all eyes, save those of privileged and initiated frequenters of the scene, various pictures and sketches, chiefly by living artists, and presents to the proprietor. Mr. Bridges, when I asked him on my first visit what might be the contents of these mysterious receptacles,



GLADSTONE'S LAND.

made answer in a true technico-Caledonian strain —'Oo, Doctor Morris, they are just a wheen *bits*, and (added he, with a most knowing compression of his lips) let me tell you what, Doctor Morris, there's some no that ill *bits* among them.' One proved to be an exquisitely finished sketch by Sir William Allan, 'Two Tartar robbers dividing their spoil.' This led to a proposal to visit the artist's *atelier*, and we had no great distance to walk, for Mr. Allan lives in the Parliament Close, not a gun-shot from where we were."

Mr. Bridges married Flora Macdonald of Scalpa (sister of the heroic Sir John Macdonald, whose powerful hand, with a few of the Scots Guards, closed the gates of Hougomont), and died in November, 1840.

One of the finest specimens of the wooden-fronted houses of 1540 was on the south side of the Lawnmarket, and was standing all unchanged, after the lapse of more than 338 years, till its demolition in 1878-9 (see the engraving after Ewbank's view of it, p. 104). "As may be observed, its north front, each storey of which advances a little over that below, is not deficient in elegance, there being Doric pilasters of timber interspersed with the windows of one floor, and some decorations on the gable presented to the street. The west front is plainer, in consequence apparently of repairs; but we there see the covered space in front of the place for merchandise on the ground floor."

A little east of the building, in the first or smaller part of Riddell's Close, which, like all others on the south side, ran down towards the Cowgate, a lofty tenement towers upward, with a turret stair, dated 1726. This was the first residence of David Hume, and there it was he wrote the first pages of his History. In 1751 he came hither from his paternal place Ninwells, near Dunse, and soon after he wrote to Adam Smith :—"Direct to me in Riddell's Land, Lawnmarket. . . . I have now at last, being turned forty, to my own honour, to that of learning, and to that of the present age, arrived at the dignity of being a householder! About seven months ago I got a house of my own, and completed a regular family, consisting of a head—myself—and two inferior members, a maid and a cat. My sister has just joined me, and keeps me company. With frugality, I can reach, I find, cleanliness, warmth, light, plenty, and contentment."

In the following year he succeeded Ruddiman as Librarian to the Faculty of Advocates.

On the opposite side of this small dark court is a more ancient house, having a curious wainscoted room, the ceiling, walls, and every panel of which are elaborately decorated in Norrie's style of art; and therein abode Sir John Smith of Grothall (already mentioned), Provost of Edinburgh, and whose name was long borne by the alley. He was one of the commissioners chosen, in 1650, to convey the loyal assurances of the realm to Charles II. and Breda, and to have the Covenant duly subscribed by him.

In the inner part of Riddell's Close stands the house of Bailie John Macmorran, whose tragic death made a great stir at its time, threw the city into painful excitement, and tarnished the reputation of the famous old High School. The conduct of the scholars there had been bad and turbulent for some years, but it reached a climax on the 15th of September, 1595. On a week's holiday being refused, the boys were so exasperated, being chiefly "gentilmane's bairnes," that they formed a compact for vengeance in the true spirit of the age; and, armed with swords and pistols, took possession at midnight of the ancient school in the Blackfriars Gardens, and declining to admit the masters or any one else, made preparation to stand a siege, setting all authority at defiance.

The doors were not only shut but barricaded and strongly guarded within; all attempts to storm the boy-garrison proved impracticable, and all efforts at reconciliation were unavailing. The Town Council lost patience, and sent Bailie John Macmorran, one of the wealthiest merchants in the city (though he had begun life as a servant to the Regent Morton), with a posse of city officers, to enforce the peace. On their appearance in the school-yard the boys became simply outrageous, and mocked them as "buttery carles," daring any one to approach at his peril. "To the point likely to be first attacked," says Steven, in his history of the school, "they were observed to throng in a highly excited state, and each seemed to vie with his fellow in threatening instant death to the man who should forcibly attempt to displace them. William Sinclair, son of the Chancellor of Caithness, had taken a conspicuous share in this barring out, and he now appeared foremost, encouraging his confederates," and stood at a window overlooking one of the entrances which the Bailie ordered the officers to force, by using a long beam as a battering ram, and he had nearly accomplished his perilous purpose, when a ball in the forehead from Sinclair's pistol slew him on the spot, and he fell on his back.

Panic-stricken, the boys surrendered. Some effected their escape, and others, including Sinclair and the sons of Murray of Springiedale, and Pringle of Whitebank, were thrown into prison. Macmorran's family were too rich to be bribed, and clamoured that they would have blood for blood. On the other hand, "friends threatened death to all the people of Edinburgh if they did the child any harm, saying they were not wise who meddled with scholars, especially *gentlemen's sons*," and Lord Sinclair, as chief of the family to which the young culprit belonged, moved boldly in his behalf, and procured the intercession of King James with the magistrates, and in the end all the accused got free, including the slayer of the Bailie, who lived to become Sir William Sinclair of Mey, in 1631, and the husband of Catharine Ross, of Balnagowan, and from them the present Earls of Caithness are descended.

When the brother of the Queen Consort, the Duke of Holstein, visited Edinburgh in March, 1593, and as Moyse tells us, "was received and welcomed very gladly by Her Majesty, and used every way like a prince," after sundry entertainments at Holyrood, Ravensheugh, and elsewhere, a grand banquet was given him in the house of the late Bailie Macmorran by the city of Edinburgh. The King and Queen were present, "with great solemnity and merriness," according to Birrel. On the 3rd of June the Duke embarked at Leith, under a salute of sixty pieces of cannon from the bulwarks, and departed with his gifts, to wit—1,000 five-pound pieces and 1,000 crowns, a hat and string valued at 12,000 pounds (Scots?), and many rich chains and jewels.

The Bailie's initials, I. M., are on the pediments that ornament his house, which after passing through several generations of his surname, became the residence of Sir John Clerk of Penicuik. "By him," says Wilson, "it was sold to Sir Roderick Mackenzie, of Preston Hall, appointed a senator of the College of Justice in 1702, who resided in the upper part of the house at the same time that Sir John Mackenzie Lord Royston, third son of the celebrated Earl of Cromarty, one of the wittiest and most gifted men of his time, occupied the low flat. Here, in all probability, his witty and eccentric daughter Anne was born and brought up. This lady, who married Sir William Dick of Prestonfield, carried her humorous pranks to an excess scarcely conceivable in our decorous days; sallying out occasionally in search of adventures, like some of the maids of honour of Charles II.'s Court, dressed in male attire, with her maid for a squire. She seems to have possessed more wit than discretion." Riddell's Close was of old an eminently aristocratic quarter.

Lower down the street Fisher's Close adjoined it, and therein stood, till 1835, the residence of the ducal house of Buccleuch, which was demolished in that year to make way for Victoria Terrace. On the east side of an open court, beyond the Roman Eagle Hall—a beautiful specimen of an ancient saloon—stood the mansion of William Little of Craigmillar (bearing the date 1570), whose brother Clement was the founder of the university library, for in 1580, when commissary of the city, he bequeathed "to Edinburgh and the Kirk of God," all his books, 300 volumes in number. These were chiefly theological works, and were transferred by the town council to the university. Clement Little was not without having a share in the troubles of those days, and on the 28th of April, 1572, with others, he was proclaimed at the market cross, and deprived of his office, for rebellion against Queen Mary; but the proclamation failed to be put in force. His son was Provost of the city in 1591. Clement and William Little were buried in the Greyfriars' churchyard, where a great-grandson of the latter erected a tomb to their memory in 1683.* Little's Close appears as Lord Cullen's in Edgar's map of 1742, so there had also resided that famous lawyer and judge, Sir Francis Grant of Cullen, who joined the Revolution party in 1688, who distinguished himself in the Convention of 1689 by his speech in favour of conferring the crown of Scotland on William and Mary of Orange, and thus swayed the destinies of the nation. He was raised to the bench in 1709. His friend Wodrow has recorded the closing scene of his active life in this old alley, on the 16th of March, 1726. "Brother," said the old revolutionist, to one who informed him that his illness was mortal, "you have brought me the best news ever I heard!" "And," adds old Robert Wodrow, "that day when he died *was without a cloud*."

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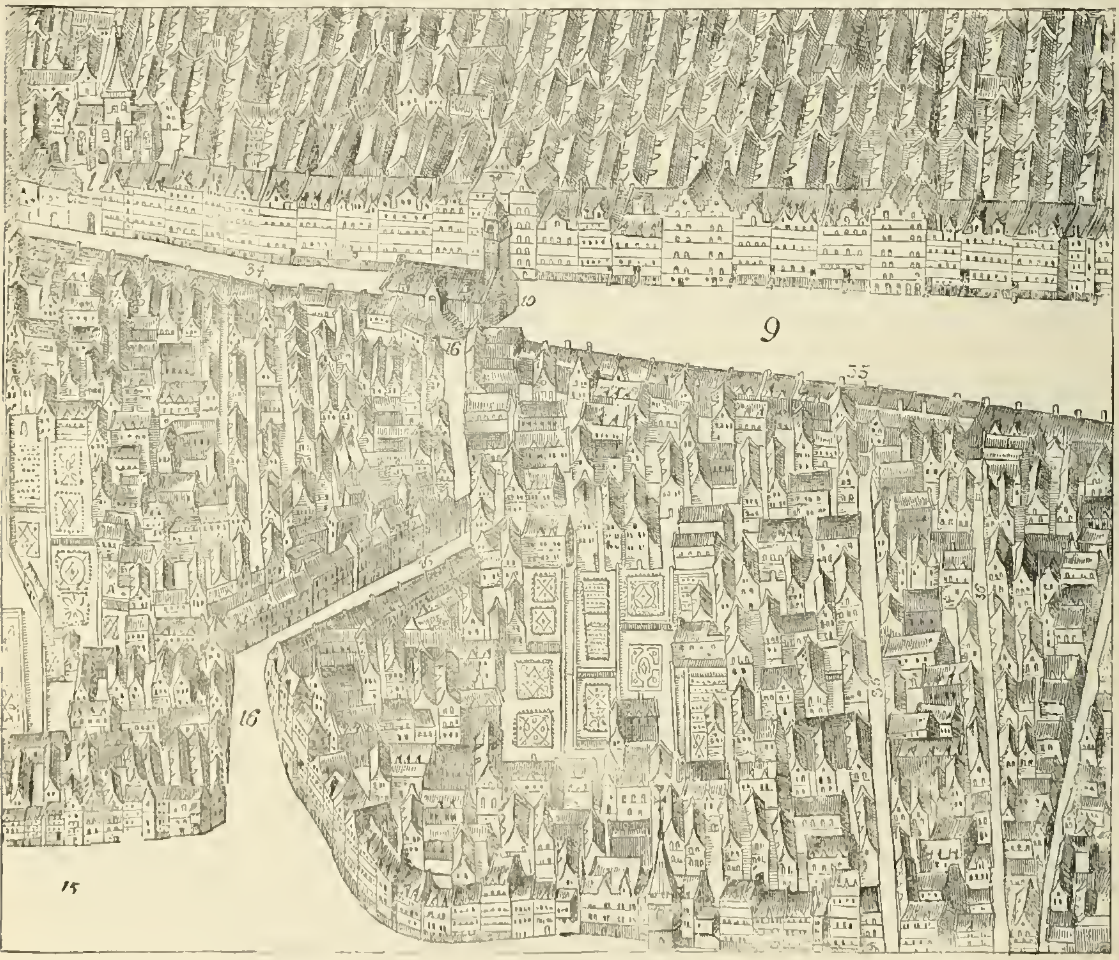
* Menteth's "Theatre of Mortality." Edin., 1704.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAWNMARKET (*continued*).

The Story of Deacon Brodie—His Career of Guilt—Hanged on his own Gibbet—Mauchine's Close, Robert Gourlay's House and the other Old Houses therein—The Bank of Scotland, 1695—Assassination of Sir George Lockhart—Taken Red Hand—Punishment of Chiesly.

From such a character as Sir Francis Grant of Cullen, a single-minded and upright man, the transition is great indeed to the occupant who gave his name to the next close—a name it still retains—a notorious character, who had a kind of dual existence, for he stood high in repute as a pious, wealthy, and substantial citizen, until the daring robbery of the Excise Office in 1788 brought to light a long-continued system of secret housebreaking and of suspected murder, unsurpassed in the annals of cunning and audacity.



PLAN OF EDINBURGH, FROM THE CASTLE TO ST. GILES'S. (*From Gordon of Rothiemay's Map.*)
9, The High Street from the Castle ; 10, The Weighhouse ; 15, Horse Market Street ; 16, Straight (or West) Bow ; 34, Currer's Close ; 35, Liberton's Wynd ; 36, Foster's Wynd ; *l*, The Kirk in the Castle Hill.

William Brodie, Deacon of the Wrights and Masons of Edinburgh, was the son of Convener Francis Brodie, who had an extensive business as a cabinet maker in the Lawnmarket; and in 1781 the former was elected a Deacon Councillor of the city. He had unfortunately imbibed a taste for gambling, and became expert in making that taste a source of revenue; thus he did not scruple to have recourse to loaded dice. It became a ruling passion with him, and he was in the habit of resorting almost nightly to a low gambling club, kept by a man named Clark, in the Fleshmarket Close. He had the tact and art to keep his secret profligacy unknown, and was so successful in blinding his fellow-citizens that he continued a highly reputable member of the Town Council until within a short period of the crime for which he was executed, and, according to "Kay's Portraits," it is a singular fact, that little more than a month previously he sat as a juryman in a criminal case in that very court where he himself soon after received sentence of death.

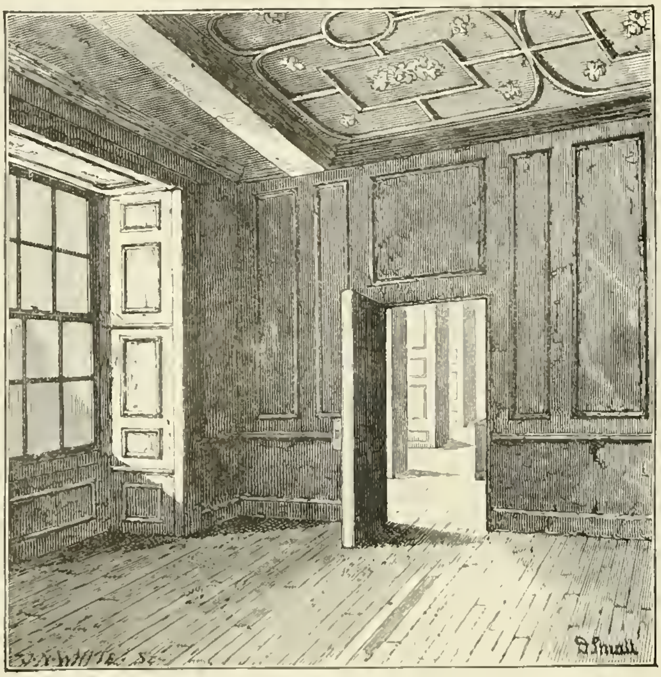
BAILIE MACMORRAN'S HOUSE.

For years he had been secretly licentious and dissipated, but it was not until 1786 that he began an actual career of infamous crime, with his fellow-culprit, George Smith, a native of Berkshire, and two others, named Brown and Ainslie. He was in easy circumstances, with a flourishing business, and his conduct in becoming a leader of miscreants seems unaccountable, yet so it was. In and around the city during the winter of 1787 there were committed a series of startling robberies, and no clue could be had to the perpetrators. Houses and shops were entered, and articles of value vanished as if by magic. In one instance a lady was unable to go to church from indisposition, and was at home alone, when a man entered with crape over his face, and taking her keys, opened her bureau and took away her money, while she remained panic-stricken; but as he retired she thought, "surely that was Deacon Brodie!" But the idea seemed so utterly inconceivable, that she preserved silence on the subject till subsequent events transpired. As these mysterious outrages continued, all Edinburgh became at last alarmed, and in all of them Brodie was either actively or passively concerned, till he conceived the—to him—fatal idea of robbing the Excise office in Chessel's Court, an undertaking wholly planned by himself. He visited the office openly with a friend, studied the details of the cashier's room, and observing the key of the outer door hanging from a nail, contrived to take an impression of it with putty, made a model therefrom, and tried it on the lock by way of experiment, but went no further then.

On the 5th of March, Brodie, Smith, Ainslie, and Brown, met in the evening about eight to make the grand attempt. The Deacon was attired in black, with a brace of pistols; he had with him several keys and a double picklock. He seemed in the wildest spirits, and as they set forth he sang the well-known ditty from the "Beggar's Opera"—

> "Let us take the road,
> Hark! I hear the sound of coaches!
> The hour of attack approaches;
> To your arms brave boys, and load.
>
> "See the ball I hold;
> Let chemists toil like asses—
> Our fire their fire surpasses,
> And turns our lead to gold!"

The office was shut at night, but no watchman came till ten. Ainslie kept watch in Chessel's Court, Brodie inside the outer door, when he opened it, while Smith and Brown entered the cashier's room. All save the first carried pistols, and Brodie had a whistle by which he was to sound an alarm if necessary. In forcing the second or inner door, Brown and Smith had to use a crowbar, and the coulter of a plough which they had previously stolen for the purpose. Their faces were craped; they had with them a dark lantern, and they burst open every desk and press in the room. While thus engaged, Mr. James Bonnar, the deputy-solicitor, returned unexpectedly to the office at half-past eight, and detection seemed imminent indeed! "The outer door he found shut, and on opening it a man in black (Brodie) hurriedly passed him, a circumstance to which, not having the slightest suspicion, he paid no attention. He went to his room up-stairs, where he remained only a few minutes, and then returned, shutting the outer door behind him. Perceiving this, Ainslie became alarmed, gave a signal and retreated. Smith and Brown did not observe the call, but thinking themselves in danger when they heard Mr. Bonnar coming down-stairs, they cocked their pistols, determined not to be taken."

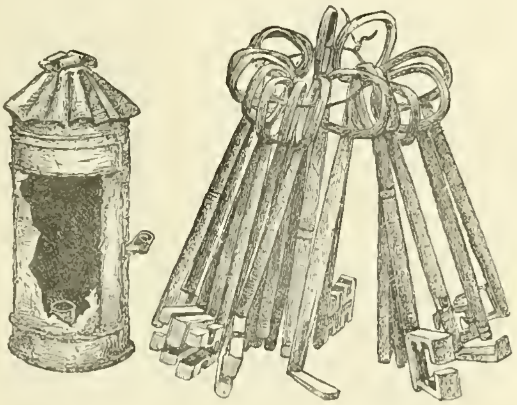


ROOM IN BAILIE MACMORRAN'S HOUSE.

Eventually they got clear off with their booty, which proved to be only sixteen pounds odd, when they had expected thousands! They all separated —Brown and Ainslie betook themselves to the New Town, Brodie hurried home to the Lawnmarket, changed his dress, and proceeded to the house of his mistress, Jean Watt, in Liberton's Wynd, and on an evening soon after the miserable spoil was divided in equal proportions. By this time the town was alarmed, and the police on the alert. Brown (*alias* Humphry Moore), who proved the greatest villain of the whole, was at that time under sentence of transportation for some crime committed in his native country, England, and having seen an advertisement offering reward and pardon to any person who should discover a recent robbery at the shop of Inglis and Horner, one of the many transactions in which Brodie had been engaged of late with Smith and others, he resolved to turn king's evidence, and on the very evening he had secured his share of the late transaction he went to the Procurator Fiscal, and gave information, but omitted to mention the name of Brodie, from whom he expected to procure money for secrecy. He conducted the police to the base of the Craigs, where they found concealed under a large stone a great number of keys intended for future operations in all directions. In consequence of this, Ainslie, Smith and his wife and servant, were all arrested. Then Brodie fled, and Brown revealed the whole affair.

Mr. Williamson, king's messenger for Scotland, traced the Deacon from point to point till he reached Dover, where after an eighteen days' pursuit he disappeared; but by a sort of fatuity, often evinced by persons similarly situated, he gave clues to his own discovery. He remained in London till the 23rd of March. He took his passage on board the Leith smack *Endeavour* for that port, disguised as an old man in bad health, and under the name of John Dixon; but on getting out of the Thames, according to some previous arrangement, he was landed at Flushing, and from thence reached Ostend. On board the smack he was rash enough to give in charge of a Mr. Geddes letters addressed to three persons in Edinburgh, one of whom was his favourite mistress in Cant's Close. Geddes, full of suspicion, on reaching Leith gave the documents to the authorities. Mr. Williamson was once more on his track, and discovered him in Amsterdam, through the treachery of an Irishman named Daly, when he was on the eve of his departure for America; and on the 27th of August, 1788, he was arraigned with Smith in the High Court of Justiciary, when he had as counsel the Hon. Henry Erskine, known then as "Plead for all, or the poor man's lawyer," and two other advocates of eminence, who made an attempt to prove an *alibi* on the part of Brodie, by means of Jean Watt and her servant, but the jury, with one voice, found both guilty, and they were sentenced to be hanged at the west end of the Luckenbooths on the 1st October, 1788. Smith was deeply affected; Brodie cool, determined, and indifferent. His self-possession never forsook him, and he spoke of his approaching end with levity, as "a leap in the dark," and he only betrayed emotion when he was visited, for the last time, by his daughter Cecil, a pretty child of ten years of age. He came on the scaffold in a full suit of black, with his hair dressed and powdered. Smith was attired in white linen, trimmed with black. "Having put on white night-caps," says a print of the time, "Brodie pointed to Smith to ascend the steps that led to the drop, and in an easy manner, clapping him on the shoulder, said, 'George Smith, you are first in hand.' Upon this Smith, whose behaviour was highly penitent and resigned, slowly ascended the steps, followed by Brodie, who mounted with briskness and agility, and examined the dreadful apparatus with attention, particularly the halter destined for himself;" and well might he do so with terrible interest, as he was to be the *first* to know the excellence of an improvement he had formerly made on that identical gibbet—the substitution of what is called the *drop*, for the ancient practice of the double ladder. The ropes proving too short, Brodie stepped down to the platform and entered into easy conversation with his friends.

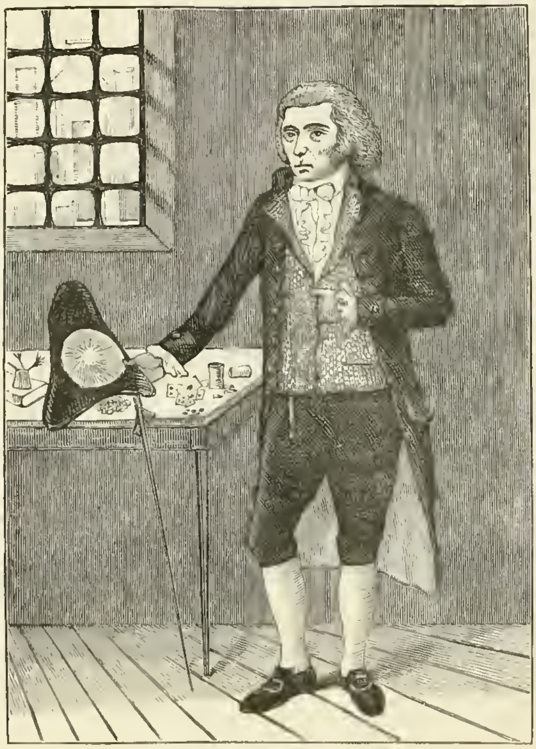
This occurred no less than three times, while the great bell of St. Giles's was tolling slowly, and the crowd of spectators was vast. Brodie died without either confessing or denying his guilt; but the conduct and bearing of Smith were very different. In consequence of the firmness and levity of the former, a curious story became quickly current, to the effect that in the Tolbooth he had been visited by Dr. Pierre Degraver, a French quack, who undertook to restore him to life after he had hung the usual time, and that, on the day before the execution, he had marked the arms and temples of Brodie, to indicate where he would apply the lancet. Moreover, it was said that having to lengthen the rope thrice proved that they had bargained secretly with the executioner for a short fall. When cut down the body was instantly given to two of his own workmen, who placed it on a cart, and drove at a furious rate round the back of the Castle, with the idea that the rough jolting might produce resuscitation! It was then taken to one of his workshops in the Lawnmarket, where Degraver was in attendance; but all attempts at bleeding failed; the Deacon was gone, and nothing remained but to lay him where he now lies, in the north-east corner of the Chapel-of-ease burying-ground. His dark lantern and sets of false keys, presented by the Clerk of Justiciary to the Society of Antiquaries, are still preserved in the city.



LANTERN AND KEYS OF DEACON BRODIE.
(*From the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.*)

He had at one time been Deacon Convener or chief of all the trades in the city, an office of the highest respectability. His house in Brodie's Close is still to be found in nearly its original state; the first door up a turnpike stair; and this door, remarkable for its elaborate workmanship, is said to have been that of his own ingenious hand. The apartments are all decorated; and the principal one, which is of great height, contains a large painting over the stone fireplace of the Adoration of the Wise Men.

A few steps from this was the old Bank Close (so-called from the Bank of Scotland having been in it), a blind alley, composed wholly of solid, handsome, and massive houses, some of which were of great antiquity, and of old named Hope's Close, from the celebrated Sir Thomas Hope, King's Advocate in the time of Charles I., prior to whom it had borne the name of Mauchine's Close, about the year 1511.



DEACON BRODIE. (*After Kay.*)

Here, on the site of the present Melbourne Place, stood a famous old mansion, almost unique even in Edinburgh, named Robert Gourlay's House, with the legend, above its door, "*O Lord in the is al my traist* 1569"; and it is somewhat singular that the owner of this house was neither a man of rank nor of wealth, but simply a messenger-at-arms belonging to the Abbey of Holyrood, an office bestowed upon him by the Commendator, Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney. In 1574 Robert Gourlay was an elder of the kirk, and in that year had to do his public penance therein "*for transporting wheat out of the countrie.*" In 1581, when the Regent Morton was about to suffer death, he was placed in Gourlay's house for two days under a guard; and there it was that those remarkable conferences took place between him and certain clergymen, in which, while protesting his innocence of the murder of Darnley, he admitted his foreknowledge of it. Among many popular errors, is one that he invented the "maiden" by which he suffered; but it is now known to have been the common Scottish guillotine, since Thomas Scott was beheaded by it on the 3rd of April, 1566.

On the 7th of January, 1582, Moyse tells us in his Memoirs, "there came a French ambassador through England, named La Motte (Fenelon), he was lodged in Gourlay's house near Tolbooth, and had an audience of his Majesty; with him there also came another ambassador from England, named Mr. Davidson, who got an audience also that same day in the king's chamber of presence." This was probably a kinsman of De la Motte, the French ambassador, who was slain at Flodden. He left Edinburgh on the 10th of February.

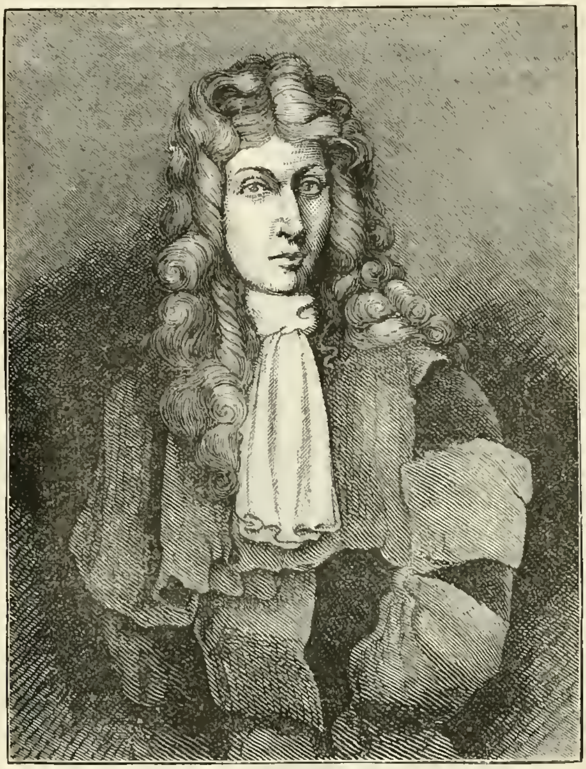
Herein resided Sir William Drury during the siege of the Castle in 1573, and thither, on its surrender, was brought its gallant defender before death, with his brother Sir James Kirkaldy and others; and it was here that in later years the great Argyle is said to have passed his last hours in peaceful sleep before his execution. So Robert Gourlay's old house had a terrible history. By this time the house had passed into the possession of Sir Thomas Hope. Hence it has been conjectured that Argyle's last sleep took place in the Laigh Council Room, whither, Wodrow says, he was brought before execution.

John Gourlay, son of Robert, erected a house at the foot of this ancient close. It bore the date 1588, with the motto, *Spes altera vitæ.* Herein was the Bank of Scotland first established in 1695, and there its business was conducted till 1805, when it was removed to their new office, that stupendous edifice at the head of the entrance to the Earthen Mound. Latterly it was used as the University printing-office; and therein, so lately as 1824, was in use, as a proof press, the identical old wooden press which accompanied the Highland army, in 1745, for the publication of gazettes and manifestoes.

Robert Gourlay's house passed from the possession of Sir Thomas Hope and Lord Aberuchill into that of Sir George Lockhart (the great legal and political rival of Sir George Mackenzie), Lord President of the Session in 1685, and doomed to fall a victim to private revenge. Chiesly of Dalry, an unsuccessful litigant, enraged at the president for assigning a small aliment of £93 out of his estate—a fine one south-westward of the city—to his wife, from whom we must suppose he was separated, swore to have vengeance. He was perhaps not quite sane; but anyway, he was a man of violent and ungovernable passions. Six months before the event we are about to relate he told Sir James Stewart, an advocate, when in London, that he was "determined to go to Scotland before Candlemas and kill the president!" "The very imagination of such a thing," said Sir James, "is a sin before God." "Leave God and me alone," was the fierce response, "we have many things to reckon betwixt us, and we will reckon this too!" The Lord President was warned of his open threats, but unfortunately took no heed of them. On Easter Sunday, the 31st of March, 1689, the assassin loaded his pistols, and went to the choir of St. Giles's church, from whence he dogged him home to the Old Bank Close, and though accompanied by Lord Castlehill and Mr. Daniel Lockhart, shot him in the back just as he was about to enter his house—the old one whose history we have traced. Lady Lockhart—aunt of the famous Duke of Wharton—was confined to her bed with illness, but sprang up on hearing the pistol-shot; and on learning what had occurred, rushed forth in her night-dress and assisted to convey in the victim, who was laid on two chairs, and instantly expired. The ball had passed out at the left breast. Chiesly was instantly seized. "I am not wont to do things by halves," said he, grimly and boastfully; "and now I have taught the president how to do justice!" He was put to the torture to discover if he had any accomplices; and as he had been taken *red hand*, he was on Monday sentenced to death by Sir Magnus Price, Provost of the city, without much formality, according to Father Hay, and on a hurdle he was dragged to the Cross, where his right hand was struck off when alive; then he was hanged in chains at Drumsheugh, says another account; between the city and Leith at the Gallowlee, according to a third, with the pistol tied to his neck. His right hand was nailed on the West Port. The manor house of Dalry, latterly the property of Kirkpatrick, of Allisland, was after this alleged to be haunted, and no servant therein

THE FIRST INTERVIEW IN 1786: DEACON BRODIE AND GEORGE SMITH. (*After Kay.*)

would venture, after dark, alone into the back kitchen, as a tradition existed that his body—which his relations had unchained and carried off, sword in hand, under cloud of night—was buried somewhere near that apartment. "On repairing the garden-wall at a later period," says Dr. Wilson, "an old stone seat which stood in a recess of the wall had to be removed, and underneath was found a skeleton entire, except the bones of the right hand—without doubt the remains of the assassin, that had secretly been brought thither from the Gallowlee." But Dr. Chambers also writes of a skeleton, found a century after, "when removing the hearth-stone of a cottage in Dalry Park, with the remains of *a pistol* near the situation of the neck. No doubt was entertained that these were the remains of Chiesly, huddled into this place of concealment, probably in the course of the night in which they had been abstracted from the gallows." This pistol is still preserved.



SIR GEORGE LOCKHART OF CARNWATH.
(*From the Portrait in the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.*)

In this close "the great house pertaining to the Earl of Eglintoun," with its coach-house and stables, is advertised for sale in the *Evening Courant* of April, 1735.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAWNMARKET (*concluded*).

Gosford's Close—The Town House of the Abbot of Cambuskenneth—Tennant's House—Mansion of the Hays—Liberton's Wynd—Johnnie Dowie's Tavern—Burns and His Songs—The Place of Execution—Birthplace of "The Man of Feeling"—The Mirror Club—Forrester's Wynd—The Heather Stacks in the Houses—Peter Williamson—Beith's Wynd—Habits of the Lawnmarket Woollen Traders—"Lawnmarket Gazettes"—Melbourne Place—The County Hall—The Signet and Advocates' Libraries.

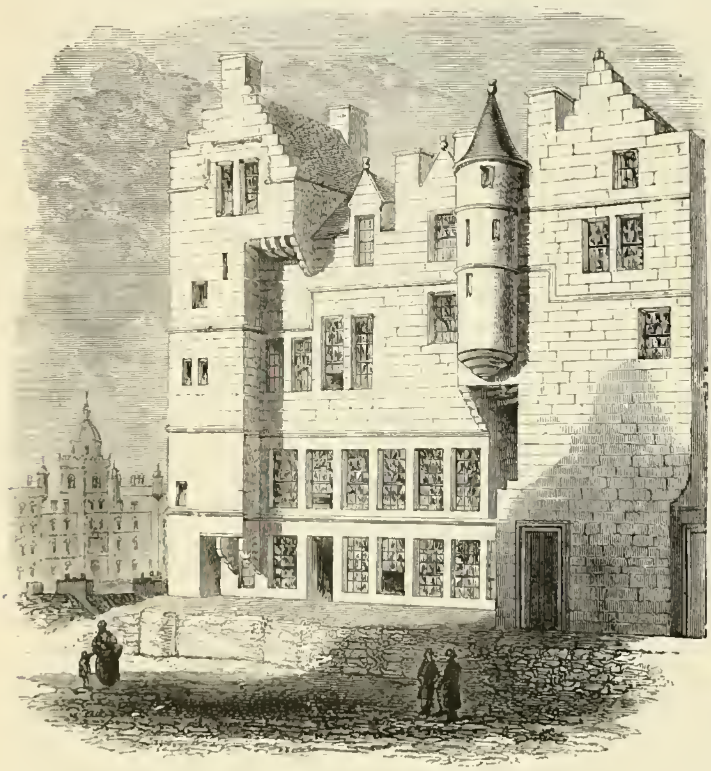
BELOW the scene of this tragedy opened Gosford's Close (in the direct line of the King's Bridge), wherein for ages stood a highly-decorated edifice, belonging to the Augustinian abbey of Cambuskenneth, near Stirling. It would seem to have been of considerable size, and from the mass of sculptured fragments, all beautiful Gothic carvings, found in the later houses of the close, must have been a considerable feature in the city. "The building was in all likelihood," we are told, "the town mansion of the abbot, with a beautiful chapel attached to it, and may serve to remind us how little idea we can form of the beauty of the Scottish capital before the Reformation, adorned as it was with so many churches and conventual buildings, the very sites of which are now unknown. Over the doorway of an ancient stone land in Gosford's Close, which stood immediately east of the Old Bank Close, there existed a curious sculptured lintel containing a representation of the crucifixion, and which may with every probability be regarded as another relic of the abbot's house that once occupied its site."

This lintel is still preserved, and the house which it adorned belonged to Mungo Tennant, a wealthy citizen, whose seal is appended to a reversion of the half of the lands of Leny, in 1540. It also bears his arms, with the then common legend —*Soli. Deo. Honor. et. Gloria.*

In the lower storey of this house was a strongly-arched cellar, in the floor of which was a concealed trap-door, admitting to another lower down, hewn out of the living rock. Tradition averred it was a chamber for torture, but it has more shrewdly been supposed to have been connected with the smugglers, to whom the North Loch afforded by boat such facilities for evading the duties at the city gates, and running in wines and brandies. This vault is believed to be still remaining untouched beneath the central roadway of the new bridge. On the first floor of this mansion the fifth Earl of Loudon, a gallant general officer, and his daughter, Lady Flora (latterly countess in her own right) afterwards Marchioness of Hastings, resided when in town. Here, too, was the mansion of Hume Rigg of Morton, who died in it in 1788. It is thus described in a note to Kay's works :—"The dining and drawing-rooms were spacious; indeed, more so than those of any private modern house we have seen. The lobbies were all variegated marble, and a splendid mahogany staircase led to the upper storey. There was a large green behind, with a statue in the middle, and a summer-house at the bottom; but so confined was the entry to this elegant mansion that it was impossible to get even a sedan chair near to the door." On the 20th January, 1773, at four A.M., there was a tempest, says a print of the time, "and a stack of chimneys on an old house at the foot of Gosford's Close, possessed by Hugh Mossman, writer, was blown down, and breaking through the roof in that part of the house where he and his spouse lay, they both perished in the ruins. . . . . In the storey below, Miss Mally Rigg, sister to Rigg of Morton, also perished."

So lately as 1773 the Ladies Catharine and Anne Hay, daughters of John Marquis of Tweeddale, and in that year their brother George, the fifth Marquis, resided there too, in the third floor of the front "land" or tenement. "Indeed," says Wilson, "the whole neighbourhood was the favourite resort of the most fashionable and distinguished among the resident citizens, and a perfect nest of advocates and lords of session." In the year 1794 the hall and museum of the Society of Antiquaries were at the bottom of this ancient thoroughfare.

Next it was Liberton's Wynd, the avenue of which is still partially open, and which was removed to make way for the new bridge and other buildings. Like many others still extant, or demolished, this alley, called a wynd as being broader than a close, had the fronts of its stone mansions so added to and encumbered by quaint projecting out-shot Doric gables of timber, that they nearly met overhead, excluding the narrow strip of sky, and, save at noon, all trace of sunshine. Yet herein stood Johnnie Dowie's tavern, one of the most famous in the annals of Convivialia, and a view of which, by Geikie, is preserved by Hone in his "Year Book." Johnnie Dowie was the sleekest and kindest of landlords; nothing could equal the benignity of his smile when he brought "ben" a bottle of his famous old Edinburgh ale to a well-known and friendly customer. The formality with which he drew the cork, the air with which he filled the long, slender glasses, and the regularity with which he drank the healths of all present in the first, with his *douce* civility at withdrawing, were as long remembered by his many customers as his "Nor' Loch trouts and Welsh rabbits," after he had gone to his last home, in 1817, leaving a fortune to his son, who was a major in the army. With a laudable attachment to the old costume he always wore a cocked hat, buckles at the knees and shoes, as well as a cross-handled cane, over which he stooped in his gait. Here, in the space so small and dark, that even cabmen would avoid it now, there came, in the habit of the times, Robert Fergusson the poet, David Herd the earliest collector of Scottish songs, "antiquarian Paton," and others forgotten now, but who were men of local note in their own day as lords of session and leading advocates. Here David Martin, a well-known portrait painter, instituted a Club, which was quaintly named after their host, the "Dowie College," and there his far more celebrated pupil Sir Henry Raeburn often accompanied him in his earlier years; and, more than all, it was the favourite resort of Robert Burns, where he spent many a jovial hour with Willie Nicol and Allan Masterton. "Three blyther lads" never gladdened the old place; and so associated did it become with Burns, that, according to a writer in the "Year Book," "his name was assumed as its distinguishing and alluring cognomen. Until it was finally closed, it was visited nightly by many a party of jolly fellows. . . . . Few strangers omitted to call in to gaze upon the 'coffin' of the bard—this was a small, dark room, which would barely accommodate, even by squeezing, half a dozen, but in which Burns used to sit. Here he composed one or two of his best songs, and here were preserved to the last the identical seats and table which had accommodated him." In his edition of Scottish songs published in 1829, five years before the demolition of the tavern, Chambers notes that in the ale-house was sung that sweetest of all Burns's love songs :—



ROBERT GOURLAY'S HOUSE.

"O, poortith cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgie,
An 'twere na for my Jeanie.

"Oh, why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bonds untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on fortune's shining?"

The moment the clock of St. Giles's struck not another cork would Johnnie Dowie draw. His unvarying reply to a fresh order was, "Gentlemen, it is past twelve, and time to go home." In the same corner where Burns sat Christopher North has alluded to his own pleasant meetings with Tom Campbell. A string of eleven verses in honour of his tavern were circulated among his customers by Dowie, who openly ascribed them to Burns. Two of these will suffice, as what was at least a good imitation of the poet's style :—

"O Dowie's ale! thou art the thing
That gars us crack and gars us sing,
Cast by our cares, our wants a' fling
Frae us wi' anger;
Thou e'en mak'st passion tak the wing,
Or thou wilt hang her.

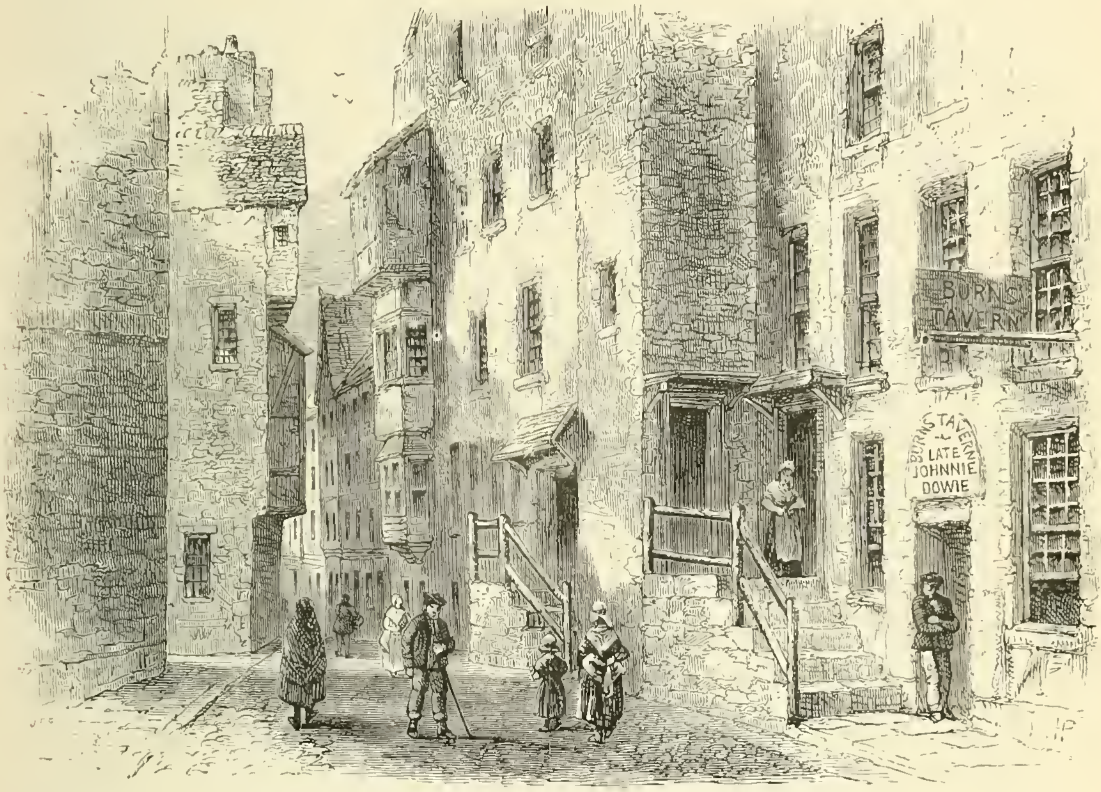
"How blest is he wha has a groat,
To spare upon the cheering pot;
He may look blythe as ony Scot
That e'er was born;
Gie's a' the like, but wi' a coat,
And guide frae scorn."

"Now these men are all gone," wrote one, who, alas! has followed them; "their very habits are becoming matters of history, while, as for their evening haunt, the place which knew it once knows it no more, the new access to the Lawnmarket, by George IV. bridge, passing over the area where it stood."

Liberton's Wynd is mentioned so far back as in a charter by James III., in 1477, and in a more subsequent time it was the last permanent place of execution, after the demolition of the old Tolbooth. Here at its head have scores of unhappy wretches looked their last upon the morning sun—the pre-eminent Irish murderers, Burke and Hare, among them. The socket of the gallows-tree was removed, like many other objects of greater interest, in 1834.

Before quitting this ancient alley we must not omit to note that therein, in the house of his father Dr. Josiah Mackenzie (who died in 1800) was born in August, 1745, Henry Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling," one of the most illustrious names connected with polite literature in Scotland. He was one of the most active members of the Mirror Club, which met sometimes at Clerihugh's in Writer's Court; sometimes in Somer's, opposite the Guard-house in the High Street; sometimes in Stewart's oyster-house, in the old

Fleshmarket Close; but oftener, perhaps, in Lucky Dunbar's, a house situated in an alley that led between Liberton's Wynd and that of Forrester's Wynd. This Club commenced its publication of the *Mirror* in January, 1729, and terminated it in May, 1780. It was a folio sheet, published weekly at three-halfpence. The *Lounger*, to which Lord Craig contributed largely, was commenced, by the staff of the *Mirror*, on the 6th of February, 1785, and continued weekly till the 6th of January, 1787.



JOHN DOWIE'S TAVERN. (*From the Engraving in Hone's "Year Book."*)

Among the members of this literary Club were Mr. Alexander Abercrombie, afterwards Lord Abercrombie; Lord Bannatyne; Mr. George Home, Clerk of Session; Gordon of Newhall; and a Mr. George Ogilvie; among their correspondents were Lord Hailes, Mr. Baron Hume, Dr. Beattie, and many other eminent literary men of the time; but of the 101 papers of the *Lounger*, fifty-seven are the production of Henry Mackenzie, including his general review of Burns's poems, already referred to.

In Liberton's Wynd, we find from the *Edinburgh Advertiser* of 1783, that the Misses Preston, daughters of the late minister of Markinch, had a boarding school for young ladies, whose parents "may depend that the greatest attention will be paid to their morals, behaviour, and every branch of education."

In this quarter Turk's Close, Carthrae's, Forrester's, and Beith's Wynds, all stood on the slope between Liberton's Wynd and St. Giles's Church; but every stone of these had been swept away many years before the great breach made by the new bridge was projected. Forrester's Wynd occurs so often in local annals that it must have been a place of some consideration.

"The Diurnal of Occurrents" records, that in 1566, John Sinclair, Bishop of Brechin, Dean of Restalrig, and Lord President of the College of Justice, died in Forrester's Wynd, in the house of James Mossman, probably the same man who was a goldsmith in Edinburgh at that time, and whose father, also James Mossman, enclosed with the present four arches the crown of Scotland, by order of James V., when Henry VIII. closed the crown of England. In consequence of the houses being set on fire by the Castle guns under Kirkaldy, in 1572, it was ordered that all the thatched houses between Beith's Wynd and St. Giles's should be unroofed, and that all stacks of heather should be carried away from the streets and burned, and "that ilk man in Edinburgh have his lumes (vents) full of watter in the nycht, under pain of deid!" ("Diurnal.") This gives us a graphic idea of the city in the sixteenth century, and of the High Street in particular, "with the majority of the buildings on either side covered with thatch, encumbered by piles of heather and other fuel accumulated before each door for the use of the inhabitants, and from amid these, we may add the stately ecclesiastical edifices, and the substantial mansions of the nobility, towering with all the more imposing effect, in contrast to their homely neighbourhood."

Concerning these heather stacks we have the following episode in "Moyse's Memoirs:"—"On the 2nd December, 1584, a Baxter's boy called Robert Henderson (no doubt by the instigation of Satan) desperately put some powder and a candle to his father's heather-stack, standing in a close opposite the Tron, and burnt the same with his father's house, to the imminent hazard of burning the whole town, for which, being apprehended most marvellously, after his escaping out of town, *he was next day burnt quick* at the cross of Edinburgh as an example."

There was still extant in 1850 a small fragment of Forrester's Wynd, a beaded doorway in a ruined wall, with the legend above it—

"O.F. OUR INHERITANCE, 1623."

"In all the old houses in Edinburgh," says Arnot, "it is remarkable that the superstition of the time had guarded each with certain cabalistic characters or talismans engraved upon its front. These were generally composed of some texts of Scripture, of the name of God, or perhaps an emblematical representation of the crucifixion."

Forrester's Wynd probably took its name from Sir Adam Forrester of Corstorphine, who was twice chief magistrate of the city in the 14th century.

After the "Jenny Geddes" riot in St. Giles's, Guthrie, in his "Memoirs," tells us of a mob, consisting of some hundreds of women, whose place of rendezvous in 1637 was Forrester's Wynd, and who attacked Sydeserf, Bishop of Galloway, when on his way to the Privy Council, accompanied by Francis Stewart, son of the Earl of Bothwell, "with such violence, that probably he had been torn in pieces, if it had not been that the said Francis, with the help of two pretty men that attended him, rescued him out of their barbarous hands, and hurled him in at the door, holding back the pursuers until those that were within shut the door. Thereafter, the Provost and Bailies being assembled in their council, those women beleaguered them, and threatened to burn the house about their ears, unless they did presently nominate two commissioners for the town," &c. Their cries were: "God defend all those who will defend God's cause! God confound the service-book and all maintainers thereof!"

From advertisements, it would appear that a character who made some noise in his time, Peter Williamson, "from the other world," as he called himself, had a printer's shop at the head of this wynd in 1772. The victim of a system of kidnapping encouraged by the magistrates of Aberdeen, he had been carried off in his boyhood to America, and after almost unheard-of perils and adventures, related in his autobiography, published in 1758, he returned to Scotland, and obtained some small damages from the then magistrates of his native city, and settled in Edinburgh as a printer and publisher. In 1776 he started *The Scots Spy*, published every Friday, of which copies are now extremely rare. He had the merit of establishing the first penny post in Edinburgh, and also published a "Directory," from his new shop in the Luckenbooths, in 1784. He would appear for these services to have received a small pension from Government when it assumed his institution of the penny post. He died in January, 1799.

The other venerable alley referred to, Beith's Wynd, when greatly dilapidated by time, was nearly destroyed by two fires, which occurred in 1786 and 1788. The former, on the 12th December, broke out near Henderson's stairs, and raged with great violence for many hours, but by the assistance of the Town Guard and others it was suppressed, yet not before many families were burnt out. The Parliament House and the Advocates' Library were both in imminent peril, and the danger appeared so great, that the Court of Session did not sit that day, and preparations were made for the speedy removal of all records. At the head of Beith's Wynd, in 1745, dwelt Andrew Maclure, a writing-master, one of that corps of civic volunteers who marched to oppose the Highlanders, but which mysteriously melted away ere it left the West Port. It was noted of the gallant Andrew, that having made up his mind to die, he had affixed a sheet of paper to his breast, whereon was written, in large text-hand, "This is the body of Andrew Maclure; let it be decently interred," a notice that was long a source of joke among the Jacobite wits.

With this wynd, our account of the alleys in connection with the Lawnmarket ends. We have elsewhere referred to the once well-known Club formed by the dwellers in the latter, chiefly woollen traders. They have been described as being "a dram-drinking, news-mongering, facetious set of citizens, who met every morn about seven o'clock, and after proceeding to the post-office to ascertain the news (when the mail arrived), generally adjourned to a public-house and refreshed themselves with a libation of brandy." Unfounded articles of intelligence that were spread abroad in those days were usually named "Lawnmarket Gazettes," in allusion to their roguish or waggish originators.

At all periods the Lawnmarket was a residence for men of note, and the frequent residence of English and other foreign ambassadors; and so long as Edinburgh continued to be the seat of the Parliament, its vicinity to the House made it a favourite and convenient resort for the members of the Estates.

On the ground between Robert Gourlay's house and Beith's Wynd we now find some of those portions of the new city which have been engrafted on the old. In Melbourne Place, at the north end of George IV. Bridge, are, among other offices, those of the Royal Medical Society, Property Investment Society, and the Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures, built in an undefined style of architecture, new to Edinburgh. Opposite, with its back to the bridge, where a part of the line of Liberton's Wynd exists, is built the County Hall, presenting fronts to the Lawnmarket and to St. Giles's. The last of these possesses no common beauty, as it has a very lofty portico of finely-fluted columns, overshadowing a flight of steps leading to the main entrance, which is modelled after the choragic monument of Thrasyllus, while the ground plan and style of ornament is an imitation of the Temple of Erechtheius at Athens. It was erected in 1817, and contains several spacious and lofty court-rooms, with apartments for the Sheriff and other functionaries employed in the business of the county. The hall contains a fine statue of Lord Chief Baron Dundas, by Chantrey.

Adjoining it and stretching eastward is the library of the Writers to the Signet. It is of Grecian architecture, and possesses two long pillared halls of beautiful proportions, the upper having Corinthian columns, and a dome wherein are painted the Muses. It is 132 feet long by about 40 broad, and was used by George IV. as a drawing-room, on the day of the royal banquet in the Parliament House. Formed by funds drawn solely from contributions by Writers to H.M. Signet, it is under a body of curators. The library contains more than 60,000 volumes, and is remarkably rich in British and Irish history.

Southward of it and lying parallel with it, nearer the Cowgate, is the Advocates' Library, two long halls, with oriel windows on the north side. This library, one of the five in the United Kingdom entitled to a copy of every work printed in it, was founded by Sir George Mackenzie, Dean of Faculty in 1682, and contains some 200,000 volumes, forming the most valuable collection of the kind in Scotland. The volumes of Scottish poetry alone exceed 400. Among some thousand MSS. are those of Wodrow, Sir James Balfour, Sir Robert Sibbald, and others. In one of the lower compartments may be seen Greenshield's statue of Sir Walter Scott, and the original volume of Waverley; two volumes of original letters written by Mary Queen of Scots and Charles I.; the Confession of Faith signed by James VI. and the Scottish nobles in 1589-90; a valuable cabinet from the old Scottish mint in the Cowgate; the pennon borne by Sir William Keith at Flodden; and many other objects of the deepest interest. The office of librarian has been held by many distinguished men of letters; among them were Thomas Ruddiman, in 1702; David Hume, his successor, in 1752; Adam Fergusson; and David Irving, LL.D.

A somewhat minor edifice in the vicinity forms the library of the Solicitors before the Supreme Court.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TOLBOOTH.

Memorials of the Heart of Midlothian, or Old Tolbooth—Sir Walter Scott's Description—The Early Tolbooth—The "Robin Hood" Disturbances—Noted Prisoners—Entries from the Records—Lord Burleigh's Attempts at Escape—The Porteous Mob—The Stories of Katherine Nairne and of James Hay—The Town Guard—The Royal Bedesmen.

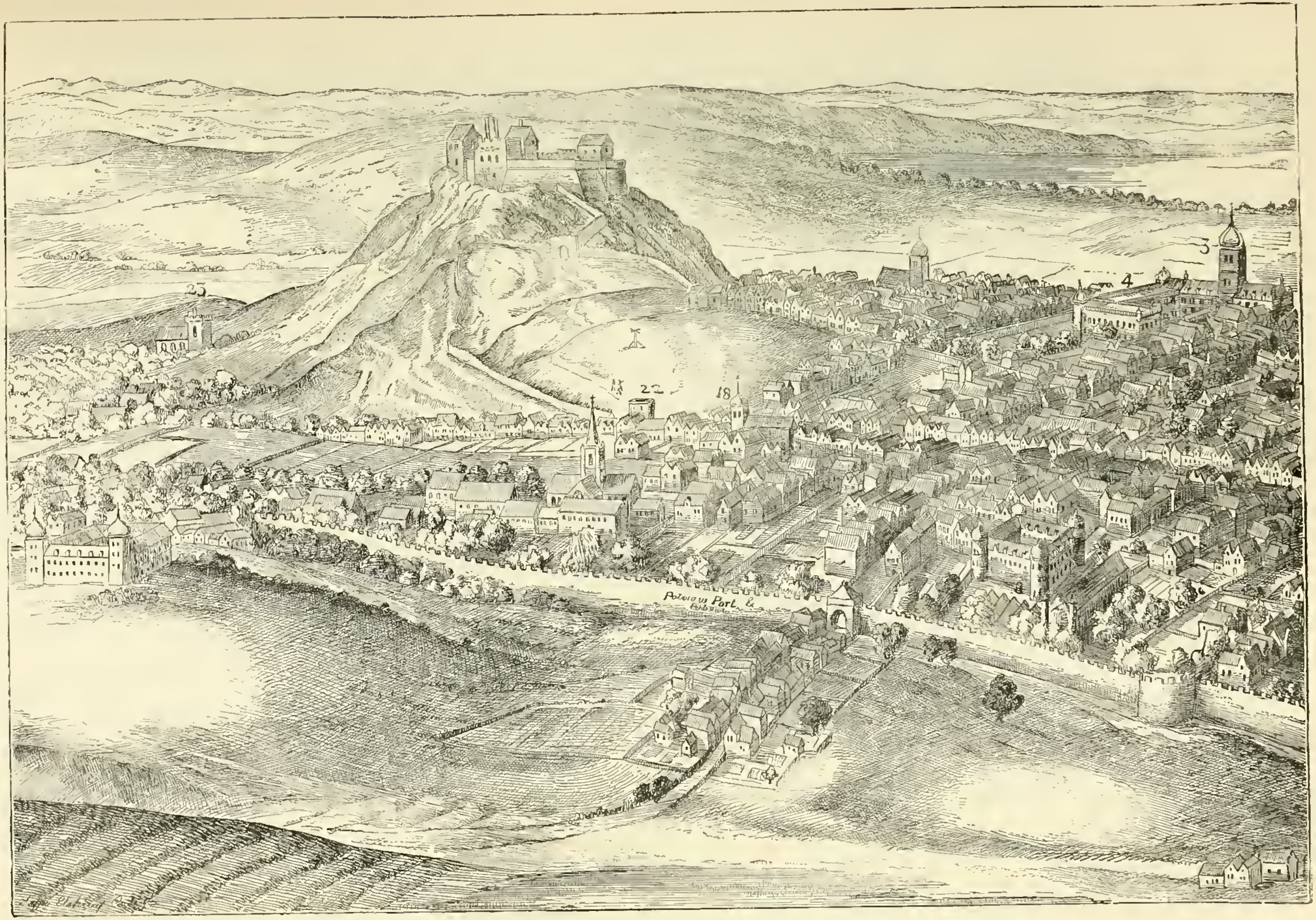
The genius of Scott has shed a strange halo around the memory of the grim and massive Tolbooth prison, so much so that the creations of his imagination, such as Jeanie and Effie Deans, take the place of real persons of flesh and blood, and such is the power of genius, that with the name of the Heart of Midlothian we couple the fierce fury of the Porteous mob. "Antique in form, gloomy and haggard in aspect, its black stanchioned windows, opening through its dingy walls like the apertures of a hearse, it was calculated to impress all beholders with a sense of what was meant in Scottish law by the *squalor carceris*."

Situated in the very heart of the ancient city, it stood at the north-west corner of the parish church of St. Giles, and so close to it as to leave only a narrow footway between the projecting buttresses, while its tall and gloomy mass extended so far into the High Street, as to leave the thoroughfare at that part only 14 feet in breadth. "Reuben Butler," says Scott, writing ere its demolition had been decreed, "stood now before the Gothic entrance of the ancient prison, which, as is well known to all men, rears its front in the very middle of the High Street, forming, as it were, the termination to a huge pile of buildings called the Luckenbooths, which, for some inconceivable reason, our ancestors had jammed into the midst of the principal street of the town, leaving for passage a narrow street on the north and on the south, into which the prison opens, a narrow, crooked lane, winding betwixt the high and sombre walls of the Tolbooth and the adjacent houses on one side, and the buttresses and projections of the old church upon the other. To give some gaiety to this sombre passage (well known by the name of the Krames), a number of little booths or shops, after the fashion of cobblers' stalls, are plastered, as it were, against the Gothic projections and abutments, so that it seemed as if the traders had occupied with nests—bearing about the same proportion to the building—every buttress and coign of vantage, as the martlet did in Macbeth's castle. Of later years these booths have degenerated into mere toy-shops, where the little loiterers chiefly interested in such wares are tempted to linger, enchanted by the rich display of hobby-horses, babies, and Dutch toys, arranged in artful and gay confusion, yet half scared by the cross looks of the withered pantaloon by whom these wares are superintended. But in the times we write of the hosiers, glovers, hatters, mercers, milliners, and all who dealt in the miscellaneous wares now termed haberdashers' goods, were to be found in this narrow alley."

JOHN DOWIE. (*After Kay.*)

By the year 1561 the Tolbooth, or *Pretorium burgi de Edinburgi*, as it is named in the early Acts of the Scottish Parliament, had become ruinous, and on the 6th of February Queen Mary wrote a letter to the magistrates, charging the Provost to take it down at once, and meanwhile to provide accommodation elsewhere for the Lords of Session. Since the storm of the Reformation the Scottish revenues had been greatly impaired; money and materials were alike scarce; hence the magistrates were anxious, if possible, to preserve the old building; accordingly a new one was erected, entirely apart from it, adjoining the south-west corner of St. Giles's church, and the eastern portion of the old Tolbooth bore incontestable evidence of being the work of an age long anterior to the date of Queen Mary's letter, and the line of demarcation between the east and west ends of the edifice is still apparent in all views of it. The more ancient portion, which had on its first floor a large and deeply-embayed square window, having rich Gothic niches on each side, is supposed to have been at one time the house of the Provost of St. Giles's church, or some such appendage to the latter, while the prebends and other members of the colleges were accommodated in edifices on the south side of the church, removed in 1632 to make way for the present Parliament House. Thus it is supposed to have been built about 1466, when James III. erected St. Giles's into a collegiate church, and the chapter-house thereof being of sufficient dimensions, would naturally lead to the meeting-place of parliaments, though many were held in Edinburgh long before the time of James III., especially in the old hall of the Castle, now degraded into a military hospital.

The first Parliament of James II. was held in the latter in 1437; in 1438 the second Parliament was held at Stirling, but in the November of the same year another in *pretorio burgi de* Edinburgh,



EDINBURGH, FROM ST. CUTHBERT'S TO ST. GILES'S. (*From the very rare View by Hollar, 1670.*)

1, The Castle; 2, The Weigh house; 3, St. Giles's Church; 4, The Parliament House and Courts of Justice; 8, The University; 18, St. Magdalen's Chapel; 22, West Port; 23, St. Cuthbert's Church.

i.e., the Tolbooth; others were held there in 1449 and 1459. In the latter the Scottish word "Tolbooth," meaning a tax-house, occurs for the first time; "Hence," says Wilson, "a much older, and probably larger erection must therefore have existed on the site of the western portion of the Tolbooth, the ruinous state of which led to the royal command for its demolition in 1561—not a century after the date we are disposed to assign to the oldest portion of the building that remained till 1817, and which, though decayed and time-worn, was so far from being ruinous even then, that it proved a work of great labour to demolish its solid masonry." In the "Diurnal of Occurrents," it is recorded that in 1571 "the tour of the *auld Tolbuyth* was tane doun."

The ornamental north gable of the Tolbooth was never seen without a human head stuck thereon in "the good old times." In 1581 "the prick on the highest stone" bore the head of the Regent Morton, in 1650 the head of the gallant Montrose, till ten years subsequently it was replaced by that of his enemy Argyle.

In 1561 the Tolbooth figures in one of those tulzies or rows so common in the Edinburgh of those days; but in this particular instance we see a distinct foreshadowing of the Porteous mob of the eighteenth century, by the magistrates forbidding a "Robin Hood." This was the darling May game of Scotland as well as England, and, under the pretence of frolic, gave an unusual degree of licence; but the Scottish Calvinistic clergy, with John Knox at their head, and backed by the authority of the magistrates of Edinburgh, who had of late been chosen exclusively from that party, found it impossible to control the rage of the populace when deprived of the privilege of having a Robin Hood, with the Abbot of Unreason and the Queen of the May. Thus it came to pass, that in May, 1561, when a man in Edinburgh was chosen as "Robin Hood and Lord of Inobedience," most probably because he was a frolicsome, witty, and popular fellow, and passed through the city with a great number of followers, noisily, and armed, with a banner displayed, to the Castle Hill, the magistrates caught one of his companions, "a cordiner's servant," named James Gillon, whom they condemned to be hanged on the 21st of July.

On that day, as he was to be conveyed to the gibbet, it was set up with the ladder against it in the usual fashion, when the craftsmen rushed into the streets, clad in their armour, with spears, axes, and hand-guns. They seized the Provost by main force of arms, together with two Bailies, David Symmer and Adam Fullarton, and thrusting them into Alexander Guthrie's writing booth, left them there under a guard. The rest marched to the cross, broke the gibbet to pieces, and beating in the doors of the Tolbooth with sledge-hammers, under the eyes of the magistrates, who were warded close by, they brought forth the prisoner, whom they conveyed in triumph down the street to the Nether Bow Port. Finding the latter closed, they passed up the street again. By this time the magistrates had taken shelter in the Tolbooth, from whence one of them fired a pistol and wounded one of the mob. "That being done," says the Diurnal of Occurrents, "there was *nacthing but tak and slay!* that is, the one part shooting forth and casting stones, the other part shooting hagbuts in again, and sae the craftsmen's servants held them (conducted themselves) continually frae three hours afternoon, while (till) aucht at even, and never ane man of the toun steirit to defend their provost and bailies."

The former, who was Thomas MacCalzean, of Clifton Hall, contrived to open a communication with the constable of the Castle, who came with an armed party to act as umpire; and through that officer it was arranged "that the provost and bailies should discharge all manner of actions whilk they had against the said crafts-childer in ony time bygone;" and this being done and proclaimed, the armed trades peacefully disbanded, and the magistrates were permitted to leave the Tolbooth.

In 1579 the sixth Parliament of James VI. met there. The Estates rode through the streets; "the crown was borne before his Majesty by Archibald Earl of Angus, the sceptre by Colin Earl of Argyle, Chancellor, and the sword of honour, by Robert Earl of Lennox." Moyse adds, when the Parliament was dissolved, twelve days after, the king again rode thither in state. In 1581 Morton was tried and convicted in the hall for the murder of Darnley; the King's Advocate on that occasion was Robert Crichton of Elliock, father of the "Admirable Crichton."

Calderwood records some curious instances of the king's imbecility among his fierce and turbulent courtiers. On January 7th, 1590, when he was coming down the High Street from the Tolbooth, where he had been administering justice, two of his attendants, Lodovick Duke of Lennox (hereditary High Admiral and Great Chamberlain), and Alexander Lord Home, meeting the Laird of Logie, with whom they had a quarrel, though he was valet of the royal chamber, attacked him sword in hand, to the alarm of James, who retired into an adjacent close; and six days after, when he was sitting in the Tolbooth hearing the case of the Laird of Craigmillar, who was suing a divorce against his wife, the Earl of Bothwell forcibly dragged out one of the most important witnesses, and carrying him to his castle of Crichton, eleven miles distant, threatened to hang him if he uttered a word.

On the charge of being a "Papist," among many other prisoners in the Tolbooth in 1628, was the Countess of Abercorn, where her health became broken by confinement, and the misery of a prison which, if it was loathsome in the reign of George III., must have been something terrible in the days of Charles I. In 1621 she obtained a licence to go to the baths of Bristol, but failing to leave the city, was lodged for six months in the Canongate gaol. After she had been under restraint in various places for three years, she was permitted to remain in the earl's house at Paisley, in March 1631, on condition that she "reset no Jesuits," and to return if required under a penalty of 5,000 merks.

Taken *seriatim*, the records of the Tolbooth contain volumes of entries made in the following brief fashion :—

"1662, June 10.—John Kincaid put in ward by warrant of the Lords of the Privy Council, for 'pricking of persons suspected of witchcraft *unwarrantably*.' Liberated on finding caution not to do so again.

"—June 10.—Robert Binning for falsehood; hanged with the false papers about his neck.

"—Aug. 13.—Robert Reid for murder. His head struck from his body at the mercat cross.

"—Dec. 4.—James Ridpath, tinker; to be qhupitt from Castle-hill to Netherbow, burned on the cheek with the Toun's common mark, and banished the kingdom, for the crime of double adultery.

"1663, March 13.—Alexander Kennedy; hanged for raising false bonds and writts.

"—March 21.—Aucht Qwakers; liberated, certifying if again troubling the place, the next prison shall be the Correction House.

"— July 8.—Katherine Reid; hanged for theft.

"—July 8.—Sir Archibald Johnston of Warriston; treason. Hanged, his head cut off and placed on the Netherbow.

"—July 18.—Bessie Brebner; hanged for murder.

"—Aug. 25.—The Provost of Kirkcudbright; banished for keeping his house during a tumult.

"—Oct. 5.—William Dodds; beheaded for murder."

And so on in grim monotony, till we come to the last five entries in the old record, which is quite incomplete.

"1728, Oct. 25.—John Gibson; forging a declaration, 18th January, 1727. His lug nailed to the Tron, and dismissed.

"1751, March 18.—Helen Torrance and Jean Waldie were executed this day, for stealing a child, eight or nine years of age, and selling its body to the surgeons for dissection. Alive on Tuesday when carried off, and dead on Friday, with an incision in the belly, but sewn up again.

"1756, May 4.—Sir William Dalrymple of Cousland; for shooting at Capt. Hen. Dalrymple of Fordell, with a pistol at the Cross of Edinburgh. Liberated on 14th May, on bail for 6,000 merks, to answer any complaint.

"1752, Jan. 10.—Norman Ross; hanged and hung in chains between Leith and Edinburgh, for assassinating Lady Bailie, sister to Home of Wedderburn.

"1757, Feb. 4.—James Rose, Excise Officer at Muthill; banished to America for forging receipts for arrears."

It was a peculiarity of the Tolbooth, that through clanship, or some other influence, nearly every criminal of rank confined in it achieved an escape.

Robert fourth Lord Burleigh, a half insane peer, who was one of the commissioners for executing the office of Lord Register in 1689, and who married a daughter of the Earl of Melville about the time of the Union, assassinated a schoolmaster who had married a girl to whom he had paid improper addresses, was committed to the Tolbooth, and sentenced to death; and of his first attempt to escape the following story is told. He was carried out of the prison in a large trunk, to be conveyed to Leith, on the back of a powerful porter, who was to put him on board a vessel about to sail for the Continent. It chanced that when slinging the trunk on his back, the porter did so with Lord Burleigh's head *downmost*, thus it had to sustain the weight of his whole body. The posture was agony, the way long and rough, but life was dear. Unconscious of his actual burden, the porter reached the Netherbow Port, where an acquaintance asked him "whither he was going?" "To Leith," was the reply. "Is the work good enough to afford a glass before going farther?" was the next question. The porter said it was; and tossed down the trunk with such violence that it elicited a scream from Lord Burleigh, who instantly fainted.

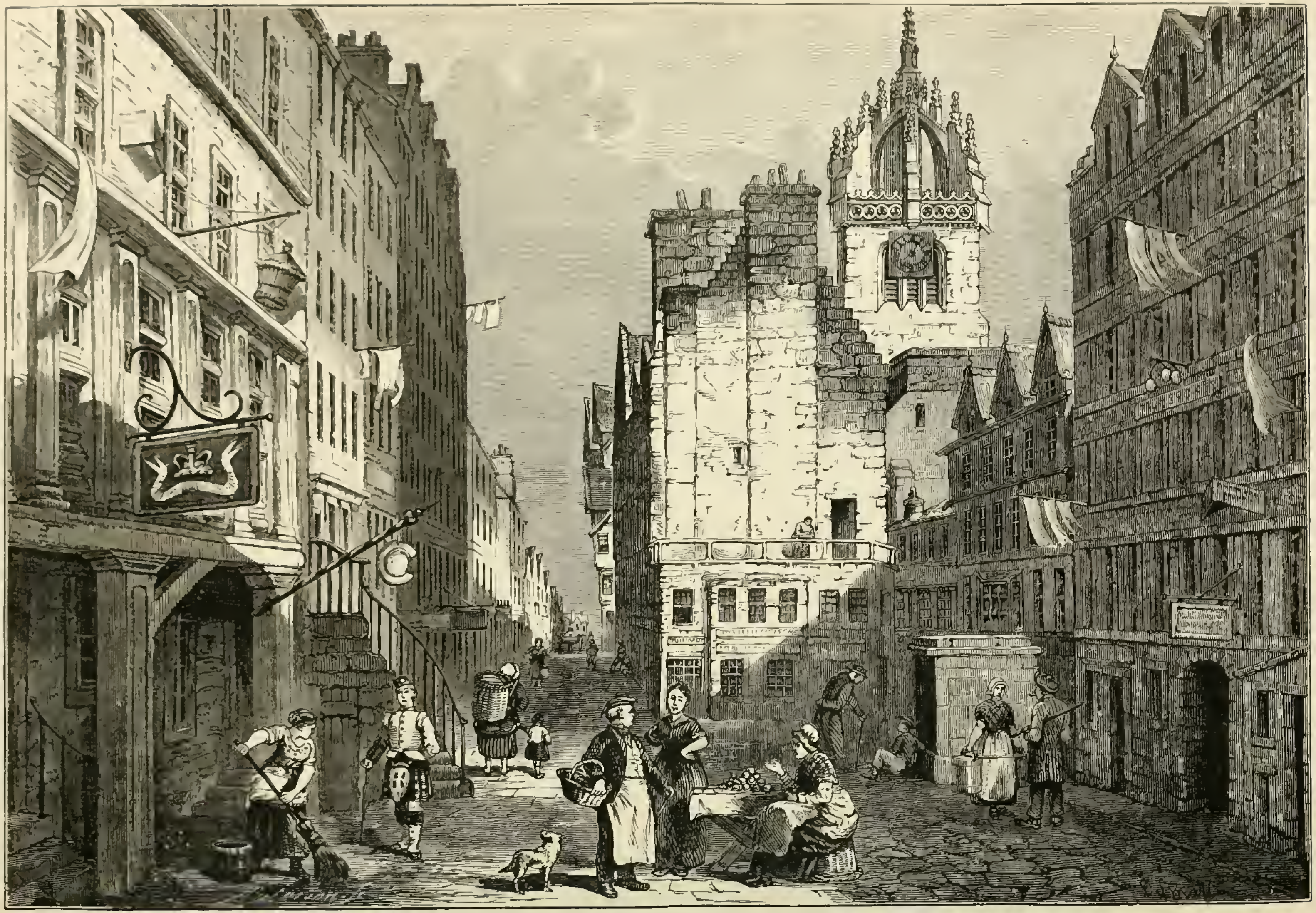
Scared and astounded, the porter wrenched open the trunk, when its luckless inmate was found cramped, doubled-up, and senseless. A crowd collected; the City Guard came promptly on the spot, and when the prisoner recovered from his swoon he was safe in his old quarters, which did not hold him long, however, as it would appear from the old folio of Douglas Peerage that he escaped in his sister's clothes. Yet as Lord Burleigh died in 1713, Douglas in this matter seems to confound him with his son, the Master.

Of all the thousands who must have been prisoners there, recorded and unrecorded, on every conceivable charge, the stories of none have created more excitement than those of Captain Porteous, of Katharine Nairne, and another prisoner named Hay; and singular to say, the names of none of them appear in the mutilated record just quoted. Porteous has been called the real hero of the Tolbooth. "The mob that thundered at its ancient portals on the eventful night of the 7th of September, 1736, and dashed through its blazing embers to drag forth the victim of their indignant revenge, has cast into shade all former acts of *Lynch Law*, for which the Edinburgh populace were once so notorious." But the real secret and mainspring of the whole tragedy was jealousy of the treatment of Scotland by the ministry in London.

The malt-tax, the dismissal of the Duke of Roxburgh from his office as Scottish Secretary of State, and the imposition of an intolerable taxation, the first result of the Union, and the endeavours of the revenue officers to repress smuggling, all embittered the blood of the people. The latter officials were either all Englishmen, "or Scotsmen, chosen, as was alleged, on account of their treachery to Scottish interests, and received but little support even from local authorities. If in their occasional collisions with smugglers they shed blood, they were at once prosecuted, and an outcry was raised that Englishmen should not be allowed to slaughter Scotsmen with impunity." At length these quarrels led to and culminated in the Porteous mob.

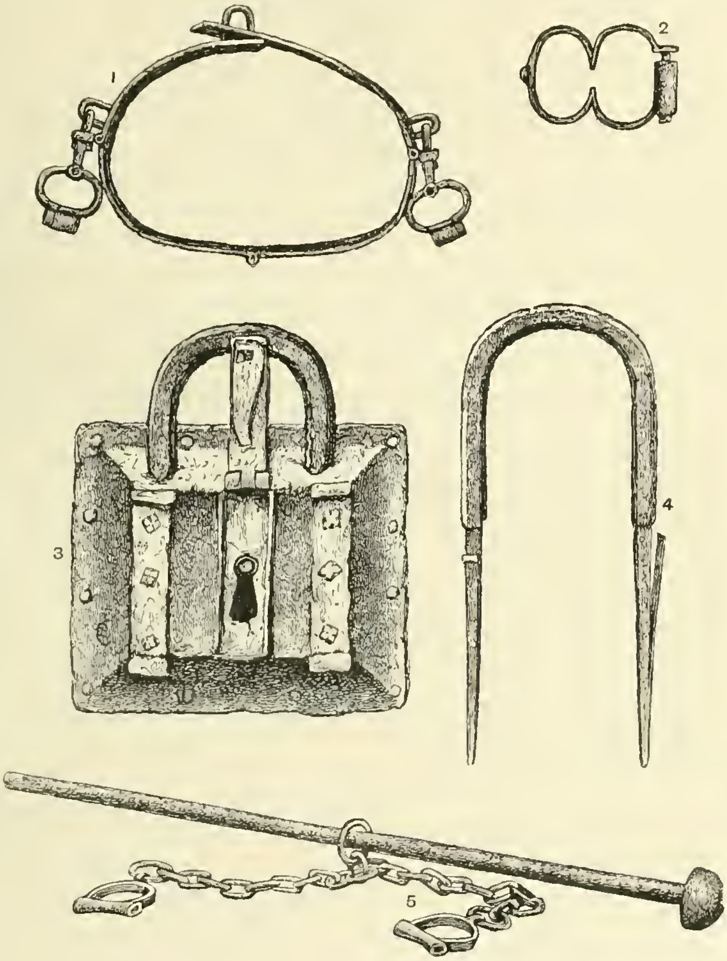
The seaport towns with which the coast of Fife is so thickly studded were at this time much infested by Scottish bands of daring smugglers, many of whom had been buccaneers in the Antilles and Gulf of Florida, and thus were constantly at war with the revenue officials. One of these contrabandistas, named Wilson, in revenge for various seizures and fines, determined to rob the collector of Customs at Pittenweem, and in this, with the aid of a lad named Robertson and two others, he fully succeeded. They were all apprehended, and tried;

INTERIOR OF THE SIGNET LIBRARY. (*From a View published in* 1829.)



THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN, Restored from Original Drawings, Models, etc. *(After the Print published in 1852 by Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston.)*

Wilson and Robertson were sentenced to death, without the slightest hope of a pardon. While the criminals were lying in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, by the aid of two horse-stealers, who were confined in a cell immediately above them, they succeeded in cutting the iron stanchels of a window, singing psalms the while to drown all sound. One of the horse-stealers succeeded in getting through the aperture, and the other might have escaped in the same way but for the obstinacy of Wilson, who insisted on making the next attempt. Being a bulky man he stuck fast between the bars, the gudeman of the Tolbooth was speedily made aware of the attempt, and took sure means to preclude a repetition of it. The character of Wilson the smuggler was not without some noble qualities, and he felt poignant regret for the selfish obstinacy by which he had prevented the escape of young Robertson; thus he formed the secret resolution of saving his comrade's life, at any risk of his own. On the Sunday before the execution, according to the custom of the period, the criminals were taken to that part of St. Giles's named the Tolbooth kirk, to hear the sermon preached for their especial benefit, but under custody of four soldiers of the City Guard, armed with their bayonets. On the dismissal of the congregation, Wilson, who was an active and powerful man, suddenly seized two of the soldiers, one with each hand, a third with his teeth, and calling to Robertson, "Run, Geordie, run!" saw, with satisfaction, the latter knock the fourth soldier down, and achieve an escape, which no one for a moment thought of marring.



RELICS FROM THE TOLBOOTH NOW IN THE SCOTTISH ANTIQUARIAN MUSEUM.
1, Girdle; 2, Fetter-lock; 3, Padlock; 4, Staple; 5, Iron Gaud.

The success of this daring achievement, though it doubly sealed his own fate, removed a load of remorse from the mind of Wilson, and excited so much sympathy in his behalf, that it was currently rumoured an attempt would be made to rescue him at the place of execution. When the day for that came—the 14th April, 1736—it was found that the magistrates had taken ample precautions to enforce the law. Around the scaffold was a strong body of the City Guard, while a detachment of the Welsh Fusiliers—which young Elliot of Stobs, the future Lord Heathfield, had just joined as a volunteer—was under arms in the principal street. Vast multitudes had assembled, but their behaviour was subdued and orderly until the terrible sentence had been executed, and the body of Wilson swung from the lofty gibbet in the Grassmarket. Then a yell of rage and execration burst from the people, who broke through all restraint, and assailed the City Guard with every missile they could find. The body of Andrew Wilson was cut down, and an attempt made to carry it off. It was interred at Pathhead, the burial register of which records that "The corpse of Andrew Wilson, baker, son to Andrew Wilson, baker and inn-dweller in Dunnikier (*Qui mortuit Gallifocio Edinburgam*), was interred on the 5th April, 1736." An old denizen of Pathhead declared that he saw Wilson's grave opened, and could not but remark upon the size and texture of his bones.

The magistrates fled for shelter to a house in the Grassmarket, and the mob carried all before it. Captain Porteous, the commander of the Guard, was an active officer, who had seen some service with the Scots Brigade in Holland; but he was a harsh, proud man, of profligate character, who, it has been alleged, rendered himself odious to the people by the severity with which he punished the excesses of the poor, compared with his leniency to the wealthy. His fierce pride was roused to boiling heat. He had resented the escape of Robertson as an imputation upon the City Guard; and also resented, as an insult, the presence of the Welsh Fusiliers in the city, where no drums were permitted to be beaten save his own and those of the 25th or Edinburgh Regiment, and he was therefore well inclined to vent his wrath on Wilson, as the cause of all these affronts. It would seem that on the morning of the execution, he appeared, by those who saw him, to be possessed by an evil spirit. It is alleged that he treated Wilson with brutal severity before leaving the prison; and when the riot began, after the execution, and the City Guard was slowly returning up the steep West Bow, and facing about from time to time under showers of missiles, which broke some bones and dashed the drums to pieces, it is said that he not only ordered his soldiers to "level their pieces and be d——d!" but snatched a musket from one and shot a ringleader dead (Charles Husband, the man who cut down Wilson); then a ragged volley followed, and six or seven more fell killed or wounded.

An Edinburgh crowd never has been easily intimidated; the blood of the people was fairly up now, and they closed in upon the soldiers with louder imprecations and heavier volleys of stones. A second time the Guard faced about and fired, filling the steep narrow street with smoke, and producing the most fatal results; and as all who were killed or wounded belonged to the better class of citizens—some of whom were viewing the tumult from their own windows—public indignation became irrepressible. Captain John Porteous was therefore brought to trial for murder, and sentenced to die in the usual manner on the 8th of September, 1736. His defence was that his men fired without orders; that his own fusil when shown to the magistrates was clean; and that the fact of their issuing ball ammunition amounted "to no less than an order to fire when it became necessary."

George II. was then on the Continent, and Queen Caroline, who acted as regent of a country of which she knew not even the language, took a more favourable view of the affair of Porteous than the Edinburgh mob had done, and from the Home Office a six weeks' reprieve, preparatory to granting a full pardon, was sent down. "The tidings that a reprieve had been obtained by Porteous created great indignation among the citizens of the capital; they regarded the royal intervention in his behalf as a proof that the unjust English Government were disposed to treat the slaughter of Scotsmen by a military officer as a very venial offence, and a resolution was formed that Porteous should not escape the punishment which his crime deserved."

On the night of the 7th September, according to a carefully-arranged plan, a small party of citizens, apparently of the lower class, preceded by a drum, appeared in the suburb called Portsburgh. At the sound of the drum the fast-swelling mob assembled from all quarters; the West Port was seized, nailed, and barricaded. Marching rapidly along the Cowgate, with numbers increasing at every step, and all more or less well-armed, they poured into the High Street, and seized the Nether Bow Port, to cut off all communication with the Welsh Fusiliers, then quartered in the Canongate. While a strong band held this important post, the City Guardsmen were seized and disarmed in detail; their armoury was captured, and all their muskets, bayonets, halberts, and Lochaber axes, distributed to the crowd, which with cheers of triumph now assailed the Tolbooth, while strong bands held the street to the eastward and westward, to frighten all who might come either from the Castle or Canongate. Thus no one would dare convey a written order to the officers commanding in these quarters from the magistrates, and Colonel Moyle, of the 23rd, very properly declined to move upon the verbal message of Mr. Lindsay, M.P. for the city.

Meanwhile the din of sledge-hammers, bars, and axes, resounded on the ponderous outer gate of the Tolbooth. Its vast strength defied all efforts, till a voice cried, "Try it with fire!" Tar-barrels and other combustibles were brought; the red flames shot upward, and the gate was gradually reduced to cinders, and through these and smoke the mob rushed in with shouts of triumph. The keys of the cells were torn from the trembling warder. The apartment in which Porteous was confined was searched in vain, as it seemed at first, till the unhappy creature was found to have crept up the chimney. This he had done at the risk of suffocation, but his upward progress was stopped by an iron grating, which is often placed across the vents of such edifices for the sake of security, and to this he clung by his fingers, with a tenacity bordering on despair, and the fear of a dreadful death—a death in what form and at whose hands he knew not. He was dragged down, and though some proposed to slay him on the spot, was told by others to prepare for that death elsewhere which justice had awarded him; but amid all their fury, the rioters conducted themselves generally with grim and mature deliberation. Porteous was allowed to entrust his money and papers with a person who was in prison for debt, and one of the rioters kindly and humanely offered him the last consolation religion can afford. The dreadful procession, seen by thousands of eyes from the crowded windows, was then begun, and amid the gleam of links and torches, that tipped with fire the blades of hundreds of weapons, the crowd poured down the West Bow to the Grassmarket. So coolly and deliberately did they proceed, that when one of Porteous' slippers dropped from his foot, as he was borne sobbing and praying along, they halted, and replaced it. In the Bow the shop of a dealer in cordage (over whose door there hung a grotesque figure, still preserved) was broken open, a rope taken therefrom, and a guinea left in its stead. On reaching the place of execution, still marked by an arrangement of the stones, they were at a loss for a gibbet, till they discovered a dyer's pole in its immediate vicinity. They tied the rope round the neck of their victim, and slinging it over the cross-beam, swung him up, and speedily put an end to his sufferings and his life; then the roar of voices that swept over the vast place and re-echoed up the Castle rocks, announced that all was over! But ere this was achieved Porteous had been twice let down and strung up again, while many struck him with their Lochaber axes, and tried to cut off his ears.

Among those who witnessed this scene, and never forgot it, was the learned Lord Monboddo, who had that morning come for the first time to Edinburgh. "When about retiring to rest (according to 'Kay's Portraits') his curiosity was excited by the noise and tumult in the streets, and in place of going to bed, he slipped to the door, half-dressed, with a night-cap on his head. He speedily got entangled in the crowd of passers-by, and was hurried along with them to the Grassmarket, where he became an involuntary witness of the last act of the tragedy. This scene made so deep an impression on his lordship, that it not only deprived him of sleep for the remainder of the night, but induced him to think of leaving the city altogether, as a place unfit for a civilised being to live in. His lordship frequently related this incident in after life, and on these occasions described with much force the effect it had upon him." Lord Monboddo died in 1799.

As soon as the rioters had satiated their vengeance, they tossed away their weapons, and quietly dispersed; and when the morning of the 8th September stole in nothing remained of the event but the fire-blackened cinders of the Tolbooth door, the muskets and Lochaber axes scattered in the streets, and the dead body of Porteous swinging in the breeze from the dyer's pole. According to the *Caledonian Mercury* of 9th September, 1736, the body of Porteous was interred on the second day in the Greyfriars. The Government was exasperated, and resolved to inflict summary vengeance on the city. Alexander Wilson, the Lord Provost, was arrested, but admitted to bail after three weeks' incarceration. A Bill was introduced into Parliament materially affecting the city, but the clauses for the further imprisonment of the innocent Provost, abolishing the City Guard, and dismantling the gates, were left out when amended by the Commons, and in place of these a small fine of £2,000 in favour of Captain Porteous' widow was imposed upon Edinburgh. Thus terminated this extraordinary conspiracy, which to this day remains a mystery. Large rewards were offered in vain for the ringleaders, many of whom had been disguised as females. One of them is said to have been the Earl of Haddington, clad in his cook-maid's dress. The Act of Parliament enjoined the proclamation for the discovery of the rioters should be read from the parish pulpits on Sunday, but many clergymen refused to do so, and there was no power to compel them; and the people remembered with much bitterness that a certain Captain Lind, of the Town Guard, who had given evidence in Edinburgh tending to incriminate the magistrates, was rewarded by a commission in Lord Tyrawley's South British Fusiliers, now 7th Foot.

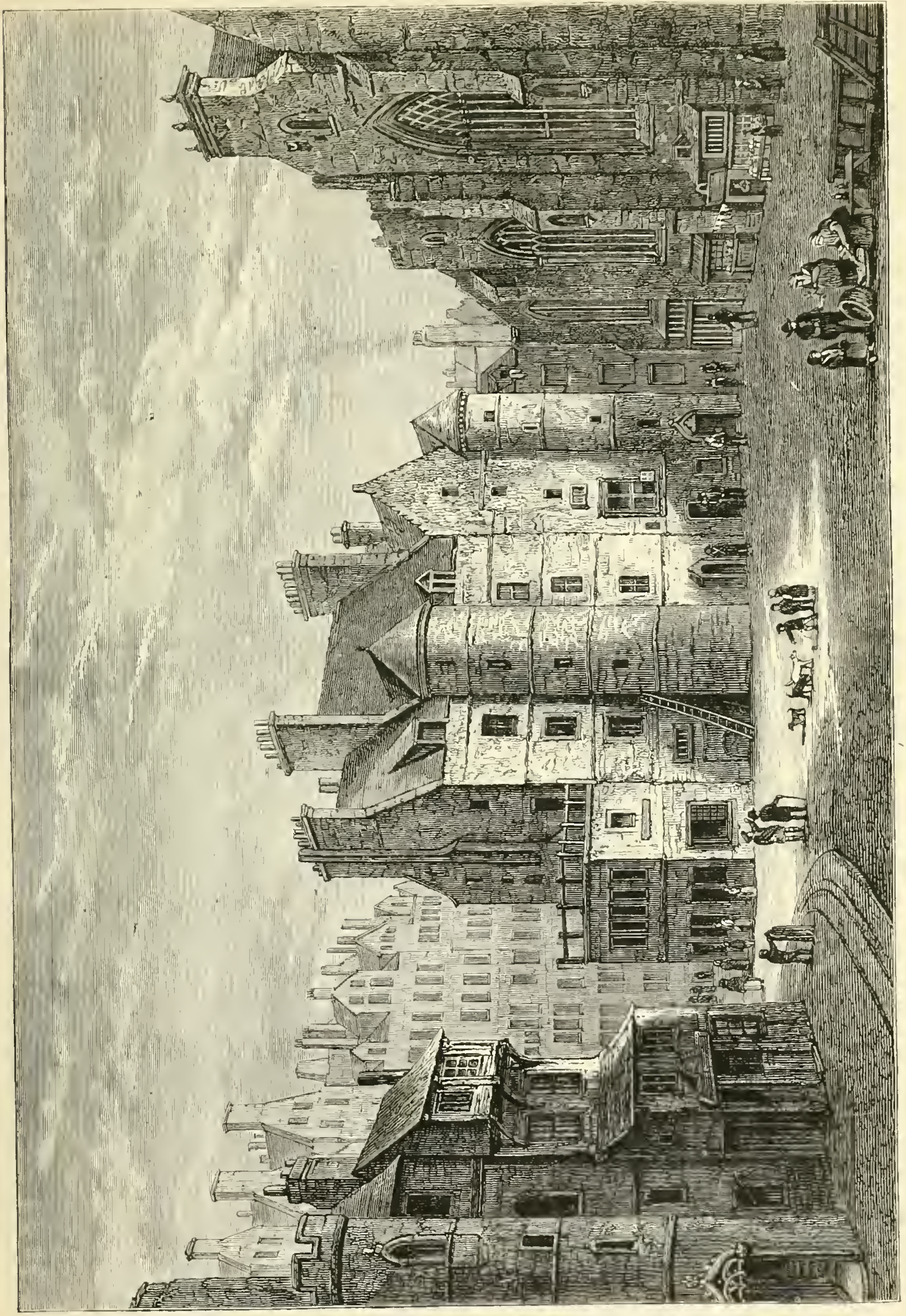
The next prisoner in the Tolbooth who created an intensity of interest in the minds of contemporaries was Katharine Nairn, the young and beautiful daughter of Sir Robert Nairn, Bart., a lady allied by blood and marriage to many families of the best position. Her crime was a double one—that of poisoning her husband, Ogilvie of Eastmilne, and of having an intrigue with his youngest brother Patrick, a lieutenant of the Old Gordon Highlanders, disbanded, as we elsewhere stated, in 1765. The victim, to whom she had been married in her nineteenth year, was a man of property, but far advanced in life. and her marriage appears to have been one of those unequal matches by which the happiness of a girl is sacrificed to worldly policy. On her arrival at Leith in an open boat in 1766, her whole bearing betrayed so much levity, and was so different from what was expected by a somewhat pitying crowd, that a storm of just indignation was roused, and she was with some difficulty rescued from rough treatment by the authorities; but in her case, as in some others, the strong walls of the old Tolbooth proved incapable of retaining a culprit of courage and high position. The final passing of the fatal sentence had been delayed by the Lords on account of the lady's pregnancy. Mrs. Shields, the midwife who attended her accouchement (and who was a public practitioner in the city so lately as 1805), "had the address to achieve a jail delivery also." For three or four days previous to the concerted escape she pretended to be afflicted with a maddening toothache, and went in and out of the Tolbooth with her head and face muffled in shawls and flannels, and groaning as if life were a burden to her. At length, when the warders and sentinels had become fully used to see her thus, Katharine Nairn came down one evening in her stead, with her head enveloped, with the usual groans, and holding her hands upon her face, as if in agony. The warder of the inner door, as she passed out, gave her a slap on the back, calling her a "howling old Jezebel," and adding a "hope that she would trouble him no more."

LORD MONBODDO. (*After Kay.*)

In her confusion, and perhaps ignorance of the city, she knocked at the door of Lord Alva, in James's Court, mistaking his house for that of her father's agent. The footboy who opened the door had a candle in his hand, and having been in court during the time of her recent trial, immediately recognised her, and raised the hue and cry. She then fled down a neighbouring close, and achieved concealment for a time in the immediate vicinity of the Tolbooth, in a cellar about half-way down the old back stairs of the Parliament Close belonging to the house of her uncle, W. Nairn, advocate (afterwards Lord Dunsinane), from whence she was conducted to Dover in a post-chaise by one of that gentleman's clerks, who was kept in constant dread of discovery by the extreme frivolity of her conduct. From Dover, disguised in the uniform of an officer, she safely reached the Continent, and afterwards America, where she is said to have married again, and died at an advanced age, with the faces of a numerous progeny around her bed.

In the Tolbooth, in 1770, Mungo Campbell committed suicide when under sentence of death for shooting the Earl of Eglinton. But his body was dragged through the streets by the mob, who threw it from the summit of Salisbury Craigs into the chasm known as the Cat Nick.

In 1782 the Tolbooth was visited by the philanthropist John Howard, and again, five years subsequently, when he expressed his horror of it, and hoped to have found a better one in its place; and in 1783 there occurred one of the last remarkable escapes therefrom. James Hay, a lad of eighteen, son of a stabler in the Grassmarket, was a prisoner in November, under sentence of death for robbery, and a few days before that appointed for his execution, the father visited the condemned cell, apparently to condole with his unhappy son. When night was closing in and visitors were compelled to retire, old Hay invited the keeper of the inner door to partake of some liquor he had brought with him. He did so, and became rather tipsy about the time for finally locking the gates—ten o'clock. Hay expressed some regret to part just at a moment when they were beginning to enjoy their liquor, and proposed that his companion should run out and procure a bottle of good rum from a neighbouring tavern. The turnkey consented, and staggered down the turnpike stair, neglecting to lock the inner door behind him. As had been concerted, young James Hay followed close behind him; but the outer warder closed the outer door when the panting prisoner was about to spring into the street! At that dread moment old Hay put his head to the great window of the hall, and gave the authoritative order then in use, "Turn your hand!" the usual drawling cry which hourly brought the outer warder to unlock the external gate. Mechanically the man obeyed; the young culprit sprang out, and while his father and the turnkey were jovially discussing the rum, he fled like a hunted hare down Beith's steep wynd, that lay opposite the Tolbooth, and, according to a preconcerted plan, scaled the walls of the Greyfriars churchyard near the lower gate, a feat impossible to one less agile; but so well had every stage of the business been arranged, that a large stone had



THE TOLBOOTH. (*After the Painting by A. Nasmyth.*)

been thrown down to facilitate the act. James Hay had been provided with a key that opened the long-unused gate of the gloomy-domed mausoleum of Sir George Mackenzie, a place still full of terror to boys, as it is supposed to be haunted by the blood-red spirit of the persecutor, and there he secreted himself, while the following advertisement appeared in the *Edinburgh Advertiser* of the 24th November, 1783:—

> "Escaped from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh,
>
> "James Hay, indicted for highway robbery, aged about 18 years, by trade a glazier, 5 feet 10 inches high, slender made, pale complexion, long visage, brown hair cut short, pitted a little in the face with the small-pox, speaks slow with a *haar* in his tone, and has a mole on one of his cheeks. The magistrates offer a reward of *Twenty Guineas* to any person who will apprehend and secure the said James Hay, to be paid by the City Chamberlain, on the said James Hay being re-committed to the Tolbooth of this city."

But James Hay had been a "Herioter," brought up in the famous hospital which adjoins the ancient and gloomy burying-ground; thus, he contrived to make known his circumstances to some of his boyish friends, and besought them to assist him in his distress, as it was impossible for his father to do so. A very clannish spirit animated "the Auld Herioters" of those days, and not to succour one of the community, however undeserving he might be of aid, would have been deemed by them as a crime of the foulest nature; thus, Hay's schoolfellows supplied his wants from their own meals, conveying him food in his eerie lurking-place, by scaling the old smoke-blackened and ivied walls, at the risk of severe punishment, and of seeing sights "uncanny," for six weeks, till the hue and cry abated, when he ventured to leave the tomb in the night, and escaped abroad or to England, beyond reach of the law.

"The principal entrance to the Tolbooth," to quote one familiar with the old edifice, "was at the bottom of the turret next the church. The gateway was of good carved stonework, and occupied by a door of ponderous massiveness and strength, having, besides the lock, a flap padlock, which, however, was generally kept unlocked during the day. In front of the door there always paraded a private of the Town Guard, with his rusty-red clothes and Lochaber axe or musket. The door adjacent to the principal gateway was in the final days of the Tolbooth 'Michael Kettins' shoe-shop;' but had formerly been a thief's hole. After further describing the tortuous access, the writer continues: "You then entered *the hall*, which being free to all prisoners save those in the east end, was usually filled with a crowd of shabby-looking but very merry loungers. A small rail here served as an additional security, no prisoner being permitted to come within its pale. Here, also, a sentinel of the Town Guard was always walking with a bayonet or a ramrod in his hand. The hall being also the chapel of the gaol, contained an old pulpit of singular fashion—such a pulpit as one could have imagined Knox to have preached from, and which indeed he is traditionally said to have actually done. At the right hand side of the pulpit was a door, leading up the large turnpike (stair) to the apartments occupied by the criminals, one of which was of plate-iron. The door was always shut, except when food was taken up to the prisoners. On the west end of the hall hung a board, whereon was inscribed the following emphatic lines:—

'A prison is a house of care,
 A place where none can thrive;
A touchstone true to try a friend,
 A grave for men alive.

Sometimes a place of right,
 Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place for jades and thieves,
 And honest men among.'

The floor immediately above the hall was occupied by one room for felons, having a bar along part of the floor, to which condemned criminals were chained, and a square box of plate-iron in the centre was called 'the cage' which was said to have been constructed for the purpose of confining some extraordinary culprit who had broken half the jails in the kingdom. Above this room was another of the same size appropriated to felons." At the western end was the platform where public executions took place.

Doomed to destruction, this gloomy and massive edifice, of many stirring memories, was swept away in 1817, and the materials of it were used for the construction of the great sewers and drains in the vicinity of Fettes Row, emphatically styled "the grave of the old Tolbooth." The arched doorway, door, and massive lock, Sir Walter Scott engrafted on a part of his mansion at Abbotsford; and in 1829 he found that "a tom-tit was pleased to build her nest within the lock of the Tolbooth—a strong temptation," he adds, in the edition of his works issued in the following year, "to have committed a sonnet."

The City Guard-house formed long a "pendicle"—to use a Scottish term—of the old Tolbooth. Scott has described this edifice as "a long, low, ugly building, which, to a fanciful imagination, might have suggested the idea of a long black snail crawling up the middle of the High Street, and deforming its beautiful esplanade." It stood in front of the Black Turnpike, and during the impartial rule of the Cromwellian period, formed the scene of many an act of stern discipline, when drunkards were compelled to ride the wooden horse, with muskets tied to their feet, and "a drinking cup," as Nicoll names it, on their head. "The chronicles of this place of petty durance, could they now be recovered, would furnish many an amusing scrap of antiquated scandal, interspersed at rare intervals with the graver deeds of such disciplinarians as the Protector, or the famous sack of the Porteous mob. There such fair offenders as the witty and eccentric Miss Mackenzie, daughter of Lord Royston, found at times a night's lodging, when she and her maid sallied out as *preux chevaliers* in search of adventures. Occasionally even a grave judge or learned lawyer, surprised out of his official decorum by the temptation of a jovial club, was astonished, on awaking, to find himself within its impartial walls, among such strange bedfellows as the chances of the night had offered to its vigilant guardians." A slated building of one storey in height, it consisted of four apartments. In the western end was the captain's room; there was also a "Burghers' room," for special prisoners; in the centre was a common hall; and at the east end was an apartment devoted to the use of the Tron-men, or city sweeps. Under the captain's room was the black-hole, in which coals and refractory prisoners were kept. In 1785 this unsightly edifice was razed to the ground, and the soldiers of the Guard, after occupying the new Assembly Rooms, had their head-quarters finally assigned them on the ground floor of the old Tolbooth.

It is impossible to quit our memorials of the latter without a special reference to the famous old City Guard, with which it was inseparably connected.

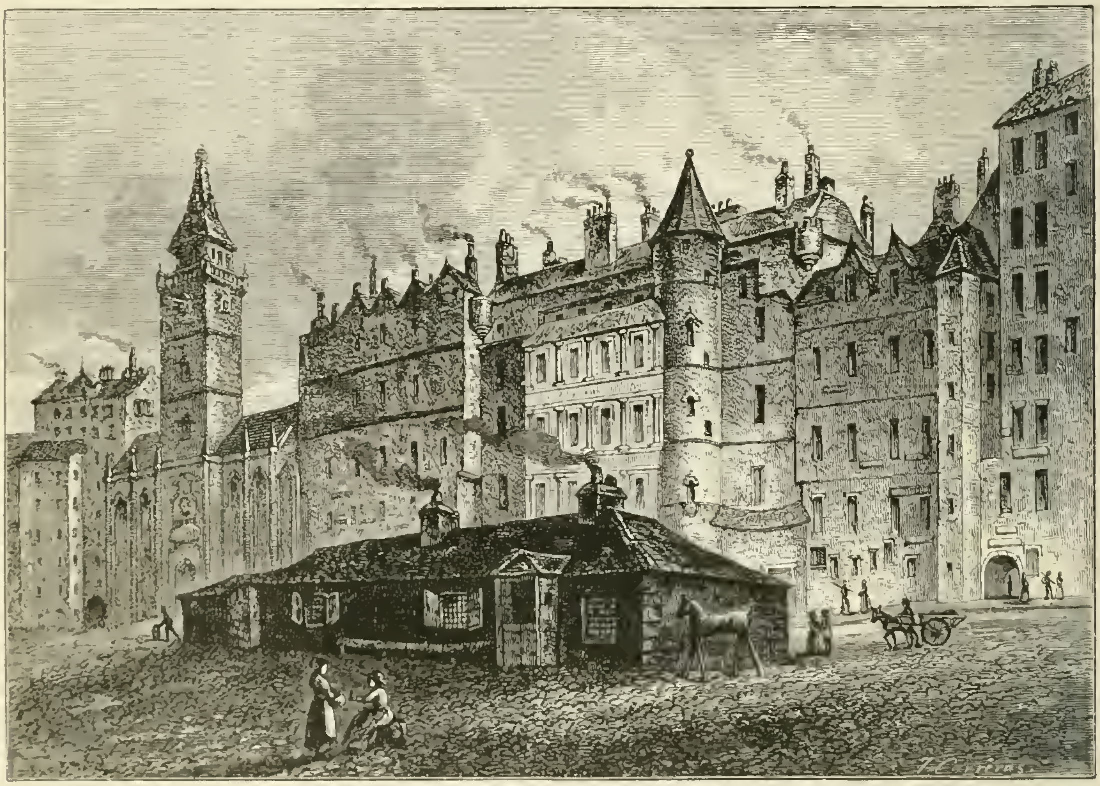
In the alarm caused by the defeat at Flodden, all male inhabitants of the city were required to be in arms and readiness, while twenty-four men were selected as a permanent or standing watch, and in them originated the City Guard, which, however, was not completely constituted until 1648, when the Town Council appointed a body of sixty men to be raised, whereof the captain was, says Arnot, "to have the monthly pay of £11 2s. 3d. sterling, two lieutenants of £2 each, two sergeants of £1 5s., three corporals of £1, and the private men 15s. each per month."

No regular fund being provided to defray this expense, after a time the old method of "watching and warding," every fourth citizen to be on duty in arms each night, was resumed; but those, he adds, on whom this service was incumbent, became so relaxed in discipline, that the Privy Council informed the magistrates that if they did not provide an efficient guard to preserve order in the city, the regular troops of the Scottish army would be quartered in it.

Upon this threat forty armed men were raised as a guard in 1679, and in consequence of an event which occurred in 1682, this number was increased to 108 men. The event referred to was a riot, caused by an attempt to carry off a number of lads who had been placed in the Tolbooth for trivial offences, to serve the Prince of Orange as soldiers. As they were being marched to Leith, under escort, a crowd led by women attacked the latter. By order of Major Keith, commanding, the soldiers fired upon the people; seven men and two women were shot, and twenty-two fell wounded. One of the women being with child, it was cut from her and baptised in the street. The excitement of this affair caused the augmentation of the guard, for whose maintenance a regular tax was levied, while Patrick Grahame, a younger son of Inchbraikie—the same officer whom Macaulay so persistently confounds with Claverhouse—was appointed captain, with the concurrence of the Duke of York and Albany. Their pay was 6d. daily, the drummers' 1s., and the sergeants' 1s. 6d. In 1685 Patrick Grahame, "captain of His Majesty's company of Foot, within the town of Edinburgh (the City Guard), was empowered to import 300 ells of English cloth of a scarlet colour, with wrappings and other necessaries, for the clothing of the corps, this being in regard that the manufactories are not able to furnish His Majesty's (Scottish) forces with cloth and other necessaries."

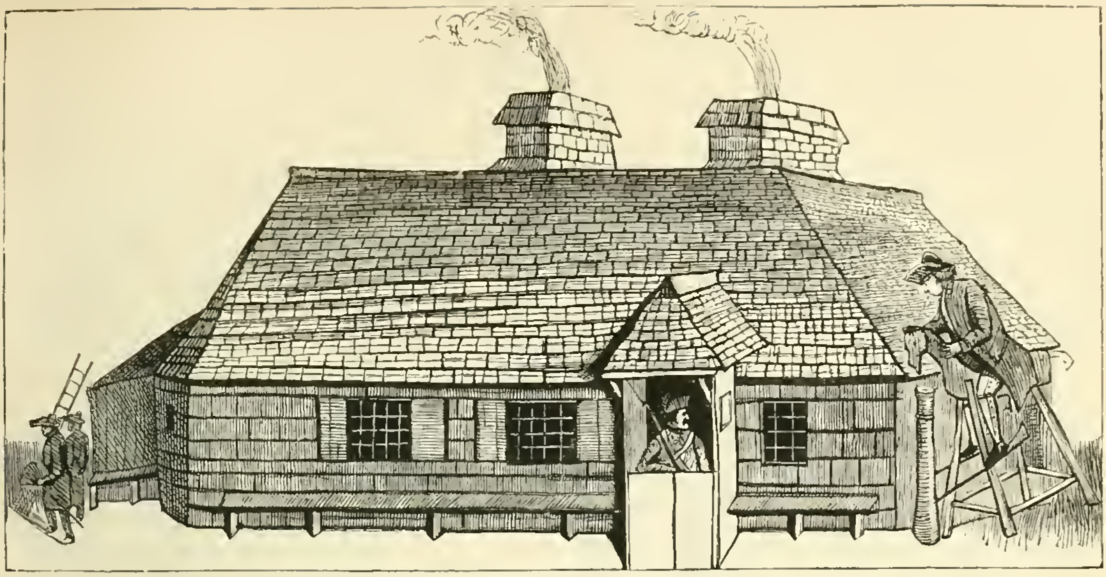
After the time of the Revolution the number of the corps was very fluctuating, and for a period, after 1750, it consisted usually of only seventy-five men, a force most unequal to the duty to be done. "The Lord Provost is commander of this useful corps," wrote Arnot, in 1779. "The men are properly disciplined, and fire remarkably well. Within these two years some disorderly soldiers in one of the marching regiments, having conceived an umbrage at the Town Guard, attacked them. They were double in number to the party of the Town Guard, who, in the scuffle, severely wounded some of their assailants, and made the whole prisoners." By day they were armed with muskets and bayonets; at night with Lochaber axes. They were mostly Highlanders, all old soldiers, many of whom had served in the Scots brigades in Holland. In the city they took precedence of all troops of the line. At a monthly inspection of the corps in 1789 the Lord Provost found a soldier in the ranks who had served since the Porteous mob, in 1736, on which he was discharged, with a pension for life. (*Edinburgh Advertiser*, No. 2619.)

"On Tuesday (19th of May, 1789) the three companies of the City Guard were reviewed by the magistrates on the Calton Hill. The men now composing this corps have all been in the army (except a few), and the captains having all served in the line last war, a remarkable improvement and dexterity were observed in their manœuvres and exactness of firing. The magistrates complimented the commanding officer, and gave a handsome donation to the men for their behaviour. The magistrates have ordered the night sentinels to be furnished with rattles, similar to those of the watchmen in London, in case of fire or riot, for the purpose of early assistance from the main guard." (*Ibid.*, 1789.) All the officers wore bullion epaulettes and gilded gorgets.



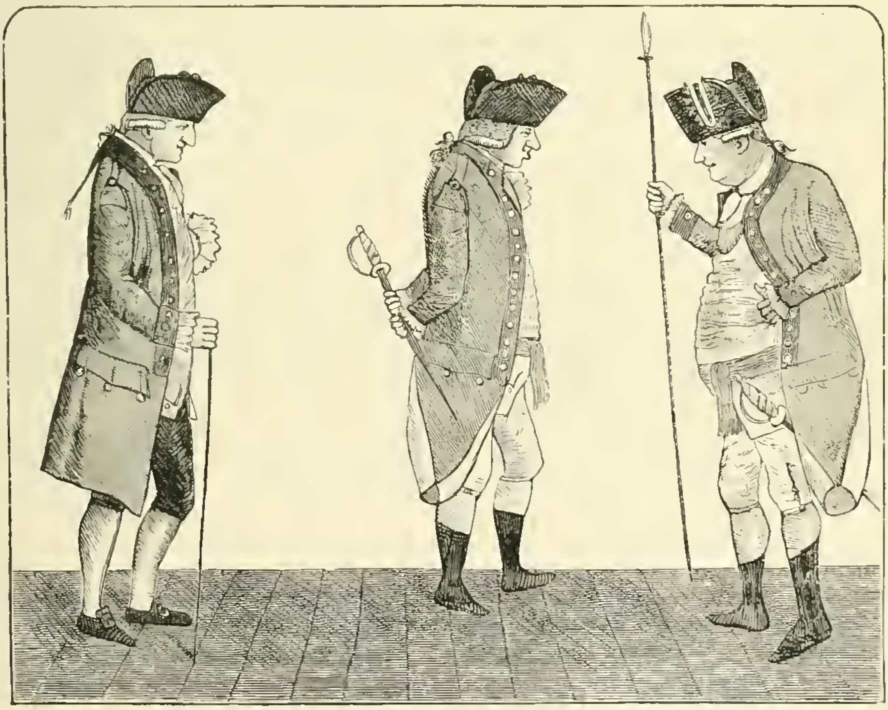
THE GUARD-HOUSE AND BLACK TURNPIKE. (*From an Etching by James Skene of Rubislaw.*)

"The guard! the guard!" was the common street cry for succour. "A humble Highlander considered it as getting a berth when he was enlisted into the Edinburgh Guard. Of this feeling," says Chambers, "we have a remarkable illustration in an anecdote which I was told regarding the Highland bard Duncan Macintyre, usually called *Donacha Bhan.* This man, really an exquisite poet to those understanding his language, became the object of interest to many educated persons in Perthshire, his native county. The Earl of Breadalbane sent to let him know that he wished to befriend him, and was anxious to procure him some situation that might put him comparatively at his ease. Poor Duncan returned his thanks, and asked his lordship to get him into the Edinburgh Town Guard—pay 6d. a day!" Donacha Bhan died in 1812, in the 89th year of his age, and was laid in the Greyfriars' churchyard. When the old Guard paraded in the Parliament Close, on the day after the battle of Falkirk, more than one musket in the ranks was found to be foul, a significant sign that they had been used against the red-coats the day before. Writing, in 1817, of these veterans, Scott says, "A spectre may, indeed, here and there be seen of an old grey-headed and grey-bearded Highlander, with war-worn features, but bent double by age, dressed in an old-fashioned cocked hat, bound with white tape instead of silver lace, and in coat, waistcoat, and breeches of muddy coloured red, bearing in his withered hand an ancient



THE CITY GUARD-HOUSE. (*After Kay.*)

weapon called a Lochaber axe. Such a phantom of former days still creeps, I have been informed, round the statue of Charles II. in the Parliament Square, as if the image of a Stuart were the last refuge for any memorial of our ancient manners."



THREE CAPTAINS OF THE CITY GUARD. (*After Kay.*)
George Pitcairn, died 1791; George Robertson, died 1787; Robert Pillans, died 1788.

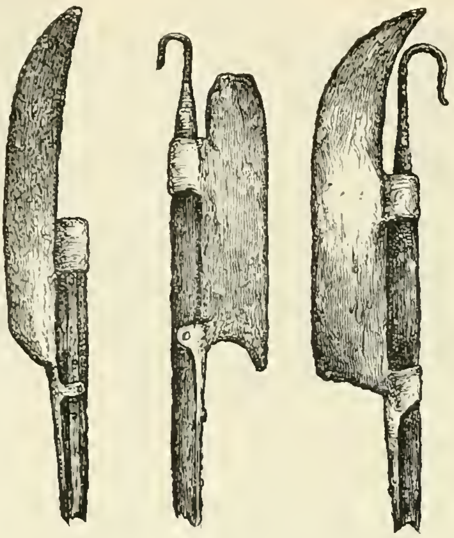
In that year the Guard was finally disbanded, and the modern police took its place. The last duty performed by these old soldiers was to march to Hallow Fair, on which occasion their drums and fifes played slowly and sadly—

> "The *last* time I cam' o'er the muir."

Scott mentions this, but he little knew that two survivors of the corps would make their last actual appearance in public at the laying of the foundation of his monument, on the 15th of August, 1846.

The last captain of the Guard was James Burnet, whose only military experience had been gained in the 1st Regiment of Edinburgh Volunteers, and previous to appointment he had been a grocer at the head of the Flesh-market Close. He died at Seton, on the 24th of August, 1814.

One other memorial of the Tolbooth was that quarter of it which was named "The Puir Folks' Purses," on the north side. It derived its cognomen from being the place where the ancient fraternity of *Blue Gowns*, or King's Faithful Bedesmen, received the royal bounty presented to them on each king's birthday, in a leathern purse, after having attended service in St. Giles's church. The origin of this fraternity is of great antiquity. Bedesmen to pray for the souls of the Scottish kings, their ancestors and successors, were attached to most royal foundations, and they are mentioned in the chartulary of Moray, about 1226. The number of these Bedesmen was increased by one every royal birthday, as a penny was added to the pension of each, an arrangement doubtless devised to stimulate their prayers for the life of the reigning monarch. For many years previous to the destruction of the Tolbooth the distribution of a roll of bread, a tankard of ale, a blue gown, and a curiously-made leathern purse, was transferred to the Canongate kirk aisle. With the usual parsimony of the Imperial Government in most matters connected with Scotland—matters of more import than this—the badges, gowns, and pensions, have all been discontinued, and the poor Bedesmen are now among the things that were, while a precisely similar charity is retained to this day at Windsor.


LOCHABER AXES OF THE CITY GUARD.
(*From the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.*)

CHAPTER XV.

THE CHURCH OF ST. GILES.

St. Giles's Church—The Patron Saint—Its Origin and early Norman style—The Renovation of 1829—History of the Structure—Procession of the Saint's Relics—The Preston Relic—The Chapel of the Duke of Albany—Funeral of the Regent Murray—The "Gude Regent's Aisle"—The Assembly Aisle—Dispute between James VI. and the Church Party—Departure of James VI.—Haddo's Hole—The Napier Tomb—The Spire and Lantern—Clock and Bells—The Krames—Restoration of 1878.

THE church of St. Giles, or Sanctus Egidius, as he is termed in Latin, was the first parochial one erected in the city, and its history can be satisfactorily deduced from the early part of the 12th century, when it superseded, or was engrafted on an edifice of much smaller size and older date, one founded about 100 years after the death of its patron saint, the abbot and confessor St. Giles, who was born in Athens, of noble—some say royal—parentage, and who, while young, sold his patrimony and left his native country, to the end that he might serve God in retirement. In the year 666 he arrived at Provence, in the south of France, and chose a retreat near Arles; but afterwards, desiring more perfect solitude, he withdrew into a forest near Gardo, in the diocese of Nismes, having with him only one companion, Veredemus, who lived with him on the fruits of the earth and the milk of a hind. As Flavius Wamba, King of the Goths, was one day hunting in the neighbourhood of Nismes, his hounds pursued her to the hermitage of the saint, where she took refuge. This hind has been ever associated with St. Giles, and its figure is to this day the sinister supporter of the city arms. ("Caledonia," ii., p. 773.) St. Giles died in 721, on the 1st of September, which was always held as his festival in Edinburgh; and to some disciple of the Benedictine establishment in the south of France we doubtless owe the dedication of the parish church there. He owes his memory in the English capital to Matilda of Scotland, queen of Henry I., who founded there St. Giles's hospital for lepers in 1117. Hence, the large parish which now lies in the heart of London took its name from the Greek recluse; and the master and brethren of that hospital used to present a bowl of ale to every felon as he passed their gate to Newgate.

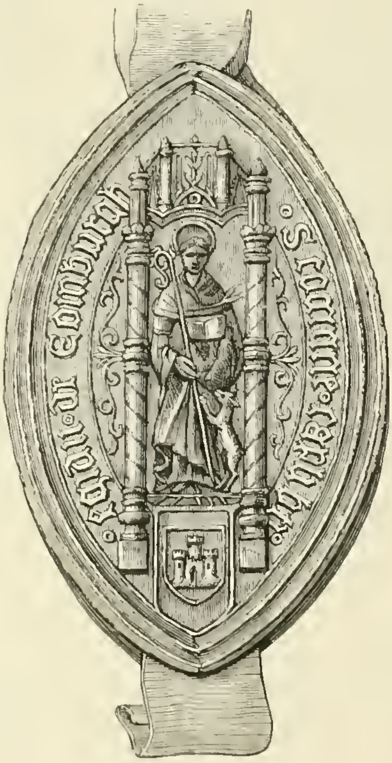
Among the places enumerated by Simon Dunelmensis, of Durham, as belonging to the see of Lindisfarn in 854, when Earnulph, who removed it to Chester-le-Street, was bishop, he includes that of Edinburgh. From this it must be distinctly inferred that a church of some kind existed on the long slope that led to Dun Edin, but no authentic record of it occurs till the reign of King Alexander II., when Baldred deacon of Lothian, and John perpetual vicar of the church of St. Giles at Edinburgh, attached their seals to copies of certain Papal bulls and charters of the church of Megginche, a dependency of the church of Holyrood; and (according to the *Liber Cartarum Sanctae Crucis*) on the Sunday before the feast of St. Thomas, in the year 1293, Donoca, daughter of John, son of Herveus, resigned certain lands to the monastery of Holyrood, in full consistory, held in the church of St. Giles. In an Act passed in 1319, in the reign of Robert I., the church is again mentioned, when William the bishop of St. Andrews confirmed numerous gifts bestowed upon the abbey and its dependencies. In 1359 King David II., by a charter under his great seal, confirmed to the chaplain officiating at the altar of St. Catharine in the church of St. Giles all the lands of Upper Merchiston, the gift of Roger Hog, burgess of Edinburgh. It is more than probable that the first church on the site was of wood. St. Paul's Cathedral, at London, was burned down in 961, and built up again within the year. Of what must the materials have been? asks Maitland. Burned again in 1187, it was rebuilt on arches of stone—"a wonderful work," say the authors of the day.

A portion of the church of St. Giles was arched with stone in 1380, as would appear from a contract noted by Maitland, who has also preserved the terms of another contract, made in 1387, between the provost and community of Edinburgh on one hand, and two masons on the other, for the construction of five separate vaulted chapels along the south side of the church, the architectural features of which prove its existence at a period long before any of these dates, and when Edinburgh was merely a cluster of thatched huts.

The edifice, as it now stands, is a building including the work of many different and remote periods. By all men of taste and letters in Edinburgh it has been a general subject of regret that the restoration in 1829 was conducted in a manner so barbarous and irreverent, that many of its ancient features and its ancient tombs were swept away. The first stone church was probably of Norman architecture. A beautiful Norman doorway, which stood below the third window from the west, was wantonly destroyed towards the end of the eighteenth century. "This fragment," says Wilson, "sufficiently enables us to picture the little parish church of St. Giles in the reign of David I. Built in the massive style of the early Norman period, it would consist simply of a nave and chancel, united by a rich Norman chancel arch, altogether occupying only a portion of the centre of the present nave. Small circular-headed windows, decorated with zig-zag mouldings, would admit the light to its sombre interior; while its west front was in all probability surmounted by a simple belfry, from whence the bell would summon the natives of the hamlet to matins and vespers, and with slow measured sounds toll their knell, as they were laid in the neighbouring churchyard. This ancient church was *never entirely* demolished. Its solid masonry was probably very partially affected by the ravages of the invading forces of Edward II. in 1322, when Holyrood was spoiled, or by those of his son in 1335, when the whole country was wasted with fire and sword. The town was again subjected to the like violence, probably with results little more lasting, by the conflagration of 1385, when the English army under Richard II. occupied the town for five days, and then laid it and the abbey of Holyrood in ashes. The Norman architecture disappeared piecemeal, as chapels and aisles were added to the original fabric by the piety of private donors, or by the zeal of its own clergy to adapt it to the wants of the rising town. In all the changes that it underwent for above seven centuries, the original north door, with its beautifully recessed Norman arches and grotesque decorations, always commanded the veneration of the innovators, and remained as a precious relic of the past, until the tasteless improvers of the eighteenth century demolished it without a cause, and probably for no better reason than to evade the cost of its repair!"

In the year 1462 great additions and repairs appear to have been in progress, for the Town Council then passed a law that all persons selling corn before it was entered should forfeit one chalder to church work. In the year 1466 it was erected into a collegiate church by James III., the foundation consisting (according to Keith and others) of a provost, curate, sixteen prebendaries, sacristan, beadle, minister of the choir, and four choristers. Various sums of money, lands, tithes, &c., were appropriated for the support of the new establishment, and Maitland gives us a roll of the forty chaplaincies and altarages therein.

An Act of Council dated twelve years before this event commemorates the gratitude of the citizens to one who had brought from France a relic of St. Giles, and, modernised, it runs thus:—"Be it kenned to all men by these present letters, we, the provost, bailies, counselle and communitie of the burgh of Edynburgh, to be bound and obliged to William Prestoune of Gourton, son and heir to somewhile William Prestoune of Gourton, and to the friends and sirname of them, that for so much that William Prestoune the father, whom God assoile, made diligent labour, by a high and mighty prince, the King of France (Charles VII.), and many other lords of France, for getting the arm-bone of St. Gile, the which bone he freely left to our mother kirk of St. Gile of Edinburgh, without making any condition. We, considering the great labour and costs that he made for getting thereof, promise that within six or seven years, in all the possible and goodly haste we may, that we shall build an aisle forth from our Ladye aisle, where the said William lies, the said aisle to be begun within a year, in which aisle there shall be brass for his lair in bost (*i.e.*, for his grave in embossed) work, and above the brass a writ, specifying the bringing of that Rylik by him into Scotland, with his arms, and his arms to be put in hewn work, in three other parts of the aisle, with book and chalice and all other furniture belonging thereto. Also, that we shall assign the chaplain of whilome Sir William of Prestoune, to sing at the altar from that time forth. . . . . Item, that as often as the said Rylik is borne in the year, that the sirname and nearest of blood of the said William shall bear the said Rylik, before all others, &c. In witness of which things we have set to our common seal at Edinburgh the 11th day of the month of January, in the year of our Lord 1454."*



SEAL OF ST. GILES.† (*After Henry Laing*).

The *other* arm of St. Giles is preserved in the church of his name in the Scottish quarter of Bruges, and on the 1st of September is yearly borne through the streets, preceded by all the drums in the garrison.

To this hour the arms of Preston still remain in the roof of the aisle, as executed by the engagement in the charter quoted; and the Prestons continued annually to exercise their right of bearing the arm of the patron saint of the city until the eventful year 1558, when the clergy issued forth for the last time in solemn procession on the day of his feast, the 1st September, bearing with them a statue of St. Giles—"a marmouset idol," Knox calls it—borrowed from the Grey Friars, because the great image of the saint, which was as large as life, had been stolen from its place, and after being "drouned" in the North Loch as an encourager of idolatry, was burned as a heretic by some earnest Reformers. Only two years before this event the Dean of Guild had paid 6s. for painting the image, and 12d. for polishing the silver arm containing the relic. To give dignity to this last procession the queen regent attended it in person; but the moment she left it the spirit of the mob broke forth. Some pressed close to the image, as if to join in its support, while endeavouring to shake it down; but this proved impossible, so firmly was it secured to its supporters; and the struggle, rivalry, and triumph of the mob were delightful to Knox, who described the event with the inevitable glee in which he indulged on such occasions.

Only four years after all this the saint's silver-work, ring and jewels, and all the rich vestments wherewith his image and his arm-bone were wont to be decorated on high festivals, were sold by the authority of the magistrates, and the proceeds employed in the repair of the church.

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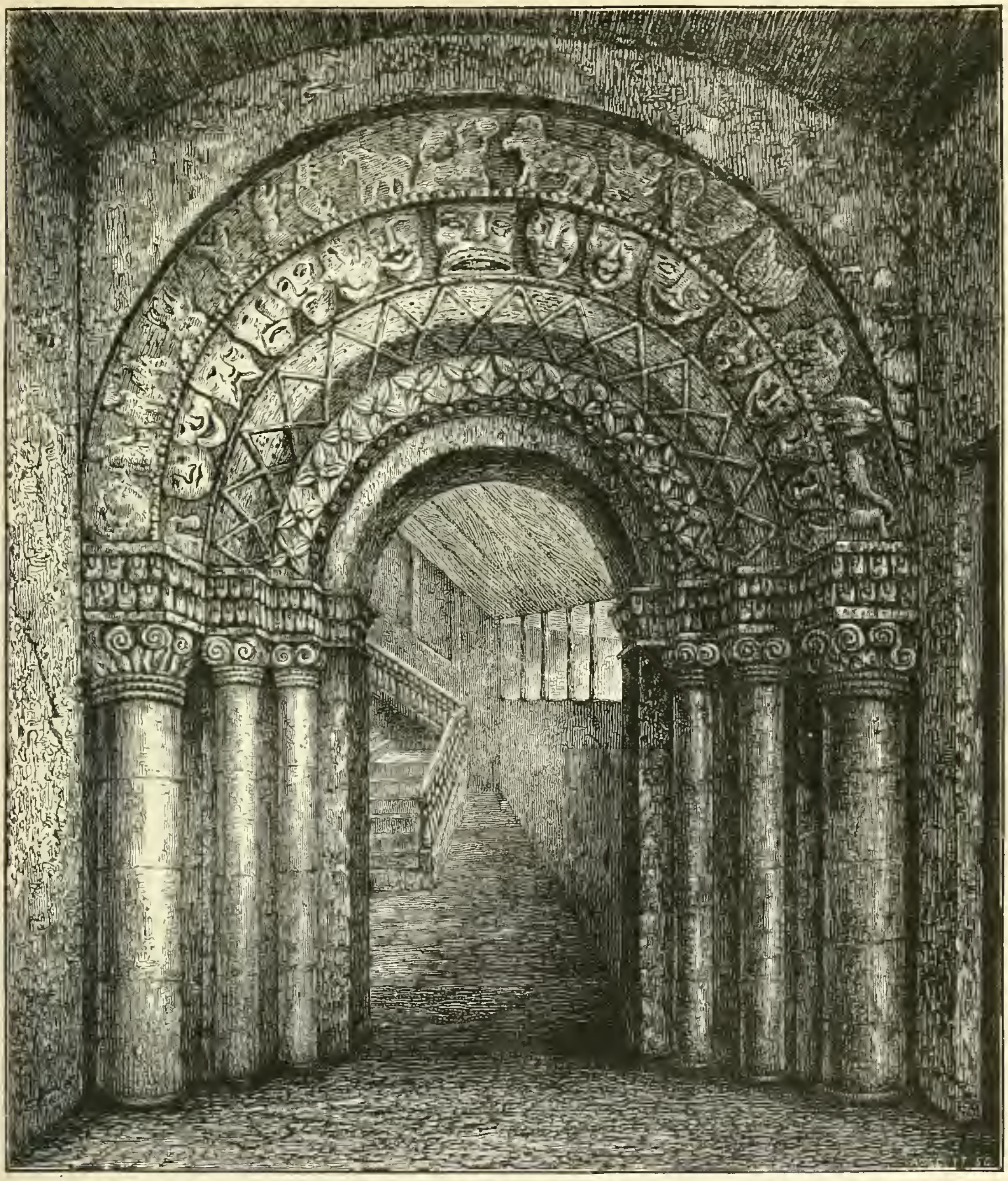
* Laing, "Scotomonastica."

† Under a canopy supported by spiral columns a full-length figure of St. Giles with the nimbus, holding the crozier in his right hand, and in his left a book and a branch. A kid, the usual attendant on St. Giles, is playfully leaping up to his hand. On the pedestal is a shield bearing the castle triple-towered, S. COMMUNE CAPTI BTI EGIDII DE EDINBURGH. (*Appended to a charter by the Provost* [*Walter Forbes*] *and Chapter of St. Giles of the manse and glebe in favour of the magistrates and community of Edinburgh, A.D. 1496.*")



THE NORMAN DOORWAY, ST. GILES'S, WHICH WAS DESTROYED TOWARDS THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. (*From a Drawing by Armour about 1799.*)

In his "Monarchie," finished in 1553, the pungent Sir David Lindesay of the Mount writes thus of the processionists :—

> " Fy on you fostereris of idolatrie!
>   That till ane *deid stok* does sik reverence
> In presens of the pepill publicklie;
>   Feir ye nocht God, to commit sik offence,
> I counsall you do yit your diligence,
>   To gar suppresse sik greit abusion;
> Do ye nocht sa, I dreid your recompense,
>   Sall be nocht else, bot clene confusion."

The Lady aisle, where Preston's grave lay and the altar stood, was part of what forms now the south aisle of the choir called the High Church, and on that altar many of the earliest recorded gifts were bestowed.

The constant additions made to St. Giles's church, from the exchequer of the city, or by contributions of wealthy burgesses, cannot but be regarded as a singular evidence of the great elasticity which the nation displayed in its endless wars with England, showing how the general and local government vied with each other in the erection of ornate ecclesiastical edifices, the moment the invaders—few of whom ever equalled Edward III. in wanton ferocity—had re-crossed the Tweed. Among these we may specially mention the chapel of Robert Duke of Albany, now the most beautiful and interesting portion of this sadly defaced and misused old edifice. The ornamental sculptures of this portion are of a peculiarly striking character—heraldic devices forming the most prominent features on the capital of the great clustered pillar. On the south side are the arms of Robert Duke of Albany, son of King Robert II., and on the north are those of Archibald fourth Earl of Douglas, Duke of Touraine and Marshal of France, who was slain at the battle of Verneuil by the English. In 1401 David Duke of Rothesay, the luckless son of Robert II., was made a prisoner by his uncle, the designing Duke of Albany, with the full consent of the aged king his father, who had grown weary of the daily complaints that were made against the prince. In the "Fair Maid of Perth," Scott has depicted with thrilling effect the actual death of David, by the slow process of starvation, notwithstanding the intervention of a maiden and nurse, who met a very different fate from that he assigns to them in the novel, while in his history he expresses a doubt whether they ever supplied the wants of the prince in any way. According to the "Black Book" of Scone, the Earl of Douglas was with Albany when the prince was trepanned to Falkland, and having probably been exasperated against the latter, who was his own brother-in-law (having married his sister Marjorie Douglas), for his licentious course of life, must have joined in the projected assassination. "Such are the two Scottish nobles whose armorial bearings still grace the capital of the pillar in the old chapel. It is the only other case in which they are found acting in concert besides the dark deed already referred to; and it seems no unreasonable inference to draw from such a coincidence, that this chapel had been founded and endowed by them as an expiatory offering for that deed of blood, and its chaplain probably appointed to say masses for their victim's soul" (Wilson).

The comparative wealth of the Scottish Church in those days and for long after was considerable, and an idea may be formed of it from the amount of the tenth of the benefices paid by the three countries as a tax to Rome, and in the Acts of Parliament of James III. in 1471, and of James IV. in 1493. The account is from a "Codex Membranaceus," in the Harleian Collection in the British Museum:—

De terra Scotiæ	£3,947	19	8
,, Hiberniæ	1,647	16	3
,, Angliæ et Walliæ	20,872	2	4½

Thus we see that the Scottish Church paid more than double what was paid by Ireland, and a fifth of the amount that was paid by England.

The transepts of St. Giles, as they existed before the so-called repairs of 1829, afforded distinct evidence of the gradual progress of the edifice. Beyond the Preston aisle the roof differed from the older portion, exhibiting undoubted evidence of being the work of a subsequent time; and from its associations with the eminent men of other days it is perhaps the most interesting portion of the whole fabric. Here it was that Walter Chapman, of Ewirland, a burgess of Edinburgh, famous as the introducer of the printing-press into Scotland, and who was nobly patronised by the heroic king who fell at Flodden, founded and endowed a chaplaincy at the altar of St. John the Evangelist, "in honour of God, the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. John the Apostle and Evangelist, and all the saints, for the healthful estate and prosperity of the most excellent lord the King of Scotland, and of his most serene consort Margaret Queen of Scotland, and of their children; and also for the health of my soul, and of Agnes Cockburne, my present wife, and of the soul of Mariot Kerkettill, my former spouse," &c.

"This charter," says a historian, "is dated 1st August, 1513, an era of peculiar interest. Scotland was then rejoicing in all the prosperity and happiness consequent on the wise and beneficent reign of James IV. Learning was visited with the highest favour of the Court, and literature was rapidly extending its influence under the zealous co-operation of Dunbar, Douglas, Kennedy, and others, with the royal master-printer. Only one month thereafter Scotland lay at the mercy of her southern rival. Her king was slain; the chief of her nobles and warriors had perished on Flodden Field, and adversity and ignorance again replaced the advantages that had followed in the train of the gallant James's rule. Thenceforth, the altars of St. Giles received few and rare additions to their endowments."

From the preface to "Golagras and Gawane," we learn that in 1528 Walter Chapman the printer founded a chaplaincy at the altar of Jesus Christ, in St. Giles, and endowed it with a tenement in the Cowgate; and there is good reason for believing that the pious old printer lies buried in the south transept of the church, close by the spot where the Regent Murray, the Regent Morton, and his great rival, John Stewart Earl of Athole, are buried; and adjoining the aisle where the sorely mangled remains of the great Marquis of Montrose were so royally interred on the 7th of January, 1661.

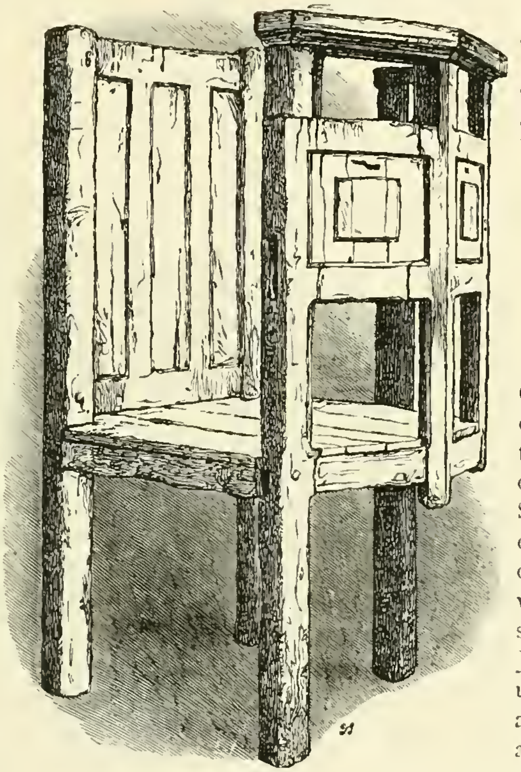
The Regent's tomb, now fully restored, stands on the west side of the south transept, and on many accounts is an object of peculiar interest. Erected to the memory of one who played so conspicuous a part in one of the most momentous periods of Scottish history, it is well calculated to rouse many a stirring association. All readers of history know how the Regent fell under the bullet of Bothwellhaugh, at Linlithgow, in avenging the wrongs inflicted on his wife, the heiress of Woodhouselee. As the "Cadyow Ballad" has it—

" 'Mid pennoned spears a stately grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.

" From the raised vizor's shade, his eye,
Dark rolling, glanced the ranks along;
And his steel truncheon waved on high,
Seemed marshalling the iron throng.

" But yet his saddened brow confessed,
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!

" The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!
And Murray's plumy helmet rings—
Rings on the ground to rise no more!"



JOHN KNOX'S PULPIT, ST. GILES'S.
(*From the Scottish Antiquarian Museum*).

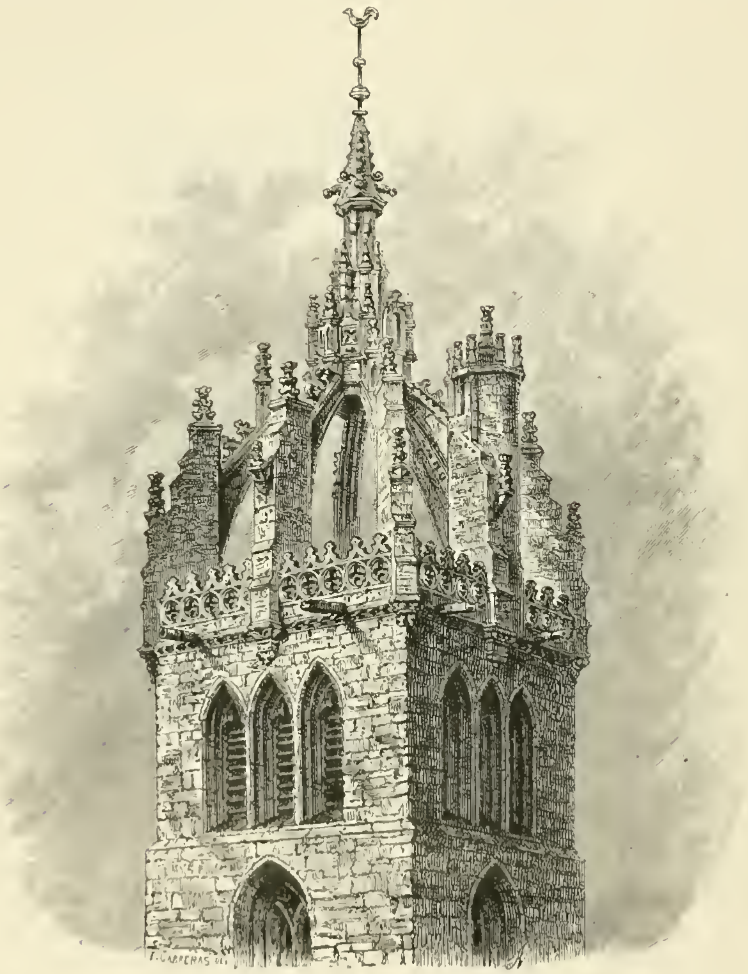
When his remains were committed to the tomb in which they still lie, the thousands who crowded the church were moved to tears by the burning eloquence of Knox. "Vpoun the xiiij day of the moneth of Februar, 1570," says the "Diurnal of Occurrents" "my lord Regentis corpis, being brocht in ane bote be sey, fra Stirling to Leith, quhair it was keipit in Johne Wairdlaw his hous, and thereafter cary it to the Palace of Holyrudhous, wes transportit fra the said Palace to the College Kirk of Sanctgeill, in this manner; that is to say, William Kirkaldie of Grange, Knycht, raid fra the said palace in dule weid, bearing ane pensall quherin was contenit ane Reid Lyon; after him followit Colvill of Cleishe, Maister (of the) Houshold to the said Regent, with ane quherin was contenit my lords regentis armes and bage." The Earls of Mar, Athole, Glencairn, the Lords Ruthven, Methven, and Lindsay, the Master of Graham, and many other nobles, bore the body through the church to the grave, where it "was buryit in Sanct Anthonie's yle." On the front of the restored tomb is the ancient brass plate, bearing an inscription composed by George Buchanan:—

" *Iacobo Stovarto, Moraviæ Comiti, Scotiæ Proregi;*
Viro, Ætatis svæ, longe optimo: ab inimicis,
Omnis memoriæ deterrimis, ex insidiis extincto,
Cev patri commvni, patria mærens posuit."

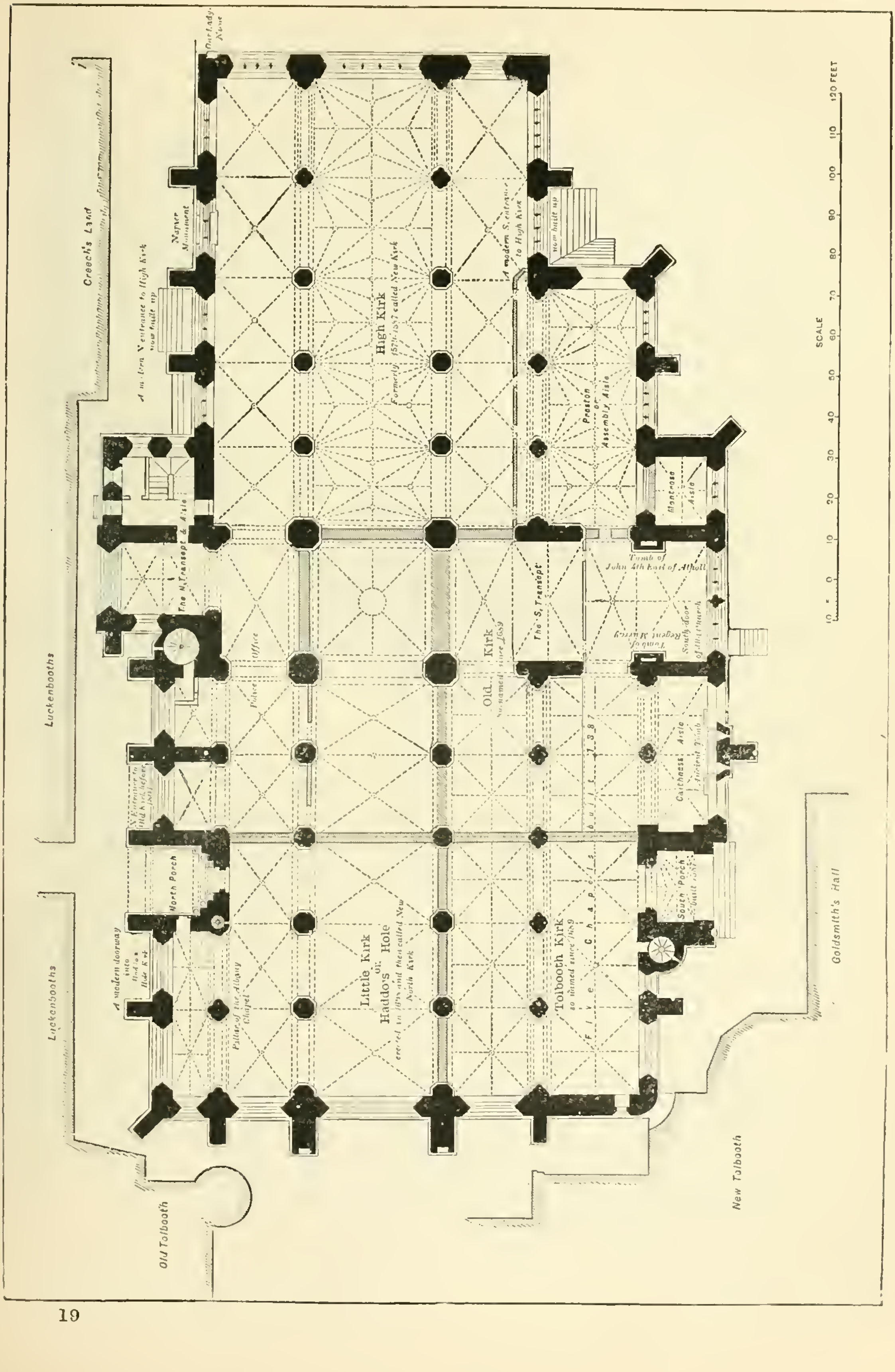
Opposite, on the north side of the west transept, was the tomb in which the Earl of Athole, Chancellor of Scotland, who died suddenly at Stirling, not without suspicion of poison, was interred with great solemnity on the 4th of July, 1579. A cross was used on this occasion, and as flambeaux were borne, according to Calderwood, the funeral probably occurred at night; these paraphernalia led to the usual interference of the General Assembly, and a riot ensued.

The portion of the church which contained these monuments was entered by a door adjoining the Parliament Close, and, as it was never shut, "the gude regent's aisle," as it was named, became a common place for appointments and loungers. Thus French Paris—Queen Mary's servant—in his confession respecting the murder of King Henry, stated that during the communings which took place before that dark deed was resolved on, he one day "took his mantle and sword and went to *promener* (walk) in the high church." Probably in consequence of the veneration entertained for the memory of the Regent, his tomb was a place frequently assigned in bills for the payment of money.

The transept, called at times the Assembly aisle, was the scene of Jenny Geddes' famous onslaught with her *faldstule*, on the reader of the liturgy in 1637. The erection of Edinburgh into an episcopal see in 1633, under Bishop William Forbes (who died the same year), and the appointment of St. Giles to be the cathedral of the diocese, led—in its temporary restoration internally—to something like what it had been of old; but ere the orders of Charles I. for the demolition of its hideous galleries and subdivisions could be carried out, all Scotland was in arms, and the entire system of Church polity for which these changes were designed, had come to a violent and a terrible end. This transept was peculiarly rich in lettered gravestones, all of which were swept away by the ruthless improvers of 1829, and some of those were used as pavement round the Fountain Well.


THE LANTERN AND TOWER OF ST. GILES'S CHURCH.

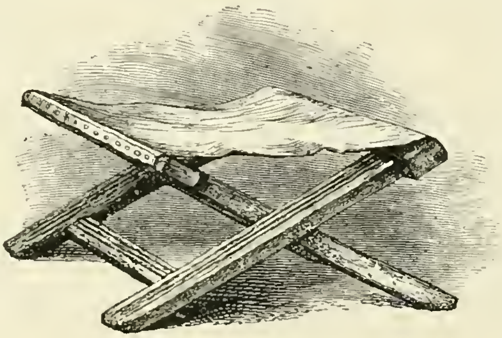
In 1596 St. Giles's was the scene of a tumultuous dispute between James VI. and the leaders of the Church party. The king was sitting in that part of it which the Reformers named the Tolbooth Kirk, together with the Octavians, as they were styled, a body of eight statesmen into whose hands he had committed all his financial affairs and patronage. The disturbance from which the king felt himself to be in peril, arose from an address by Balcanqual, a popular preacher, who called on the Protestant barons and his other chance auditors to meet the ministers in "the little kirk," where they, amidst great uproar, came to a resolution to urge upon James the necessity for changing his policy and dismissing his present councillors. The progress of the deputation towards the place where the king was to be found brought with it the noisy mob who had created the tumult, and when the bold expressions of the deputation were seconded by the rush of a rude crowd—armed, of course—


Our Lady Aisle
Creech's Land
Napier Monument
A modern N. entrance to High Kirk now built up
High Kirk
A modern S. entrance to High Kirk now built up
Preston or Assembly Aisle
Montrose Aisle
Tomb of John 4th Earl of Atholl
Tomb of Regent Murray
The S. Transept
Old Kirk
The N. Transept & Aisle
Police Office
Luckenbooths
North Porch
A modern doorway into Haddo's Hole Kirk
Pillar of the Albany Chapel
Little Kirk or Haddo's Hole
North Kirk
Tolbooth Kirk
Five Chapels
Caithness Aisle
Ancient Tomb
South Porch
Goldsmith's Hall
New Tolbooth
Old Tolbooth
SCALE
10 0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100 110 120 FEET

PLAN OF ST. GILES'S CHURCH, PRIOR TO THE ALTERATIONS IN 1829.

into the royal presence, the king became alarmed, and retired into the Tolbooth, amid shouts of "Fly!" "Save yourself!" "Armour! Armour!" When the deputation returned to the portion of St. Giles's absurdly named the little kirk, they found another multitude listening to the harangue of a clergyman named Michael Cranston, on the text of "Haman and Mordecai." The auditors, on hearing that the king had retired without any explanation, now rushed forth, and with shouts of "Bring out the wicked Haman!" endeavoured to batter down the doors of the Tolbooth, from which James was glad to make his escape to Holyrood, swearing he would uproot Edinburgh, and salt its site!

This disturbance, which Tytler details in his History, was one which had no definite or decided purpose—one of the few in Scottish annals where there was a frenzied excitement without any distinct aim.



JENNY GEDDES' STOOL.
(*From the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.*)

When James succeeded to the crown of England, in 1603, he attended service in St. Giles's, and heard a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Hall, upon the great mercy of heaven in having thus accomplished his peaceful accession to a kingdom so long hostile to his own, without stroke of sword or shedding one drop of blood. He exhorted the monarch to show his gratitude by attention to the cause of religion, and his care of the new subjects committed to his care.

The king now rose, and addressed the people from whom he was about to part in a very warm and affectionate strain. He bade them a long adieu with much tenderness, promised to keep them and their best interests in fond memory during his absence, "and often to visit them and communicate to them marks of his bounty when in foreign parts, as ample as any which he had been used to bestow when present with them. A mixture of approbation and weeping," says Scott in his History, "followed this speech; and the good-natured king wept plentifully himself at taking leave of his native subjects."

The north transept of the church long bore the queer name of Haddo's Hole, because a famous cavalier, Sir John Gordon of Haddo—who defended his castle of Kelly against the Covenanters, and loyally served King Charles I.—was imprisoned there for some time before his execution at the adjacent cross in 1644.

On the north side of the choir the monument of the Napier family forms a conspicuous and interesting feature to passers-by. This tomb—long called by tradition that of the great inventor of logarithms—is supposed to indicate the site of St. Salvator's altar, to the chaplain of which Archibald Napier of Merchiston, in 1499, "mortified" an annual rent of 20 merks out of a tenement near the church of the Holy Trinity. The tomb is surmounted by the arms of the Napiers of Merchiston, and of Wright's House, and bears the following inscription, showing plainly that it is a family burial-place:—

"*S. E. P. Fam. de Neperorum interius hic situm est.*"

The species of spire or lantern formed by groined ribs of stone, which forms the most remarkable feature in the venerable church, seems to be peculiar to Scotland, as it does not occur in ancient times farther south than Newcastle; but its date is as recent as 1648, when it was rebuilt, and closely modelled on the ancient one, which had become ruinous and decayed.

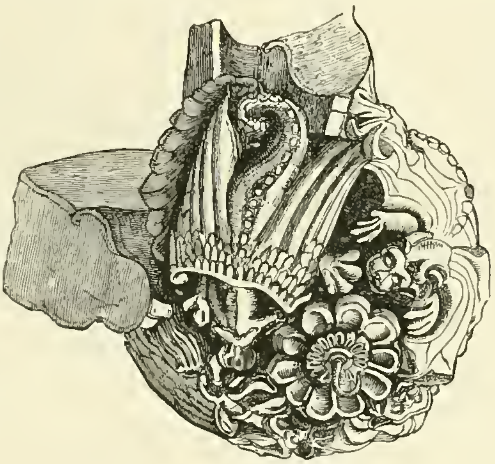
Of the four bells which hung in the tower in the olden time, one which bore the name of St. Mary was taken down at the Reformation, and (with the four great brazen pillars of the high altar) was ordered to be cast into cannon for the town walls, instead of which they were sold for £220. Maitland further records that two of the remaining bells were re-cast at Campvere in 1621; one of these was again re-cast at London in 1846.

In 1585 the Town Council purchased the clock belonging to the abbey church of Lindores in Fifeshire, and placed it in the tower of St. Giles's, "previous to which time," says Wilson, "the citizens probably regulated time chiefly by the bells for matins and vespers, and the other daily services of the Roman Catholic Church."

In 1681 we first find mention of the musical bells in the spire. Fountainhall records, with reference to the legacy left to the city by Thomas Moodie, the Council propose "to buy with it a peal of bells, to hang in St. Giles's steeple, to ring musically, and to build a Tolbooth above the West Port of Edinburgh, and put Thomas Moodie's name and arms thereon."

When the precincts of St. Giles's church were secularised, the edifice became degraded, about

1628, by numerous wooden booths being stuck up all around it, chiefly between the buttresses, some of which were actually cut away for this ignoble purpose, while the lower tracery of the windows was destroyed by their lean-to roofs, just as we may see still in the instance of many churches in Belgium. These wretched edifices were called the Krames, yet, as if to show that some reverence was still paid to the sanctity of the place, the Town Council decreed, "that no tradesman should be admitted to these shops except bookbinders, mortmakers (*i.e.* watchmakers), jewellers, and goldsmiths." "Bookbinders," says Robert Chambers, "must be in this instance meant to signify booksellers, the latter term being then unknown in Scotland;" but within the memory of many still living, these booths, which were swept away in 1829, were occupied by dealers in toys, sweetstuff, old clothes, and shoes. In the centre of this narrow alley the Earl of Errol, as Lord High Constable of Scotland, used to sit on a chair during the riding of the Parliament, receiving the members as they alighted.



CARVED CENTRE GROIN STONE OR BOSS.*
(*From Chapel of St. Eloi, St. Giles's.*)

At the entrance to these krames there formerly existed a flight of steps, known by the name of "Our Lady's Steps," from a statue of the Virgin which once occupied a Gothic niche in the north-east angle of the church. Another account says they were named from the infamous Lady March, wife of the Earl of Arran, the profligate chancellor of James VI., from whom the nine o'clock bell was also named "The Lady Bell," as it was rung an hour later to suit herself. An old gentlewoman mentioned in the "Traditions of Edinburgh," who died in 1802, was wont to own that she had, in her youth, seen both the *statue* and the steps; but it is extremely unlikely that the former would escape the iconoclasts of 1559, who left the church almost a ruin.

But time has accomplished a change that John Knox and "Jenny Geddes" could little foresee!

Sanction was given in the early part of 1878 by the municipal authorities for extensive restorations, to be conducted in a spirit and taste unknown to the barbarous "improvers" of 1829. At the head of the restoration committee was placed Dr. William Chambers, the well-known publisher and author. According to the plans laid before it, the last of the temporary partitions were to be removed, the rich-shaped pillars embedded therein to be uncovered and restored; the galleries and pews swept away, when the church will assume its old cruciform aspect. "By these operations the Montrose aisle will be uncovered, and form an interesting historical object. Provision is made for the Knights of the Thistle, if they should desire it, erecting their stalls, as is done by the Knights of the Garter in Westminster, and by the Knights of St. Patrick in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. There has been no chapel for the Knights of the Thistle since the one in Holyrood, now in ruins and ceased to be used; and the committee hope that the knights will favourably consider the proposal now being made, according to which they may have their stalls erected in the ancient cathedral of the capital of Scotland."

And — shade of John Knox!—in 1878 an organ was ordered for the church. "The instrument," says the *Scotsman*, "consists of two full manuals and a pedal organ of full compass. The great organ contains eleven stops, and one of sixteen feet in metal. There are eleven stops in the swell organ, and one of sixteen feet in wood. The pedal organ contains five stops, including two of sixteen feet in wood, and one of sixteen feet in metal. In the great organ there is to be a silver clarionet of eight feet; a patent pneumatic action is fitted to the keys, and the organ will be blown by a double cylinder hydraulic engine."

In its most palmy days old St. Giles's could never boast of such "a kist o' whistles" as this!

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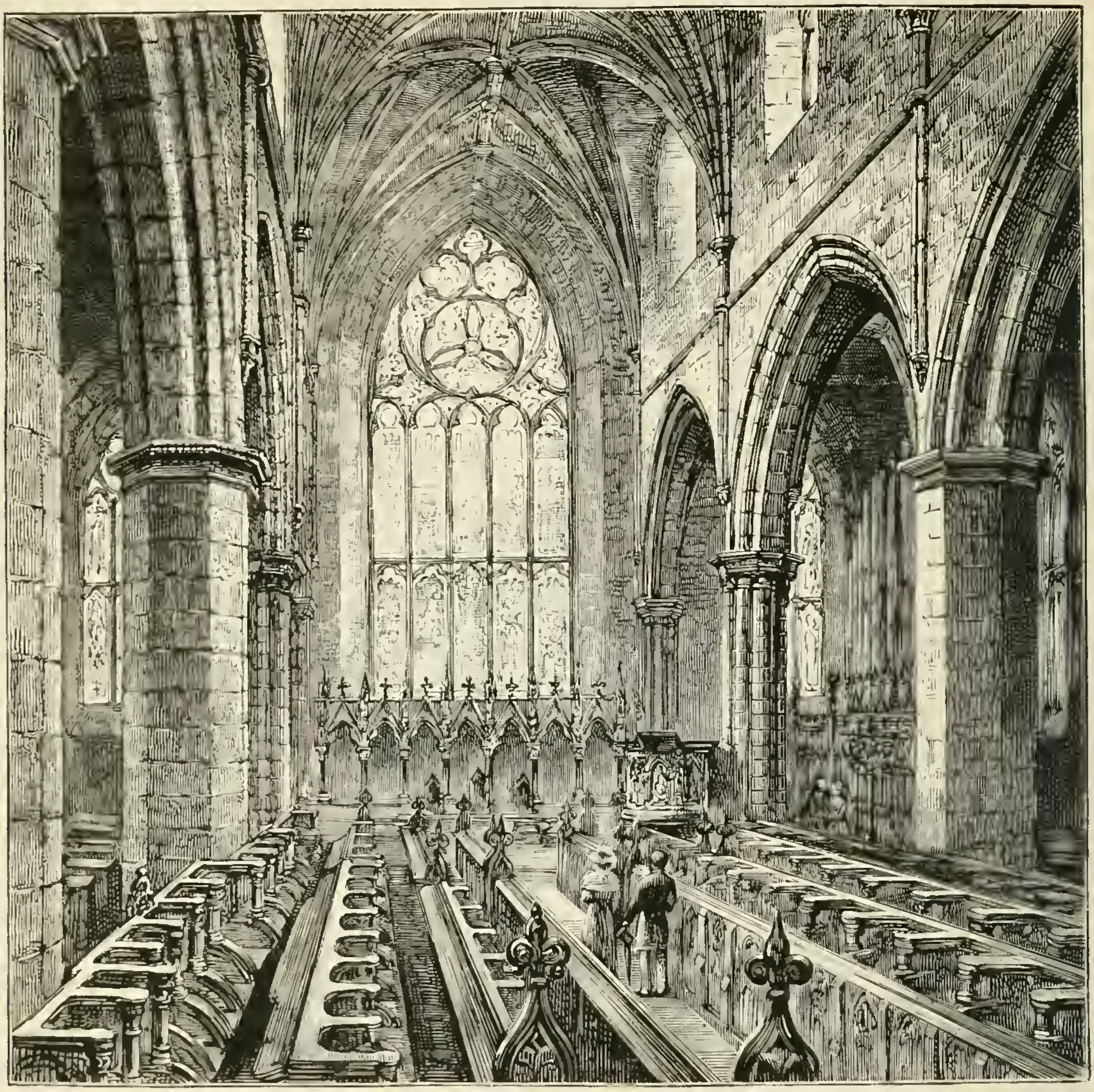
* Displaying double-headed winged dragons clustering round a central rose with the hook of the altar lamp.



INTERIOR OF THE HIGH CHURCH, ST. GILES'S.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ST. GILES'S.

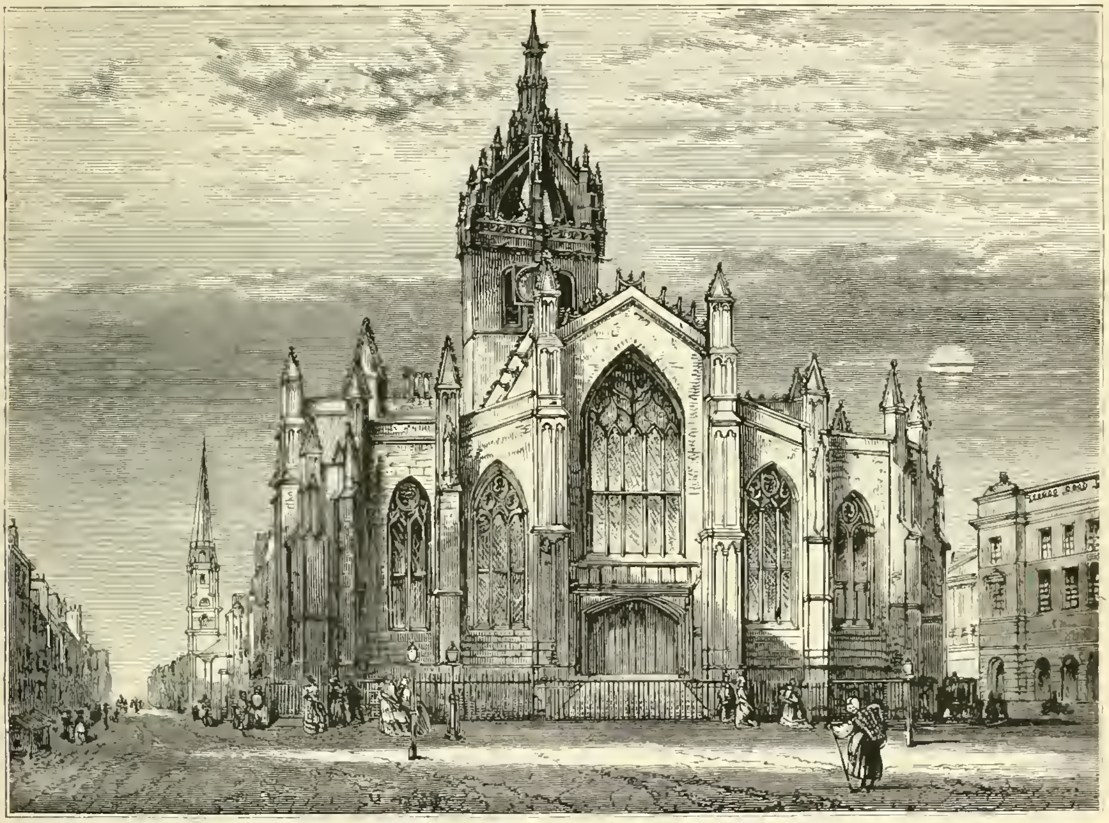
St. Giles's Churchyard—The Maison Dieu—The Clam-shell Turnpike—The Grave of Knox—The City Cross—The Summons of Pluto—Executions: Kirkaldy, Gilderoy, and others—The Caddies—The Dyvours Stane—The Luckenbooths—The Auld Kirk Style—Byre's Lodging—Lord Coalstoun's Wig—Allan Ramsay's Library and "Creech's Land"—The Edinburgh Halfpenny.

DOWN the southern slope of the hill on which St. Giles's church stands, its burying-ground—covered with trees, perchance anterior to the little parish edifice we have described as existing in the time of David I.—sloped to the line of the Cowgate, where it was terminated by a wall and chapel dedicated to the holy rood, built, says Arnot, "in memory of Christ crucified, and not demolished till the end of the sixteenth century." In July, 1800, a relic of this chapel was found near the head of Forrester's Wynd, in former days the western boundary of the churchyard. This relic—a curiously sculptured group—like a design from Holbein's "Dance of Death," was defaced and broken by the workmen. Amid the musicians, who brought up the rear, was an angel, playing on the national bagpipe—a conceit which appears among the sculpture at Roslin chapel. So late as 1620 "James Lennox is elected chaplain of the chapelry of the holy rood, in the burgh kirk-yard of St. Giles." Hence it is supposed that the nether kirk-yard remained in use long after the upper had been abandoned as a place of sepulture.

All this was holy ground in those days, for in "Keith's Catalogue" we are told that near the head of Bell's Wynd (on the eastern side) there were a hospital and chapel known by the name of the "Maison Dieu." "We know not," says Arnot, "at what time or by whom it was founded; but at the Reformation it shared the common fate of Popish establishments in this country. It was converted into private property. This building is still (1779) entire, and goes by the name of the Clam-shell Turnpike, from the figure of an escalop-shell cut in stone above the door."

Fire and modern reform have effected dire changes here since Arnot wrote. Newer buildings occupy the site; but still, immediately above the entrance that led of old to Bell's Wynd, a modern stone lintel bears an escalop shell in memory of the elder edifice, which, in the earliest titles of it that are extant, was written of as the "old land," formerly belonging to George Crichton, Bishop of Dunkeld, who held that see between the years 1527 and 1543, and was Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal under King James V.

Overlooked, then, by the great cruciform church of St. Giles, and these minor ecclesiastical edifices, the first burying-ground of Edinburgh lay on the steep slope with its face to the sun. The last home of generations of citizens, under what is now the pavement of a noisy street, "there sleep the great, the good, the peaceful and the turbulent, the faithful and the false, all blent together in their quaint old coffins and flannel shrouds, with money in their dead hands, and crosses or chalices on their breasts; old citizens who remembered the long-haired King David passing forth with barking hound and twanging horn on that Rood-day in harvest which so nearly cost him his life; and how the fair Queen Margaret daily fed the poor at the castle gate 'with the tenderness of a mother;' those who had seen Randolph's patriots scale 'the steep, the iron-belted rock,' Count Guy of Namur's Flemish lances routed on the Burghmuir, and William Wallace mustering his bearded warriors



ST. GILES'S CHURCH IN THE PRESENT DAY.

by the Figgate-burn ere he marched to storm Dunbar."

There lie citizens who have fought for their country at Flodden, Pinkie, and a hundred other fields; and there lies one whose name is still mighty in the land, and "who never feared the face of man"—John Knox. He expired at his old manse, near the Nether Bow, on the 24th of November, 1572, in his sixty-seventh year, and his body was attended to the grave by a great multitude of people, including the chief of the nobles and the Regent Morton, whose simple *éloge* over his grave is so well known. It cannot but excite surprise that no effort was made by the Scottish people to preserve distinctly the remains of the great Reformer from desecration, but some of that spirit of irreverence for the past which he inculcated thus recoiled upon himself, and posterity knows not his exact resting-place. If the tradition mentioned by Chambers, says Wilson, be correct, that "his burial-place was a few feet from the front of the old pedestal of King Charles's statue, the recent change in the position of the latter must have placed it directly *over* his grave—perhaps as strange a monument to the great apostle of Presbyterianism as fancy could devise!" Be all this as it may, there is close by the statue a small stone let into the pavement inscribed simply

GRAVE OF JOHN KNOX.

"I. K., 1572."

An ancient oak pulpit, octagonal and panelled, brought from St. Giles's church, and said to have been the same in which he was wont to preach, is still preserved in the Royal Institution on the Earthen Mound.

Close by St. Giles's church, where radii in the causeway mark its site, stood the ancient cross of the city, so barbarously swept away by the ignorant and tasteless magistracy of 1756. Scott, and other men of taste, never ceased to deplore its destruction, and many attempts have been vainly made to collect the fragments and reconstruct it. In "Marmion," as the poet has it:—

"Dunedin's cross, a pillared stone,
Rose on a turret octagon;
But now is razed that monument,
  Whence royal edicts rang,
And the voice of Scotland's law went forth,
  In glorious trumpet clang.
Oh, be his tomb as lead to lead
Upon its dull destroyer's head!—
A minstrel's malison is said."

A battlemented octagon tower, furnished with four angular turrets, it was sixteen feet in diameter, and fifteen feet high. From this rose the centre pillar, also octagon, twenty feet in height, surmounted by a beautiful Gothic capital, terminated by a crowned unicorn. Calderwood tells us that prior to King James's visit to Scotland the old cross was taken down from the place where it had stood within the memory of man, and the shaft transported to the new one, by the aid of certain mariners from Leith. Rebuilt thus in 1617, nearly on the site of an older cross, it was of a mixed style of architecture, and in its reconstruction, with a better taste than later years have shown, the chief ornaments of the ancient edifice had been preserved; the heads in basso-relievo, which surmounted seven of the arches, have been referred by our most eminent antiquaries to the remote period of the Lower Empire. Four of those heads, which were long preserved by Mr. Ross at Deanhaugh, were procured by Sir Walter Scott, and are still preserved at Abbotsford, together with the great stone font or basin which flowed with wine on holidays. The central pillar, long preserved at Lord Somerville's house, Drum, near Edinburgh, now stands near the Napier tomb, within a railing, on the north side of the choir of St. Giles's, where it was placed in 1866. A crowned unicorn surmounts it, bearing a pennon blazoned with a silver St. Andrew's cross on one side, and on the other the city crest—an anchor.

From the side of that venerable shaft royal proclamations, solemn denunciations of excommunication and outlawry, involving ruin and death, went forth for ages, and strange and terrible have been the scenes, the cruelties, the executions, and absurdities, it has witnessed. From its battlements, by tradition, mimic heralds of the unseen world cited the gallant James and all our Scottish chivalry to appear in the domains of Pluto immediately before the march of the army to Flodden, as recorded at great length in the "Chronicles of Pitscottie," and rendered more pleasantly, yet literally, into verse by Scott—

"Then on its battlements they saw
A vision passing Nature's law,
Strange, wild, and dimly seen;
'Figures that seemed to rise and die,
Gibber and sign, advance and fly,
While nought confirmed could ear or eye
Dream of sound or mien.
Yet darkly did it seem as there,
Heralds and pursuivants prepare,
With trumpet sound and blazon fair,
A summons to proclaim;
But indistinct the pageant proud,
As fancy forms of midnight cloud,
When flings the moon upon her shroud
A wavering tinge of flame;
It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud
From midmost of the spectre crowd,
The awful summons came!"

Then, according to Pitscottie, followed the ghastly roll of all who were doomed to fall at Flodden, including the name of Mr. Richard Lawson, who heard it.

"I appeal from that summons and sentence," he exclaimed, courageously, "and take me to the mercy of God and Christ Jesus His Son."

"Verily," adds Pitscottie, "the author of this, that caused write the manner of this summons, was a landed gentleman, who was at that time twenty years of age, and was in the town at the time of the said summons, and thereafter when the field was stricken, he swore to me *there was no man escaped* that was called in this summons, but that man alone who made his protestation and appealed from the said summons, *but all the lave* perished in the field with the king."

Under the shadow of that cross have been transacted many deeds of real horror, more than we can enumerate here—but a few may suffice. There, in 1563, Sir James Tarbat, a Roman Catholic priest, was pilloried in his vestments, with a chalice bound to his hands, and, as Knox has it, was served by the mob with "his Easter eggs," till he was pelted to death. There died Sir William Kirkaldy, hanged "with his face to the sun" (as Knox curiously predicted before his own death), for the execution took place at four in the afternoon, when the sun was in the west (Calderwood); and there, in time to come, died his enemy Morton. There died Montrose and many of his cavalier comrades, amid every ignominy that could be inflicted upon them; and the two Argyles, father and son. An incredible number of real and imaginary criminals have rendered up their lives on that fatal spot, and among the not least interesting of the former we may mention Gilderoy, or "the red-haired lad," whose real name was Patrick Macgregor, and who, with ten other caterans, accused of cattle-lifting and many wild pranks on the shores of Loch Lomond, when brought to Edinburgh, were drawn backwards on a hurdle to the cross, on the 27th of July, 1636, and there hanged—Gilderoy and John Forbes suffering on a higher gallows than the rest, and, further, having their heads and hands struck off, to be affixed to the city gates. Gilderoy, we need scarcely add, has obtained a high ballad fame. There is a broadside of the time, containing a lament to him written by his mistress, in rude verses, not altogether without some pathos; one verse runs thus:—

"My love he was as brave a man
As ever Scotland bred,
Descended from a highland clan,
A catheran to his trade.
No woman then or woman-kind
Had ever greater joy,
Than we two when we lived alone,
I and my Gilderoy!"

Here culprits underwent scourging, branding, earnailing, and nose-pinching, with tongue-boring and other punishments deemed minor. As a specimen of these exhibitions we shall take the following from the diary of Nicoll *verbatim*:—

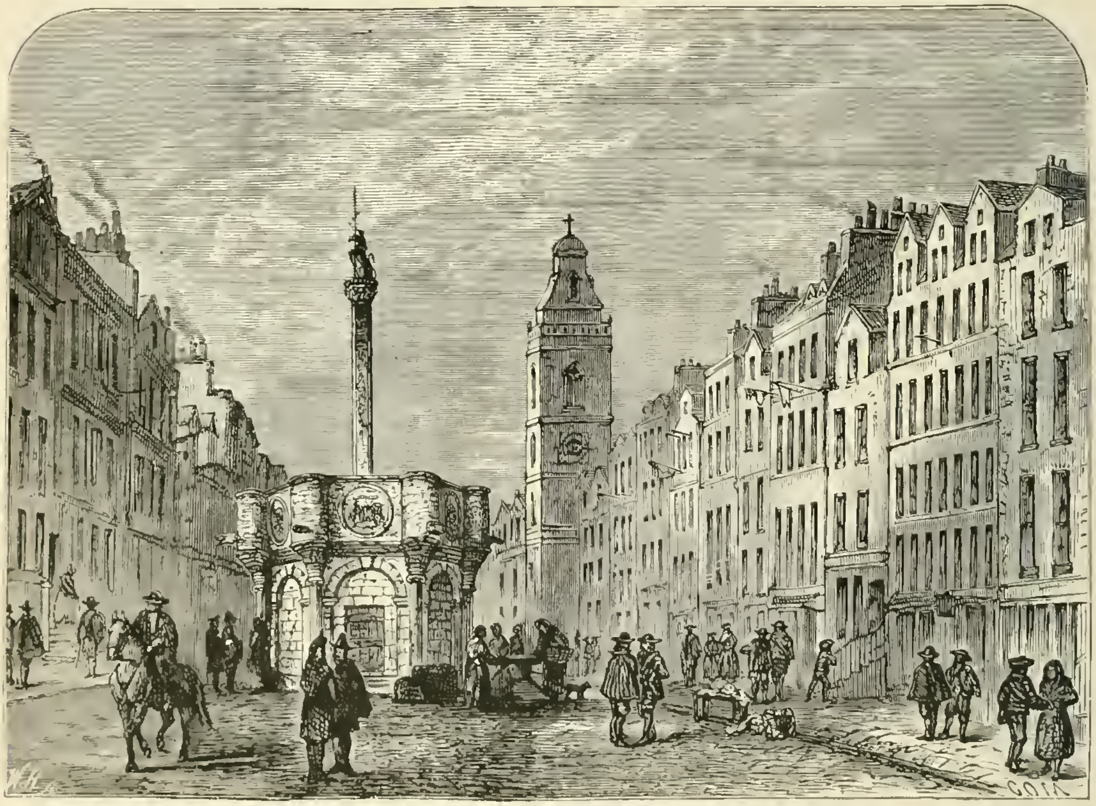
"Last September, 1652. Twa Englisches, for drinking the King's health, were takin and bund at Edinburgh croce, quhair either of thame resavit thretty-nine quhipes on thair naiked bakes and shoulderis; thairafter their lugs were naillit to the gallows. The ane had his lug cuttit from the ruitt with a razor, the uther being also naillit to the gibbet had his mouth *skobit*, and his tong being drawn out the full length, was bound together betwix twa sticks, *hard togedder*, with an skainzie-thrid, for the space of half one hour thereby." Punishments of this cruel kind were characteristic of the times, and were not peculiar to the Scottish capital alone.

In later and more peaceful times the city cross was the 'Change, the great resort of the citizens for a double purpose. They met there to discuss the topics of the day and see their acquaintances, without the labour of forenoon calls down steep closes and up steeper turnpike stairs; and these gatherings usually took place between the hours of one and two. And during the reigns of the two first Georges it was customary at this place, as the very centre and cynosure of the city, for the magistrates to drink the king's health on a stage, "loyalty being a virtue which always becomes peculiarly ostentatious when it is under any suspicion of weakness."

The cross, the font or basin of which ran with wine on festive occasions, was the peculiar rallying point of those now extinct *lazzaroni*—the street messengers or *caddies*. "A ragged, half-blackguard looking set they were, but allowed to be amazingly acute, intelligent, and also faithful to any duty entrusted to them. A stranger coming temporarily to reside in Edinburgh got a caddie attached to his service, to conduct him from one part of the town to another, and to run errands for him; in short, to be wholly at his bidding. A caddie *did* literally know everything of Edinburgh, even to that kind of knowledge which we now expect only in a street directory; and it was equally true that he could hardly be asked to go anywhere, or upon any mission, that he would not go. On the other hand, the stranger would probably be astonished to find that, in a few hours, his caddie was acquainted with every particular concerning *himself*, where he was from, what was his purpose in Edinburgh, his family connections, tastes, and dispositions. Of course for every particle of scandal floating about Edinburgh the caddie was a ready book of reference. We sometimes wonder how our ancestors did without newspapers. We do not reflect on the living vehicle of news which then existed ; the privileged beggar for country people ; for towns-folk the caddies."

But now, the latter, like the City Guard, the Tronmen, Bedesmen, town-piper and drummer, are all numbered with the things that were.

It is difficult now to understand the gross perversion of taste and the barbarous absence of all veneration that prevailed in the Scotland of the eighteenth century, and how such a memorial as the inoffensive cross of Edinburgh was doomed to destruction ; but doomed it was, and on the night before its demolition began there came a bacchanalian company, probably Jacobites, and with a crown bowl of punch upon its battlements, solemnly drank "the *dreagie* of the auld mercat cross."

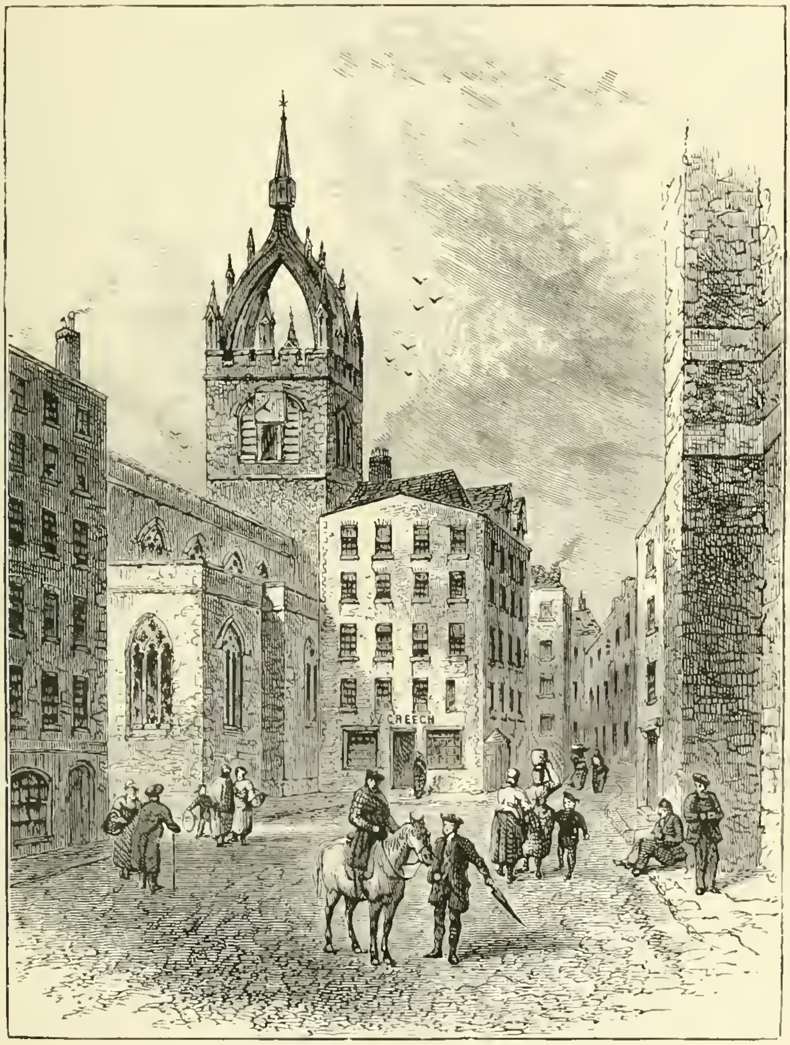


THE CITY CROSS.

On one side of the cross there stood, of old, the *Dyvours stane*, whereon might be seen seated a row of those unfortunates, who, for misfortune or roguery, were, by act of the Council, compelled to appear each market day at noon in the bankrupt's garb—in a yellow bonnet and coat, one half yellow and the other brown, under pain of three months' imprisonment. The origin of this singular mode of protecting public credit was an Act of Sederunt of the Court of Session in 1604, wherein the seat is described as "ane pillery of hewn stone, near to the mercat croce," and from 10 A.M. till one hour after dinner, was the time for the Dyvours sitting thereon.

The Luckenbooths, an extinct range of picturesque and heavily-eaved buildings, stood in the thoroughfare of the High Street, parallel to St. Giles's church, from which they were separated by a close and gloomy lane for foot passengers alone, and the appellation was shared by the opposite portion of the main street itself. This singular obstruction, for such it was, existed from the reign of James III. till 1817, and the name is supposed to have been conferred on the shops in that situation as being *close booths*, to distinguish them from the open ones, which then lined the great street on both sides, *lucken* signifying close, thus implying a certain superiority to the ancient traders in these booths; and it was considered remarkable that amid all the changes of the old town there is still in this locality an unusual proportion of mercers, clothiers, and drapers, of very old standing, among whom we may well include the well-known firm of Messrs. M'Laren and Sons.

It was pierced in the middle by a passage called the Auld Kirk Style, which led to the old north door of St. Giles's, and there it was that in 1526 the Lairds of Lochinvar and Drumlanrig slew Sir Thomas MacLellan of Bombie (ancestor of the Lords Kirkcudbright), with whom they were at feud—an act for which neither of them was ever questioned or punished.



CREECH'S LAND. (*From an Engraving in his "Fugitive Pieces."*)

Prior to the year 1811 there remained unchanged in the Luckenbooths two lofty houses of great strength and antiquity, one of which contained the town residence of Sir John Byres, Bart., of Coates, an estate now covered by the west end of new Edinburgh. He was a gentleman who made a great figure in the city during the reign of

James VI., but no memories of him now remain, save the alley called Byres' Close, and his tomb in the west wall of the Greyfriars' churchyard, the inscription on which, though nearly obliterated, tells us that he was treasurer, bailie, and dean of guild of Edinburgh, and died in 1629, in his sixtieth year.

The fourth floor of the tall Byres' Lodging was occupied in succession by the Lords Coupar and Lindores, by Sir James Johnston of Westerhall, and finally by Lord Coalstoun, father of Christian Brown, Countess of the Earl of Dalhousie, a general who distinguished himself at Waterloo and elsewhere. Before removing to a more spacious mansion on the Castle Hill, Lord Coalstoun lived here in 1757, and during that time an amusing accident occurred to him, which has been the origin of more than one excellent caricature.

"It was at that time the custom," says the gossipy author of "Traditions of Edinburgh," "for advocates, and no less than judges, to dress themselves in gown, wig, and cravat, at their own houses, and to walk in a sort of state, with their cocked hats in their hands, to the Parliament House. They usually breakfasted early, and when dressed would occasionally lean over their parlour windows for a few minutes, before St. Giles's bell sounded a quarter to nine, enjoying the morning air, and perhaps discussing the news of the day, or the convivialities of the preceding evening, with a neighbouring advocate on the opposite side of the alley. It so happened that one morning, while Lord Coalstoun was preparing to enjoy his matutinal treat, two girls who lived on the second floor above were amusing themselves with a kitten, which they had swung over the window by a cord tied round its middle, and hoisted for some time up and down, till the creature was getting desperate with its exertions. In this crisis his lordship popped his head out of the window, directly below that from which the kitten swung, little suspecting, good easy man, what a danger impended, when down came the exasperated animal in full career upon his senatorial wig. No sooner did the girls perceive what sort of landing-place their kitten had found, than in their terror and surprise, they began to draw it up; but this measure was now too late, for along with the animal up also came the judge's wig, fixed full in its determined claws! His lordship's surprise on finding his wig lifted off his head was much increased when, on looking up, he perceived it dangling its way upwards, without any means *visible* to him, by which its motions might be accounted for. The astonishment, the dread, the *awe* of the senator below—the half mirth, half terror of the girls above, together with the fierce relentless energy on the part of puss between, formed altogether a scene to which language could not easily do justice. It was a joke soon explained and pardoned, but the perpetrators did afterwards get many injunctions from their parents, never again to fish over the window, with such a bait, for honest men's wigs."

At the east end of the Luckenbooths, and facing the line of the High Street, commanding not only a view of that stately and stirring thoroughfare, but also the picturesque vista of the Canongate and far beyond it, Aberlady Bay, Gosford House, and the hills of East Lothian, towered "Creech's Land"—as the tenement was named, according to the old Scottish custom—long the peculiar haunt of the *literati* during the last century. In the first flat had been the shop of Allan Ramsay, where in 1725 he established the first circulating library ever known in Scotland; and for the Mercury's Head, which had been the sign of his first shop opposite Niddry's Wynd, he now substituted the heads of Drummond of Hawthornden and Ben Jonson. Of this establishment Wodrow writes:—"Profaneness is come to a great height! all the villainous, profane, and obscene books of plays printed at London by Curle and others, are got down from London by Allan Ramsay, and let out for an easy price to young boys, servant women of the better sort, and gentlemen, and vice and obscenity dreadfully propagated."

It was the library thus stigmatised by sour old Wodrow, that, according to his own statement, Sir Walter Scott read with such avidity in his younger years. The collection latterly contained upwards of 30,000 volumes, as is stated by a note in "Kay's Portraits."

In 1748, says Kincaid, a very remarkable and lawless attempt was made by the united London booksellers and stationers to curb the increase of literature in Edinburgh! They had conceived an idea, which they wished passed into law: "That authors or their assignees had a perpetual exclusive right to their works; and if these could not be known, the right was in the person who first published the book, whatever manner of way they became possessed of it."

The first step was taken in 1748—twenty-three years after Ramsay started his library—when an action appeared before the Court of Session against certain booksellers in Edinburgh and Glasgow, which was decreed against the plaintiffs.* Ten years after, a second plan was concerted in England, by a cozenage trial, which might be adduced as a precedent. The court thought proper to take the opinion of the twelve judges in England, who permitted the matter to drop without giving any; but a third attempt was made to restrain a certain Scotsman from trading as a bookseller in London. For twelve years this man was harassed by successive injunctions in Chancery, for printing books which were not protected by the 8th of Queen Anne, cap. 19, and the Court of Queen's Bench decided against the Scotsman (Miller *v.* Taylor), and then the London trade applied once more to the Court of Session to have it made law in Scotland. This prosecution was brought by Hinton, a bookseller, against the well-known Alexander Donaldson, then in London, to restrain him from publishing "Stackhouse's History of the Bible." He was subjected to great annoyance, yet he supported himself against nearly the entire trade in London, and obtained a decree which was of the greatest importance to the booksellers in Scotland.

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* Falconer's "Decisions," vol. i.

Ramsay's shop became the rendezvous of all the wits of the day. Gay, the poet, who was quite installed in the household of the Duchess of Queensberry—the witty daughter of the Earl of Clarendon and Rochester—accompanied his fair patroness to Edinburgh, and resided for some time in Queensberry House in the Canongate. He was a frequent lounger at the shop of Ramsay, and is said to have derived great amusement from the anecdotes the latter gave of the leading citizens, as they assembled at the cross, where from his windows they could be seen daily with powdered wigs, ruffles, and rapiers. The late William Tytler, of Woodhouselee, who had frequently seen Gay there, described him as "a pleasant little man in a tye-wig;" and, according to the *Scots' Magazine* for 1802, he recollected overhearing him request Ramsay to explain many Scottish words and national customs, that he might relate them to Pope, who was already a great admirer of "The Gentle Shepherd."

How picturesque is the grouping in the following paragraph, by one who has passed away, of the crowd then visible from the shop of Allan Ramsay:—"Gentlemen and ladies paraded along in the stately attire of the period; tradesmen chatted in groups, often bareheaded, at their shop doors; caddies whisked about bearing messages or attending to the affairs of strangers; children filled the kennel with their noisy sports. Add to this the corduroyed men from Gilmerton bawling coals or yellow sand, and spending as much breath in a minute as would have served poor asthmatic Hugo Arnot for a month; fishwomen crying their caller haddies from Newhaven; whimsicals and idiots, each with his or her crowd of tormentors; sootymen with their bags; Town Guardsmen with their antique Lochaber axes; barbers with their hairdressing materials, and so forth." Added to these might be the blue-bonneted shepherd in his grey plaid; the wandering piper; the kilted drover, armed to the teeth, as was then the fashion; and the passing sedan, with liveried bearers.

Johnson, in his "Lives," makes no reference to the Scottish visit of Gay, who died in 1732, but merely says that for his monetary hardships he received a recompense "in the affectionate attention of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, into whose house he was taken, and with whom he passed the remaining part of his life."

Ramsay gave up his shop and library in 1752, transferring them to his successor, who opened an establishment below with an entrance direct from the street. This was Mr. James MacEwan, from whom the business passed into the hands of Mr. Alexander Kincaid, an eminent publisher in his time, who took a great lead in civic affairs, and died in office as Lord Provost of Edinburgh on the 21st of January, 1777. Escorted by the trained bands, and every community in the city, and preceded by "the City Guard in funeral order, the officers' scarfs covered with crape, the drums with black cloth, beating a dead march," his funeral, as it issued into the High Street, was one of the finest pageants witnessed in Edinburgh since the Union. During his time the old bookseller's shop acquired an additional interest from being the daily lounge of Smollett, who was residing with his sister in the Canongate in 1776. Thus it is that he tells us, in "Humphry Clinker," that "all the people of business in Edinburgh, and even the genteel company, may be seen standing in crowds every day, from one to two in the afternoon, in the open street, at a place where formerly stood a market cross, a curious piece of Gothic architecture, still to be seen in Lord Somerville's garden in this neighbourhood."

The attractions of the old shop increased when it passed with the business into the hands of the celebrated William Creech, son of the minister of Newbattle. Educated at the grammar school of Dalkeith and the University of Edinburgh, he had many mental endowments, an inexhaustible fund of amusing anecdote, and great conversational powers, which through life caused him to be courted by the most eminent men of the time; and his smiling face, his well-powdered head, accurate black suit, with satin breeches, were long remembered after he had passed away; but he had acquired penurious habits, with a miserly avidity for money, which not only precluded all benevolence to the deserving, but actually marred even the honest discharge of business transactions. In 1771 he entered into partnership with Mr. Kincaid, who left the business two years after, and the whole devolving upon Mr. Creech, he conducted it for forty-four years with singular enterprise and success. For all that time his quaint shop at the east-end of the Luckenbooths was the resort of the clergy, the professors, and also all public and eminent men in the Scottish metropolis; and his breakfast-room was a permanent literary lounge, which was known by the name of "Creech's Levee."

During the whole of the period mentioned nearly all the really valuable literature of the time came from his establishment. He published the works of Cullen, Gregory, Adam Smith, Burns, Dugald Stewart, Henry Mackenzie, Blair, Beattie, Campbell (the opponent of Hume), Lords Woodhouselee and Kames, and by the last-named he was particularly regarded with esteem and friendship; and it was on the occasion of his having gone to London for some time in 1787 that Burns wrote his well-known poem of "Willie's Awa:"—

> " Oh, Willie was a witty wight,
> And had o' things an' unco slight,
> Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight,
> And trig and braw;
> But now they'll busk her like a fright—
> Willie's awa!"

WILLIAM CREECH. (*From the Portrait by Sir Henry Raeburn.*)

We have already referred to the club in which originated the *Mirror* and *Lounger*. These periodicals were issued by Creech; and the first number of the former, when it appeared on Saturday, 23rd of January, 1779, created quite a sensation among the "blue-stocking" coteries of the city.

In "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," "Mr. Creech, then prince of the Edinburgh trade," is rather dubiously written of. "This bibliopole was a very indifferent master of his trade, and wanted entirely the wit to take due advantage of the goods the gods provided. He was himself a great literary character, and he was always a great man in the magistracy of the city; and perhaps he would have thought it beneath him to be a mere ordinary money-making bookseller. Not that he had any aversion to money-making; on the contrary, he was prodigiously fond of money, and carried his love of it in many things to a ridiculous extent. But he had been trained in all the timid prejudices of the old Edinburgh school of booksellers; and not daring to make money in a bold and magnificent way, neither did he dare to run the risk of losing any part of what he had made. Had he possessed either the shrewdness or the spirit of some of his successors, there is no question he might have set on foot a fine race of rivalry among the literary men about him—a race of which the ultimate gains would undoubtedly have been greatest to himself. . . . . He never had the sense to perceive that his true game lay in making high sweepstakes, and the consequence was that nobody would take the trouble either of training or running for his courses."

The successors referred to are evidently Constable and the Blackwoods, as the writer continues thus:—

"What a singular contrast does the present state of Edinburgh in regard to these matters afford when compared to what I have been endeavouring to describe as existing in the days of the Creeches! Instead of Scottish authors sending their works to be published by London booksellers, there is nothing more common now-a-days than to hear of English authors sending down their books to Edinburgh to be published in a city than which Memphis or Palmyra would scarcely have appeared a more absurd place of publication to any English author thirty years ago."

Creech died unmarried on the 14th of January, 1815, in his seventieth year, only two years before the interesting old Land which bore his name for nearly half a century was demolished; but a view of it is attached to his "Fugitive Pieces," which he published in 1791. These were essays and sketches of character and manners in Edinburgh, which he had occasionally contributed to the newspapers.

The *laigh-shop* of Creech's Land was last occupied by the Messrs. Hutchison, extensive traders, who, in the bad state of the copper coinage, when the halfpennies of George III. would not pass current in Scotland, produced a coinage of Edinburgh halfpennies in 1791 that were long universally received. On one side were the city arms and crest, boldly struck, surrounded by thistles, with the legend, *Edinburgh Halfpenny;* on the other, St. Andrew with his cross, and the national motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, which is freely and spiritedly rendered, "Ye daurna meddle wi' me." Since then they have gradually disappeared, and now are only to be found in numismatic collections.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

Site of the Parliament House—The Parliament Hall—Its fine Roof—Proportions—Its External Aspect of Old—Pictures and Statues—The Great South Window—The Side Windows—Scots Prisoners of War—General Monk Feasted—A Scene with Gen. Dalyell—The Fire of 1700—Riding of the Parliament—The Union—Its dire Effects and ultimate good Results—Trial of Covenanters.

No building in Edinburgh possesses perhaps more interest historically than the Parliament House, and yet its antiquity is not great, as it was finished only in 1639 for the meetings of the Estates, and was used for that purpose exclusively till the Union in 1707.

Previous to its erection in St. Giles's churchyard, the national Parliaments, the Courts of Justice, and the Town Council of Edinburgh, held their meetings in the old Tolbooth, and the circumstance of such assemblies taking place constantly in its vicinity must have led to the gradual abandonment of the old churchyard of St. Giles's as a place of sepulture, for when the readiest access to the Tolbooth was up the steep slope from the chapel of the holy rood in the Cowgate, among the grassy tumuli and old tombstones, and the burial-place became the lounge of lackeys, grooms, and armed servitors, waiting for their masters during the sittings of the House, all the sacred and secluded character of the place must have been destroyed. "Queen Mary granted the gardens of the Greyfriars' monastery to the citizens in the year 1566, to be used as a cemetery, and from that period the old burial-place seems to have been gradually forsaken, until the neglected sepulchres of the dead were at length paved over, and the citizens forgot that their Exchange was built over their fathers' graves." Yet within six years after Queen Mary's grant, Knox was interred in the old burial-ground. "Before the generation had passed away that witnessed and joined in his funeral service," says the author of "Memorials of Edinburgh," "the churchyard in which they laid him had been converted into a public thoroughfare! We fear this want of veneration must be regarded as a national characteristic which Knox assisted to call into existence, and to which we owe much of the reckless demolition of those time-honoured monuments of the past which it is now thought a weakness to deplore."

As a churchyard in name it last figures in 1596 as the scene of a tumult in which John Earl of Mar, John Bothwell, Lord Holyroodhouse, the Lord Lindsay, and others, met in their armour, and occasioned some trouble ere they could be pacified. It was the scene of all manner of rows, when club-law prevailed; where exasperated litigants, sick of "the law's delays," ended the matter by appeal to sword and dagger; and craftsmen and apprentices quarrelled with the bailies and deacons. It has been traditionally said that many of the tombstones were removed to the Greyfriars' churchyard; if such was the case no inscriptions remain to prove this.

The Parliament Hall, which was finished in 1639, at the expense of the citizens, costing £11,600 of the money of that time, occupies a considerable portion of the old churchyard, and possesses a kind of simple grandeur belonging to an anterior age. Its noblest feature is the roof, sixty feet in height, which rests on ornamental brackets consisting of boldly sculptured heads, and is formed of dark oak tie-and-hammer beams with cross braces, producing a general effect suggestive of the date of Westminster or of Crosby Hall. Modern corridors that branch out from it are in harmony with the old hall, and lead to the various court rooms and the extensive libraries of the Faculty of Advocates and the Society of Writers to the Signet. The hall measures 122 feet in length by 49 in breadth, and was hung of old with tapestry and portraits of the kings of Scotland, some by Sir Godfrey Kneller. These were bestowed, in 1707, by Queen Anne, on the Earl of Mar, and are now said to be among the miscellaneous collections at Holyrood. Begun in 1632, the hall with its adjacent buildings took seven years to erect; but subsequently the external portions of the edifice were almost totally renewed. Howell, in his "Familiar Letters," writing from Edinburgh in 1639, says, "there is a fair Parliament House built here lately," and regretting that Charles I. did not inaugurate it in person, he adds that "they did ill who advised him otherwise." The time had come when old Scottish raids were nearly past, and when revolutions had their first impulse, not in the battle-field, but in deliberative assemblies; thus the Parliament that transferred its meetings from the old Tolbooth to the new House in 1639 had to vote "the sinews of war" for an army against England, under Sir Alexander Leslie, and was no less unprecedented in its constitution and powers than the place in which it assembled was a new edifice. Outside of a wooden partition in the hall was an oak pulpit, where a sermon was preached at the opening of Parliament; and behind was a small gallery, where the public heard the debates of the House.

To thousands who never saw or could have seen it the external aspect of the old Parliament House has been rendered familiar by Gordon's engravings, and more particularly by the view of it on the bank notes of Sir William Forbes and Co. Tradition names Inigo Jones as the architect, but of this there is not a vestige of proof. It was highly picturesque, and possessed an individuality that should have preserved it from the iconoclastic "improvers" of 1829. "There was a quaint stateliness about its irregular pinnacles and towers," we are told, "and the rude elaborateness of its decorations, that seemed to link it with the courtiers of Holyrood in the times of the Charleses, and its last gala days under the Duke of York's vice-regency. Nothing can possibly be conceived more meaningless and utterly absurd than the thing that superseded it"—a square of semi-classic buildings, supported by a narrow arcade, and surmounted by stone sphinxes.

Above the old main entrance, which faced the east, and is now completely blocked up and hidden, were the royal arms of Scotland, beautifully sculptured, supported on the right by Mercy holding a crown wreathed with laurel, and on the left by Justice, with a palm branch and balance, with the inscription, *Stant his felicia regna*, and underneath the national arms, the motto, *Uni unionum.* Over the smaller doorway, which forms the present access to the lofty lobby of the House, were the arms of the city, between sculptured obelisks, with the motto *Dominus custodit introitum nostrum.* The destruction of all this was utterly unwarrantable.

The tapestries with which the hall was hung were all removed about the end of the last century, and now its pictures, statues, and decorations of Scotland's elder and latter days replace them.

Of the statues of the distinguished Scottish statesmen and lawyers, the most noticeable are a colossal one of Henry first Viscount Melville in his robes as a peer, by Chantrey; on his left is Lord Cockburn, by Brodie; Duncan Forbes of Culloden, in his judicial costume as President of the Court, by Roubiliac (a fine example); the Lord President Boyle, and Lord Jeffrey, by Steel; the Lord President Blair (son of the author of "The Grave"), by Chantrey.

On the opposite or eastern side of the hall (which stands north and south) is the statue of Robert Dundas of Arniston, Lord Chief Baron of the Scottish Exchequer, also by Chantrey; portraits, many of them of considerable antiquity, some by Jameson, a Scottish painter who studied under Rubens at Antwerp. But the most remarkable among the modern portraits are those of Lord Brougham, by Sir Daniel Macnee, P.R.S.A.; Lord Colonsay, formerly President of the Court, and the Lord Justice-Clerk Hope, both by the same artist. There are also two very fine portraits of Lord Abercrombie and Professor Bell, by Sir Henry Raeburn.

Light is given to this interesting hall by four windows on the side, and the great window on the south. It is of stained glass, and truly magnificent. It was erected in 1868 at a cost of £2,000, and was the work of two German artists, having been designed by Wilhelm von Kaulbach, and executed by the Chevalier Ainmiller of Munich. It represents the inauguration of the College of Justice, or the Supreme Court of Scotland, by King James V., in 1532. The opening of the court is supposed by the artist to have been the occasion of a grand state ceremonial, and the moment chosen for representation is that in which the young king, surrounded by his nobles and great officers of state, is depicted in the act of presenting the charter of institution and of confirmation by Pope Clement VII. to Alexander Mylne, Abbot of Cambuskenneth, the first Lord President, who kneels before him to receive it, surrounded by the other judges in their robes, while the then Lord Chancellor of Scotland, Gavin Dunbar, Archbishop of Glasgow, and afterwards of St. Andrews, with upraised hand invokes a blessing on the act.

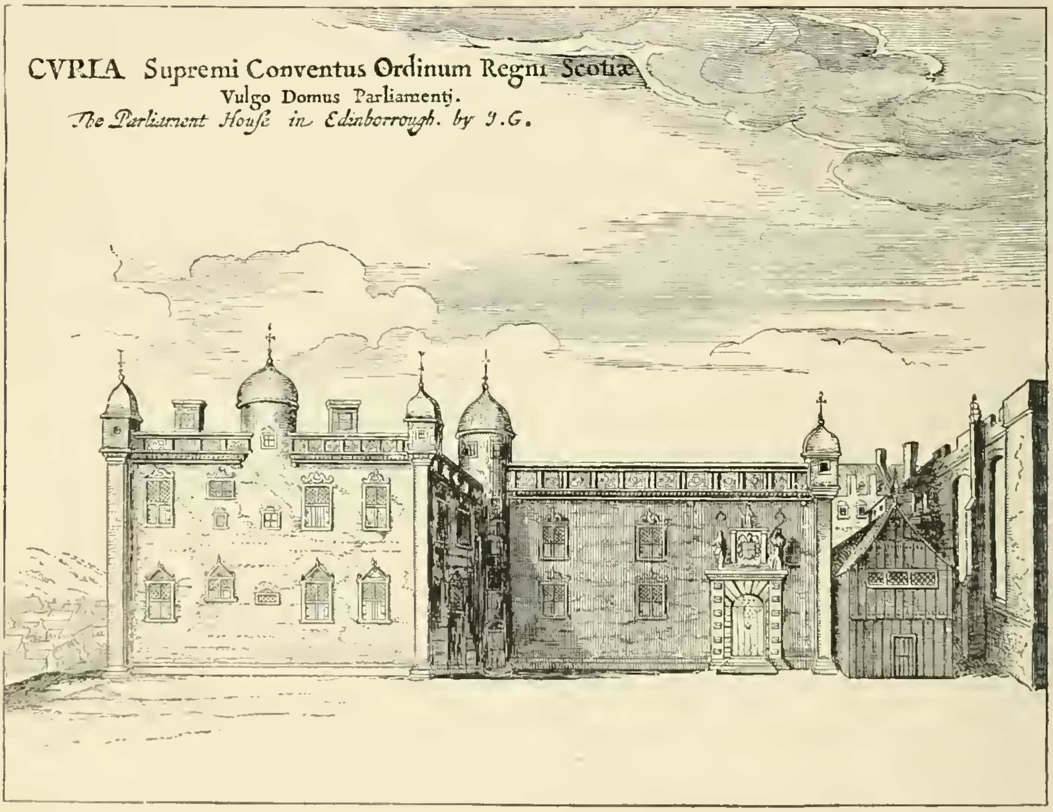
In 1870 the four side windows on the west of the hall were filled in with stained glass of a heraldic character, under the superintendence of the late Sir George Harvey, president of the Royal Scottish Academy. Each window is twenty feet high by nine wide, divided by a central mullion, the tracery between being occupied by the armorial bearings and crests of the various Lord Justice-Clerks, the great legal writers of the Faculty of Advocates, those of the Deans of Faculty, and the Lords Advocate.

This old hall has been the scene of many a great event and many a strange debate, and most of the proceedings that took place here belong to the history of the country; for with the exception of the Castle and the ancient portion of Holyrood, no edifice in the city is so rich in historic memories.

Beneath the old roof consecrated to these, says one of its latest chroniclers, "the first great movements of the Civil War took place, and the successive steps in that eventful crisis were debated with a zeal commensurate to the important results involved in them. Here Montrose united with Rothes, Lindsay, Loudon, and others of the covenanting leaders, in maturing the bold measures that formed the basis of our national liberties; and within the same hall, only a few years later, he sat with the calmness of despair, to receive from the lips of his old compatriot, Loudon, the barbarous sentence, which was executed with such savage rigour."

After his victory at Dunbar, some of Cromwell's troopers in their falling bands, buff coats, and steel morions, spent their time alternately in preaching to the people in the Parliament Hall and guarding a number of Scottish prisoners of war who were confined in "the laigh Parliament House" below it. On the 17th of May, 1654, some of these contrived to cut a hole in the floor of the great hall, and all effected their escape save two; but when peace was established between Cromwell and the Scots, and the Courts of Law resumed their sittings, the hall was restored to somewhat of its legitimate uses, and there, in 1655, the leaders of the Commonwealth, including General Monk, were feasted with a lavish hospitality.

In 1660, under the auspices of the same republican general, came to pass "the glorious Restoration," when the magistrates had a banquet at the cross, and gave £1,000 sterling to the king; and his brother, the Duke of Albany and York, who came as Royal Commissioner, was feasted in the same hall with his Princess Mary d'Este and his daughter, the future Queen Anne, surrounded by all the high-born and beautiful in Scotland. But dark days again awaited the latter, when the insane Cavalier persecution began in a cruel and retributive spirit. For in the same place where he had been so nobly feasted the royal duke was compelled to preside to try by torture, with the iron boot and thumb-screws, the passively heroic and high-spirited adherents of that Covenant which the king had broken, while one of Scotland's most able lawyers, Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, acted his part of King's Advocate with such unpitying zeal as to gain him the abhorrence of the people, among whom he is still remembered as the "Bluidy Mackenzie."

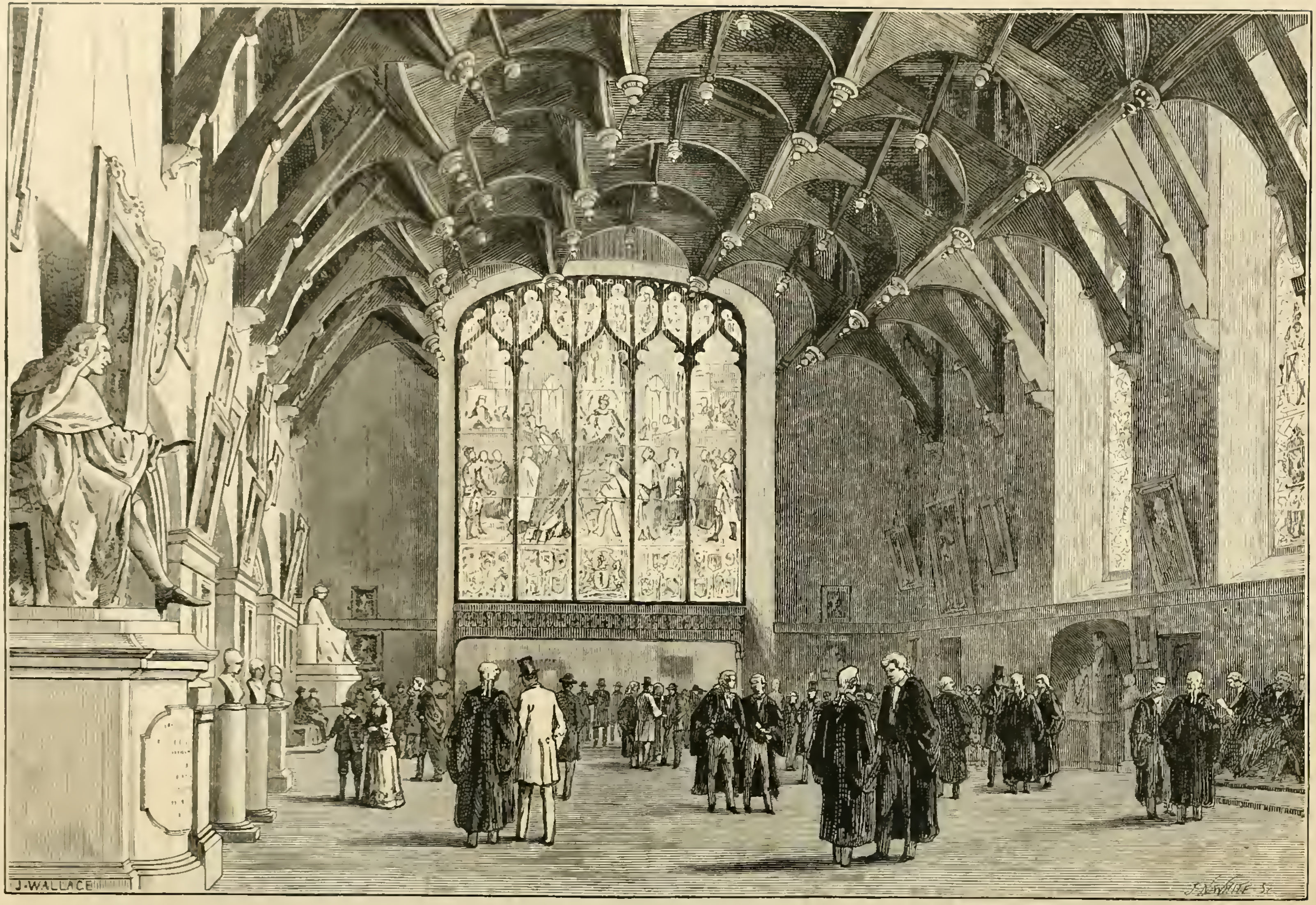

CVRIA Supremi Conventus Ordinum Regni Scotiæ
Vulgo Domus Parliamenti.
The Parliament House in Edinborrough. by J.G.

THE OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE. (*Fac-simile of Gordon of Rothiemay's View.*)

The rooms below the Parliament Hall, which are still dark—one being always lighted with gas, the other dimly and surrounded by a gallery—were the places where the Privy Council met, and torture went on, too often, almost daily at one time. Though long dedicated now "to the calm seclusion of literary study, they are the same that witnessed the noble, the enthusiastic, and despairing, alike prostrate at the feet of tyrants, or subjected to their merciless sword. There Guthrie and Argyle received the barbarous sentence of their personal enemies without form of trial, and hundreds of less note courageously endured the fury of their persecutors."

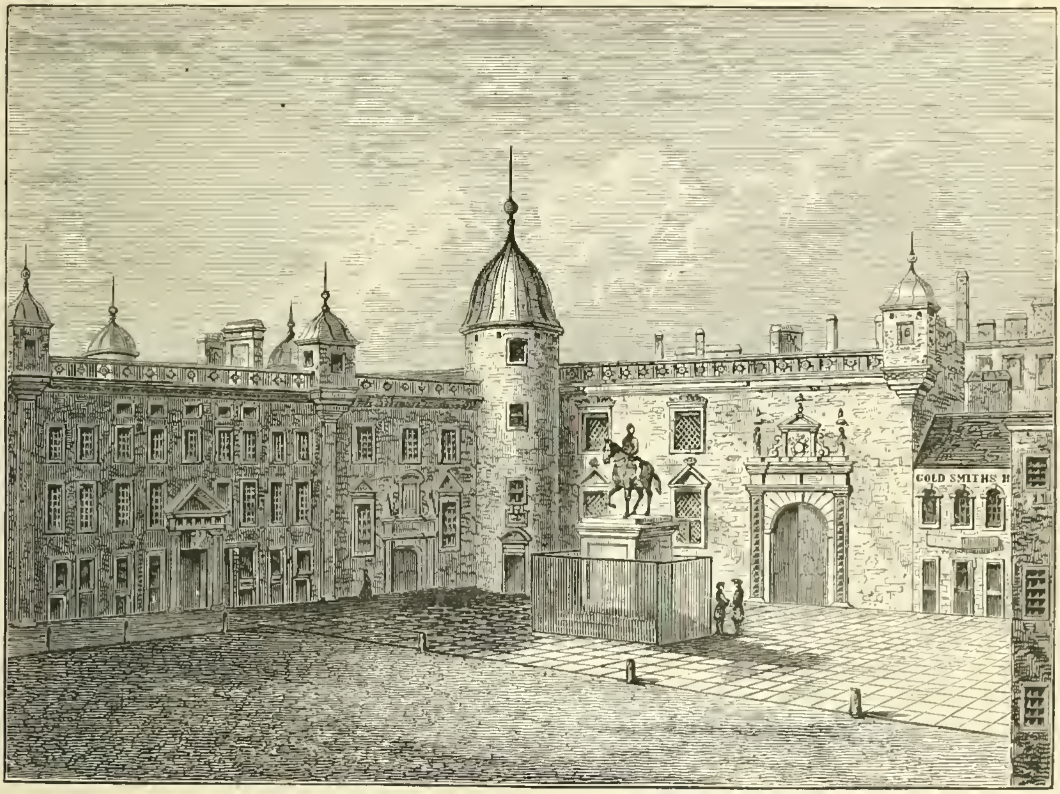
Lord Fountainhall gives us one scene acted in this chamber, which will suffice as an illustration, and so powerfully shows the spirit of the time that we are tempted to quote it at length. It refers to the trial or examination of a man named Garnock and five other Covenanters on the 7th of October, 1681:—

"The King's Advocate being in Angus, sent over a deputation to *me* to pursue; but God so ordered it that I was freed, and Sir William Purves eased me of the office. In fortification of what they said before the Duke and Council, they led the clerks and macers as witnesses, who deponed that they uttered those or the like words: 'They declined the king, denied him to be their lawful sovereign, and called him a tyrant and covenant-breaker.' And Forman had a knife with this posie graven on it—*This is to cut the throats of tyrants;* and said 'if the king be a tyrant, why not also cut his throat, and if they were righteous judges, they would have the same on their swords,



GREAT HALL, PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

like Buchanan's motto borrowed from the great Emperor Trajan, *Pro me, si mereor, in me.'* Garnock having at a Committee of Council railed at General Dalyell, calling him (with reference to his service in Russia) a Muscovia beast who used to roast men, the general in a passion struck him with the pommel of his shable on the face till the blood sprung. Garnock gave in a protestation signed with his own hand, calling them 'all bloody murderers and papists, and charging all the Parliamenters to reverse the wicked laws they had made, and that Popish test they had been taking, and to put away that sinful man (the duke) or else the judgments of God were ready to break upon the land. Lapsley was wiser than the other five, for he owned the king, so far as he owned the 'Covenant which he swore at his coronation at Scone.'" Lapsley was sent in fetters to the Thieves' Hole, but the other five were found guilty by jury of being present at a field conventicle, "and condemned to be hanged at the Gallowlee, betwixt Edinburgh and Leith, on the 10th of October; their heads to be struck off and set upon pricks upon the Pleasance Port; Forman's hand, who had the said knife, to be cut off (while) alive; all of which was accordingly done; and they died obstinately without acknowledging any fault or retracting their errors, reviling and condemning their judges and all that differed from them. Their bodies were stolen up by some of their party from under the gibbet, and re-buried in the west kirkyard."



PARLIAMENT HOUSE. (*From the View in Arnot's "History of Edinburgh."*)

To understand the courage of the man who in such a place would defy the terrible old colonel of the Greys—whose ghost is at this day supposed to haunt his house of Binns—we must keep in mind the superstition of the time, which led the people to believe him bullet-proof; that if he spat, a hole was burned in the earth, and that water, if poured into his jack-boots, rose at once to boiling heat!

This magnificent hall and the buildings connected with it had a narrow escape in the "Great Fire" of 1700. It broke out in Lord Crossrig's lodging, at Mr. John Buchan's, near the meal-market, on a night in February; and Duncan Forbes of Culloden asserts ("Culloden Papers") in a letter to his brother the colonel, that he never beheld a more vehement fire; that 400 families were burned out, and that from the Cowgate upwards to the High Street scarcely one stone was left upon another.

"The Parliament House very hardly escapt," he continues, "all registers confounded; clerks, chambers, and processes, in such a confusion, that the lords and officers of state are just now met in Rosse's taverne in order to adjourning of the sessione by reason of the dissorder. Few people are lost, if any at all; but there was neither heart nor hand left amongst them for saveing from the fyre, nor a drop of water in the cisterns; 20,000 hands flitting their trash they knew not wher, and hardly 20 at work; these babells of ten and fourteen story high, are down to the ground, and their fall very terrible. Many rueful spectacles, such as Crossrig, naked, with a child under his oxter, hopping for his lyffe; the Fish Mercate, and all from the Cowgate to Pett-streets Close, burnt; the Exchange, vaults and coal-cellars under the Parliament Close, are still burning."

Many of the houses that were burned on this occasion were fourteen storeys in height, seven of which were below the level of the Close on the south side. These houses had been built about twenty years before, by Thomas Robertson, brewer, a thriving citizen, whose tomb in the Greyfriars' Churchyard had an inscription, given in Monteith's Theatre of Mortality, describing him as "remarkable for piety towards God, loyalty to his king, and love to his country." He had given the Covenant out of his hand to be burned at the Cross in 1661 on the Restoration; and now it was remembered exultingly "that God in his providence had sent a burning among his lands."

But Robertson was beyond the reach of earthly retribution, as his tomb bears that he died on the 21st of September, 1686, in the 63rd year of his age, with the addendum, *Vivit post funera virtus*—"Virtue survives the grave."

Before we come to record the great national tragedy which the Parliament House witnessed in 1707—for a tragedy it was then deemed by the Scottish people—it may be interesting to describe the yearly ceremony, called "the Riding of the Parliament," in state, from the Palace to the Hall, as described by Arnot and others, on the 6th of May, 1703.

The central streets of the city and Canongate, being cleared of all vehicles, and a lane formed by their being inrailed on both sides, none were permitted to enter but those who formed the procession, or were officers of the Scottish regulars, and the trained bands in full uniform. Outside these rails the streets were lined by the Scottish Horse Grenadier Guards, from the Palace porch westwards; next in order stood the Scottish Foot Guards (two battalions, then as now), under General Sir George Ramsay, up to the Netherbow Port; from thence to the Parliament House, and to the bar thereof, the street was lined by the trained bands of the city, the Lord High Constable's Guards, and those of the Earl Marischal. The former official being seated in an arm-chair, at the door of the House, received the officers, while the members being assembled at the Palace of Holyrood, were then summoned by name, by the Lord Clerk Registrar, the Lord Lyon King of Arms, and the heralds, with trumpets sounding, after which the procession began, thus:—

Two mounted trumpeters, with coats and banners, bareheaded.

Two pursuivants in coats and foot mantles, ditto.

Sixty-three Commissioners for burghs on horseback, two and two, each having a lackey on foot; the odd number walking alone.

Seventy-seven Commissioners for shires, mounted and covered, each having two lackeys on foot.

Fifty-one Lord Barons in their robes, riding two and two, each having a gentleman to support his train, and three lackeys on foot, wearing above their liveries velvet coats with the arms of their respective Lords on the breast and back embossed on plate, or embroidered in gold or silver.

Nineteen Viscounts as the former.

Sixty Earls as the former.

Four trumpeters, two and two.

Four pursuivants, two and two.

The heralds, Islay, Ross, Rothesay, Albany, Snowdon, and Marchmont, in their tabards, two and two, bareheaded.

The Lord Lyon King at Arms, in his tabard, with chain, robe, bâton, and foot mantle.

The Sword of State, born by the Earl of Mar.

The Sceptre, borne by the Earl of Crawford.

Three Macers.

THE CROWN,
Borne by the Earl of Forfar.

The purse and commission, borne by the Earl of Morton.

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY, LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER,
With his servants, pages, and footmen.

Three Macers.

Four Dukes, two and two.

Gentlemen bearing their trains, and each having eight lackeys.

Six Marquises, each having six lackeys.

The Duke of Argyle, Colonel of the Horse Guards.

A squadron of Horse Guards.

The Lord High Commissioner was received there, at the door of the House, by the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marischal, between whom he was led to the throne, followed by the Usher of the White Rod, while, amid the blowing of trumpets, the regalia were laid upon the table before it.

The year 1706, before the assembling of the last Parliament, in the old hall, was peculiarly favourable to any attempt for the then exiled House of Stuart to regain the throne; for the proposed union with England had inflamed to a perilous degree the passions and the patriotism of the nation. In August the equivalent money sent to Scotland as a blind to the people for their full participation in the taxes and old national debt of England, was pompously brought to Edinburgh in twelve great waggons, and conveyed to the Castle, escorted by a regiment of Scottish cavalry, as Defoe tells us, amid the railing, the reproaches, and the deep curses of the people, who then thought of nothing but war, and viewed the so-called equivalent as the price of their Scottish fame, liberty, and honour.

In their anathemas, we are told that they spared not the very horses which drew the waggons, and on the return of the latter from the fortress their fury could no longer be restrained, and, unopposed by the sympathising troops, they dashed the vehicles to pieces, and assailed the drivers with volleys of stones, by which many of them were severely injured.

"It was soon discovered, after all," says Dr. Chambers, "that only £100,000 of the money was specie, the rest being in Exchequer bills, which the Bank of England had ignorantly supposed to be welcome in all parts of Her Majesty's dominions. This gave rise to new clamours. It was said the English had tricked them by sending paper instead of money. Bills, payable 400 miles off, and which if lost or burned would be irrecoverable, were a pretty price for the obligation Scotland had come under to pay English taxes."

In the following year, during the sitting of the Union Parliament, a terrible tumult arose in the west, led by two men named Montgomery and Finlay. The latter had been a sergeant in the Royal Scots, and this enthusiastic veteran burned the articles of Union at the Cross of Glasgow, and with the little sum he had received on his discharge, enlisted men to march to Edinburgh, avowing his intention of dispersing the Union Parliament, sacking the House, and storming the Castle. In the latter the troops were on the alert, and the guns and beacons were in readiness. The mob readily enough took the veteran's money, but melted away on the march; thus, he was captured and brought in a prisoner to the Castle, escorted by 250 dragoons, and the Parliament continued its sitting without much interruption.

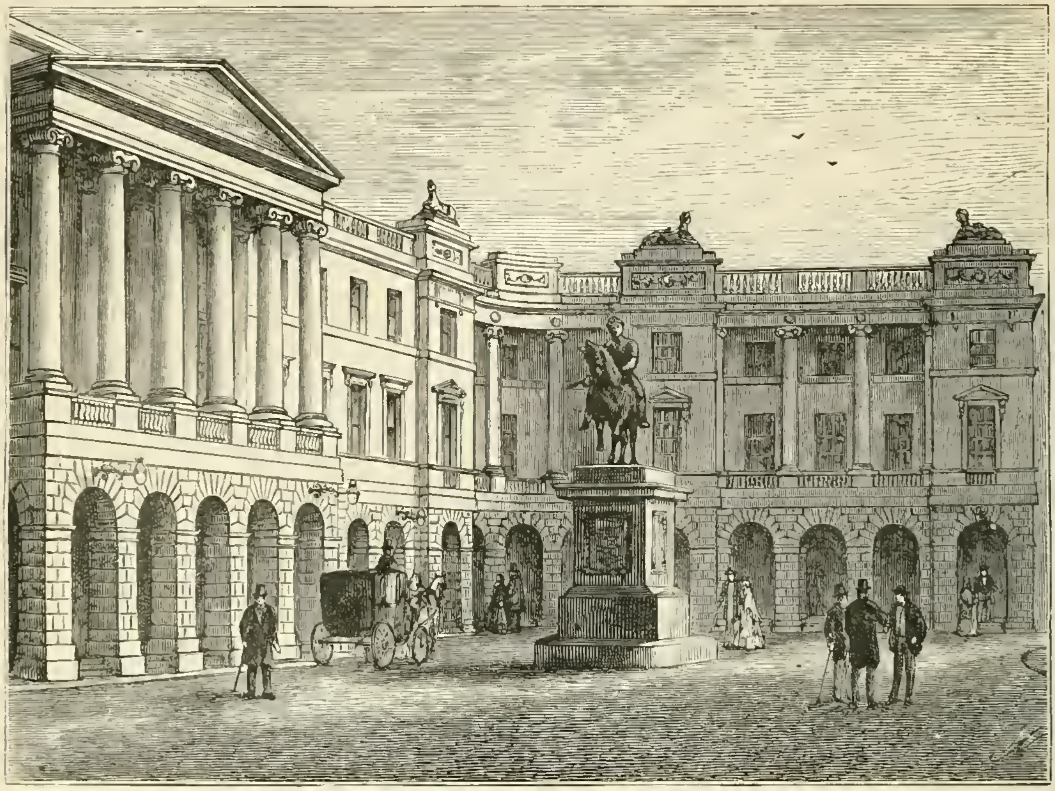
The Articles of Union were framed by thirty commissioners acting for England and thirty acting for Scotland; and though the troops of both countries were then fighting side by side on the Continent, such were their mutual relations on each side of the Tweed, that, as Macaulay says, they could not possibly have continued for one year more "on the terms on which they had been during the preceding century, and that there must have been between them either absolute union or deadly enmity; and their enmity would bring frightful calamities, not on themselves alone, but on all the civilised world. Their union would be the best security for the prosperity of both, for the internal tranquillity of the island, for the just balance of power among European states, and for the immunities of all Protestant countries."

As the Union debates went on, in vain did the eloquent Belhaven, on his knees and in tears, beseech the House to save Scotland from extinction and degradation; in vain did the nervous Fletcher, the astute and wary Lockhart, plead for the fame of their forefathers, and denounce the measure which was to close the legislative hall for ever. "Many a patriotic heart," says Wilson, "throbbed amid the dense crowd that daily assembled in the Parliament Close, to watch the decision of the Scottish Estates on the detestable scheme of a union with England. Again and again its fate trembled in the balance, but happily for Scotland, English bribes outweighed the mistaken zeal of Scottish patriotism and Jacobitism, united against the measure."

On the 25th of March, 1707, the treaty of union was ratified by the Estates, and on the 22nd of April the ancient Parliament of Scotland adjourned, to assemble no more. On that occasion the Chancellor Scofield made use of a brutal jest, for which, says Sir Walter Scott, his countrymen should have destroyed him on the spot.

It is, of course, a matter of common history, that the legislative union between Scotland and England was carried by the grossest bribery and corruption; but the sums actually paid to members who sat in that last Parliament are not perhaps so well known, and may be curious to the reader.

During some financial investigations which were in progress in 1711 Lockhart discovered and made public that the sum of £20,540 17s. 7d. had been secretly distributed by Lord Godolphin, the Treasurer of England, among the baser members of the Scottish Parliament, for the purpose of inducing them to vote for the extinction of their country, and in his "Memoirs of Scotland from the Accession of Queen Anne," he gives us the following list of the receivers, with the actual sum which was paid to each, and this list was confirmed on oath by David Earl of Glasgow, the Treasurer Deputy of Scotland.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE IN THE PRESENT DAY.

	£	s.	d.
To the Earl of Marchmont	1104	15	7
,, Earl of Cromarty	300	0	0
,, Lord Prestonhall	200	0	0
,, Lord Ormiston, Lord Justice Clerk	200	0	0
,, Duke of Montrose	200	0	0
,, Duke of Athole	1000	0	0
,, Earl of Balcarris	500	0	0
,, Earl of Dunmore	200	0	0
,, Lord Anstruther	300	0	0
,, Stewart of Castle Stewart	300	0	0
,, Earl of Eglinton	200	0	0
,, Lord Fraser	100	0	0
,, Lord Cessnock (afterwards Polworth)	50	0	0
,, Mr. John Campbell	200	0	0
,, Earl of Forfar	100	0	0
,, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie	100	0	0
,, Earl of Glencairn	100	0	0
,, Earl of Kintore	200	0	0
,, Earl of Findlater	100	0	0
,, John Muir, Provost of Ayr	100	0	0
,, Lord Forbes	50	0	0
,, Earl of Seafield (afterwards Findlater)	490	0	0
,, Marquis of Tweeddale	1000	0	0
,, Duke of Roxburghe	500	0	0
,, Lord Elibank	50	0	0
,, Lord Banff	11	2	0
,, Major Cunninghame of Eckatt	100	0	0
,, Bearer of the Treaty of Union	60	0	0
,, Sir William Sharp	300	0	0
,, Coultrain, Provost of Wigton	25	0	0
,, Mr. Alexander Wedderburn	75	0	0
,, High Commissioner (Queensberry)	12,325	0	0
	£20,540	17	7

Ere the consummation, James Duke of Hamilton and James Earl of Bute quitted "the House in disgust and dispair, to return to it no more."

The corrupt state of the Scottish peerage can scarcely excite surprise when we find that, according to Stair's Decisions, Lord Pitsligo, but a few years before this, purloined Lord Coupar's watch, they at the time "being sitting in Parliament !"

Under terror of the Edinburgh mobs, who nearly tore the Chancellor and others limb from limb in the streets, one half of the signatures were appended to the treaty in a cellar of a house, No 177, High Street, opposite the Tron Church, named "the Union Cellar;" the rest were appended in an arbour which then adorned the Garden of Moray House in the Canongate; and the moment this was accomplished, Queensberry and the conspirators—for such they really seem to have been—fled to England before daybreak, with the duplicate of the treaty.

A bitter song, known as "The Curses," was long after sung in every street.

"Curs'd be the Papists who withdrew
The king to their persuasion;
Curs'd be the Covenanting crew
Who gave the first occasion.

Curs'd be the wretch who seized the throne,
  And marred our Constitution ;
And curs'd be they who helped on
  That wicked Revolution.

"Curs'd be those traitorous traitors who
  By their perfidious knavery,
Have brought our nation now unto
  An everlasting slavery.
Curs'd be the Parliament that day,
  Who gave their confirmation ;
And cursed be every whining Whig,
  For they have damned the nation !"

We have shown what the representation of Scotland was, in the account of the Riding of the Parliament. By the Treaty of Union the number was cut down to sixty-one for both Houses, and the general effects of it were long remembered in Scotland with bitterness and reprehension, and generations went to their grave ere the long-promised prosperity came. Ruin and desolation fell upon the country ; in the towns the grass grew round the market-crosses ; the east coast trade was destroyed, and the west was as yet undeveloped ; all the arsenals were emptied, the fortresses disarmed, and two royal palaces fell into ruin.

The departure of the king to London in 1603 caused not the slightest difference in Edinburgh ; but the Union seemed to achieve the irreparable ruin of the capital and of the nation. Of the former Robert Chambers says :—"From the Union, up to the middle of this century, the existence of the city seems to have been a perfect blank ! No improvements of any sort marked the period. On the contrary, an air of gloom and depression pervaded the city, such as distinguished its history at *no* former period. A tinge was communicated even to the manners and fashions of society, which were remarkable for stiff reserve, precise moral carriage, and a species of decorum amounting almost to moroseness, sure indications, it is to be supposed, of a time of adversity and humiliation. . . . In short, this may be called, no less appropriately than emphatically, the *dark age of Edinburgh*."

Years of national torpor and accepted degradation followed, and to the Scot who ventured south but a sorry welcome was accorded ; yet from this state of things Scotland rose to what she is to-day, by her own exertions, unaided, and often obstructed. A return made to the House of Commons in 1710 shows that the proportion of the imperial revenue contributed by Scotland was only 2¼ per cent., whereas, by the year 1866, it had risen to 14½ per cent. During that period the revenue of England increased 800 per cent, while that of Scotland increased 2,500 per cent., thus showing that there is no country in Europe which has made such vast material progress ; and to seek for a parallel case we must turn to Australia or the United States of America ; but it is doubtful if those who sat in the old Parliament House on that 25th of March, 1707, least of all such patriots as Lord Banff, when he pocketed his £11 2s., could, in the

UNION CELLAR.

wildest imagery, have foreseen the Edinburgh and the Scotland of to-day!

Till so lately as 1779 the Parliament House, retained the divisions, furnishing, and—save the royal portraits—other features, which it had borne in the days when Scotland had a national legislature. Since that time the associations of this hall—the Westminster Hall of Edinburgh—are only such as relate to men eminent in the College of Justice, for learning or great legal lore, among whom we may note Duncan Forbes, Lords Monboddo and Kames, Hume, Erskine, and Mackenzie, and, indeed, nearly all the men of note in past Scottish literature. "Our own generation has witnessed there Cockburn, Brougham, Horner, Jeffrey, and Scott, sharing in the grave offices of the court, or taking a part in the broad humour and wit for which the members of 'the Faculty' are so celebrated; and still the visitor to this learned and literary lounge cannot fail to be gratified in a high degree, while watching the different groups who gather in the Hall, and noting the lines of thought or humour, and the infinite variety of physiognomy for which the wigged and gowned loiterers of the Law Courts are peculiarly famed."

The Hall is now open from where the throne stood to the great south window. Once it was divided into two portions—the southern separated from the rest by a screen, accommodated the Court of Session; the northern, comprising a subsection used for the Sheriff Court, was chiefly a kind of lobby, and was degraded by a set of little booths, occupied as taverns, booksellers' shops, and toy-shops, like those in the Krames. Among others, Creech had a stall; and such was once the condition of Westminster Hall. Spottiswoode of that ilk, who published a work on "Forms of Process," in 1718, records that there were then "two keepers of the session-house, who had small salaries to do the menial offices there, and that no small part of their annual perquisites came from the *kramers* in the outer hall."

The great Hall is now used as a promenade and waiting-room by the advocates and other practitioners connected with the supreme courts, and during the sitting of these presents a very animated scene; and there George IV. was received in kingly state at a grand banquet, on his visit to the city in 1822.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE—(*Concluded*).

The Faculty of Advocates—The Writers to the Signet—Solicitors before the Supreme Court—The First Lords of Session—The Law Courts—The Court of Session: the Outer and Inner Houses—College of Justice—Supreme Judicature Court—Its Corrupt Nature—How Justice used to be defeated—Abduction of Lord Durie—Some Notable Senators of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries: Lords Fountainhall, Covington, Monboddo, Kames, Hailes, Gardenstone, Arniston, Balmuto, and Hermand.

THE Faculty of Advocates—who are privileged to plead in any court in Scotland, and in all Scottish appeals before the House of Lords—is a body, of course, inseparably connected, as yet, with the old Parliament House. From among that body the judges of the supreme courts and sheriffs of the various counties are selected. It is the most distinguished corporate body in Scotland, and of old, especially, was composed of the representatives alike of the landed aristocracy, the rank and intellect of Scotland; and for more than three centuries the dignity of the Scottish bench and bar has been maintained by a succession of distinguished men, illustrious, not only in their own peculiar department of legal knowledge, but in most branches of literature and science; and it has produced some men whose works are read and whose influence is felt wherever the language of Great Britain is known.

The whole internal economy of the legal bodies, and of the courts of law, is governed by the Acts of Sederunt. We find, in 1674, Charles II., in consequence of a difference having arisen between the Faculty and the Lords of Session, banished the whole of the former twelve miles from Edinburgh. The subject in dispute was whether any appeal lay from the Court of Session to the Parliament. It is obvious that in this contest between the bench and the bar, law and the practice of the court, independent of expediency, could alone be considered, and the Faculty remained banished until the unlimited supremacy of the Court should be acknowledged; but what would those sturdy advocates of the seventeenth century have thought of appeals to a Parliament sitting at Westminster?

In 1702 the Faculty became again embroiled. Upon the accession of Queen Anne a new Parliament was not summoned, that which sat during the reign of her predecessor being re-assembled. The Duke of Hamilton and seventy-nine members protested against this as being illegal, and withdrew from the House. The Faculty of Advocates passed a vote among themselves in favour of that protest, declaring it to be founded on the laws of the realm, for which they were prosecuted before Parliament, and sharply reprimanded, a circumstance which gave great offence to the nation.

The affairs of the Faculty are managed by a Dean, or President, a Treasurer, Clerk, and selected Council; and, besides the usual branches of a liberal education, those who are admitted as advocates must have gone through a regular course of civil and Scottish law.

Connected with the Court of Session is the Society of Clerks, or Writers to the Royal Signet, whose business it is to subscribe the writs that pass under that signet in Scotland, and practise as attorneys before the Courts of Session, Justiciary, and the Jury Court. The office of Keeper of the Signet is a lucrative one, but is performed by a deputy. The qualifications for admission to this body are an apprenticeship for five years with one of the members, after two years' attendance at the University, and on a course of lectures on conveyancing given by a lecturer appointed by the Society, and also on the Scottish law class in the University.

Besides these Writers to the Signet, who enjoy the right of conducting exclusively certain branches of legal procedure, there is another, but inferior, society of practitioners, who act as attorneys before the various Courts, in which they were of long standing, but were only incorporated in 1797, under the title of Solicitors before the Supreme Courts.

The Judges of the Courts of Session and Justiciary, with members of these before-mentioned corporate bodies, and the officers of Court, form the College of Justice instituted by James V., and of which the Judges of the Court of Session enjoy the title of Senators.

The halls for the administration of justice immediately adjoin the Parliament House. The Court of Session is divided into what are named the Outer and Inner Houses. The former consists of five judges, or Lords Ordinary, occupying separate Courts, where cases are heard for the first time; the latter comprises two Courts, technically known as the First and Second Divisions. Four Judges sit in each of these, and it is before them that litigants, if dissatisfied with the Outer House decision, may bring their cases for final judgment, unless afterwards they indulge in the expensive luxury of appealing to the House of Lords.

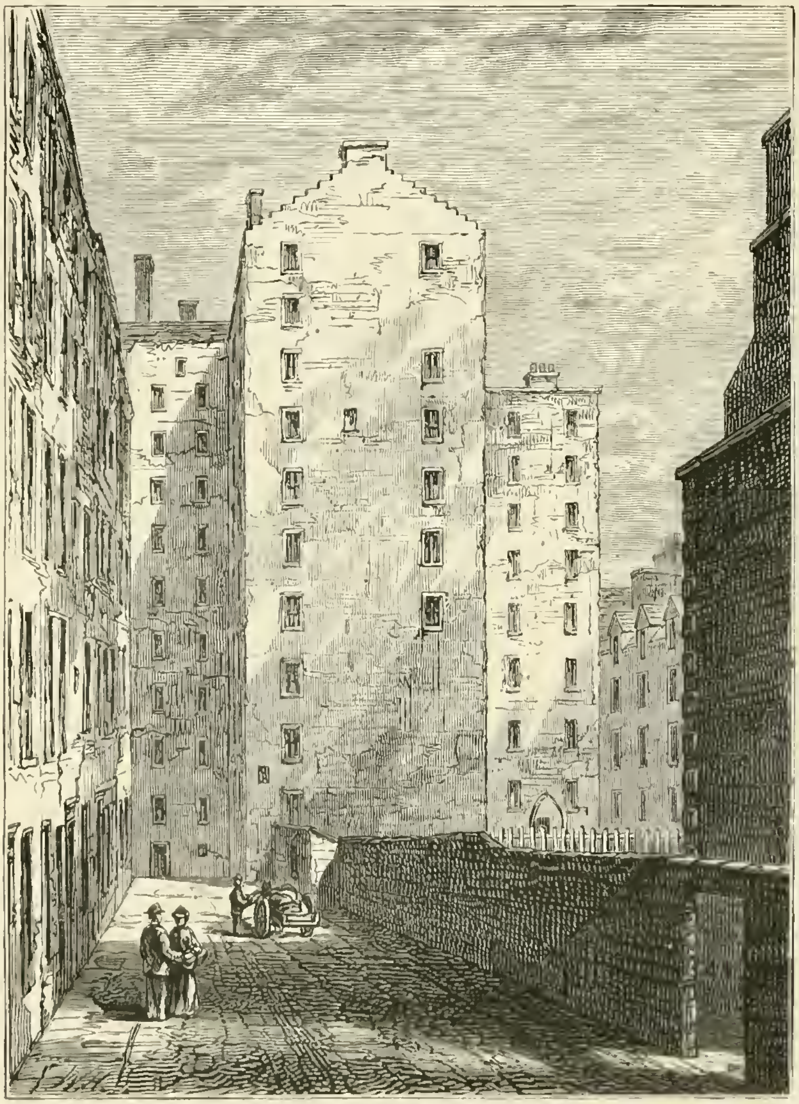
The Courts of the Lords Ordinary enter from the corridor at the south end of the great hall, and those of the Inner House from a long lobby on the east side of it.

Although the College of Justice was instituted by James V., and held its first sederunt in the old Tolbooth on the 27th of May, 1532, it was first projected by his uncle, the Regent-Duke of Albany. The Court originally consisted of the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President, fourteen Lords Ordinary, or Senators (one-half clergy and one-half laity), and afterwards an indefinite number of supernumerary judges, designated Extraordinary Lords. The annual expenses of this Court were defrayed from the revenues of the clergy, who bitterly, but vainly, remonstrated against this taxation. It may not be uninteresting to give here the names of the first members of the Supreme Judicature :—

Alexander, Abbot of Cambuskenneth, Lord President; Richard Bothwell, Rector of Askirk (whose father was Provost of Edinburgh in the time of James III.); John Dingwall, Provost of the Trinity Church; Henry White, Dean of Brechin; William Gibson, Dean of Restalrig; Thomas Hay, Dean of Dunbar; Robert Reid, Abbot of Kinloss; George Kerr, Provost of Dunglass; Sir William Scott of Balwearie; Sir John Campbell of Lundie; Sir James Colville of Easter Wemyss; Sir Adam Otterburne of Auldhame; Nicolas Crawford of Oxengangs; Sir Francis Bothwell (who was provost of the city in 1535); and James Lawson of the Highriggs.

The memoirs which have been preserved of the administration of justice by the Court of Session in the olden time are not much to its honour. The arbitrary nature of it is referred to by Buchanan, and in the time of James VI. we find the Lord Chancellor, Sir Alexander Seaton (Lord Fyvie in 1598), superintending the lawsuits of a friend, and instructing him in the mode and manner in which they should be conducted. But Scott of Scotstarvit gives us a sorry account of this peer, who owed his preferment to Anne of Denmark. The strongest proof of the corrupt nature of the Court is given us by the Act passed by the sixth parliament of James VI., in 1579, by which the Lords were prohibited, "No uther be thamselves, or be their wives, or servantes, to take in ony times cumming, bud, bribe, gudes, or geir, fra quhat-sum-ever person or persones presently havand, or that hereafter sall happen to have ony actions or causes persewed before them," under pain of confiscation (Glendoick's Acts, fol.). The necessity for this law plainly evinces that the secret acceptance of bribes must have been common among the judges of the time; while, in other instances, the warlike spirit of the people paralysed the powers of the Court.

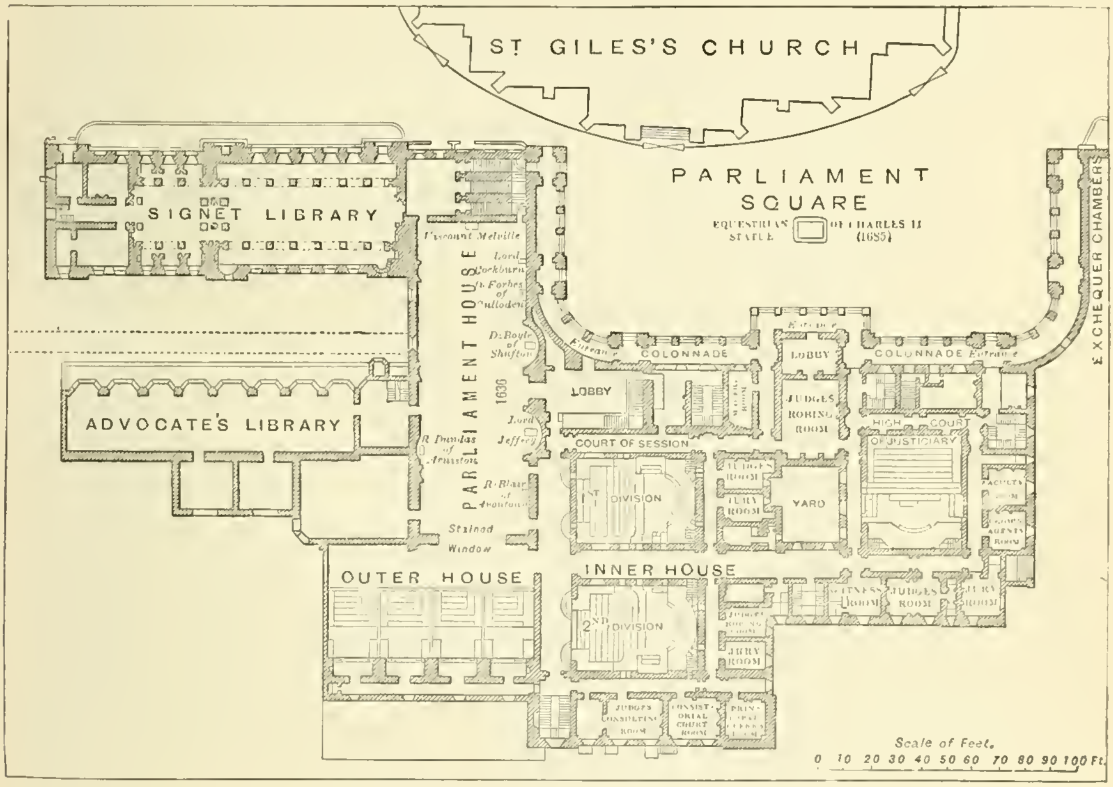
When a noble, or chief of rank, was summoned to answer for some raid, act of treason, or murder, he would perhaps appear at the bar in a suit of mail, with as many armed men as he could muster; and the influence of clanship rendered it dishonourable not to shield and countenance a kinsman, whatever dark deed he might have done. At the trial of Bothwell, for the murder of Darnley, before the Earl of Argyll as hereditary Lord High Justice, the latter had a guard of two hundred hackbuttiers, with matches lighted, to enforce the authority of the Court; before which the former came armed, while *four thousand* of his followers in arms were drawn up at the door, thus enabling him to outbrave judges and jury alike.



VIEW FROM THE COWGATE OF THE BUILDINGS ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE PARLIAMENT CLOSE, THE HIGHEST BUILDINGS IN EDINBURGH. (*From a Print published in* 1794.)

The forcible abduction of Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, a noted lawyer (who drew up the decisions of the Court from the 11th July, 1621, to the 16th July, 1642)—that his voice and vote might be absent from the decision of a case—is well known, but told incorrectly, in the ballad on the subject. It appears that in September, 1601, Lord Durie was carried off from the neighbourhood of St. Andrews by George Meldrum younger of Dumbreck, and taken to Northumberland, where he was kept for eight days in the Castle of Harbottle, while his friends and family, unable to account for his mysterious disappearance, believed him to be dead, or spirited away by the fairies.

It has been said—with what truth it is impossible to tell—that, when Cromwell appointed eleven Commissioners (three of whom were Englishmen) for the administration of justice at Edinburgh, their decisions were most impartial; and, on hearing them lauded after the Restoration had replaced the old lords on the Bench, the President, Gilmour of Craigmillar, said, angrily, "Deil thank them—a wheen *kinless* loons!" The grave of one of these Englishmen, George Smith, was long pointed out in the abbey church, where he was buried by torchlight in 1657. (Lamont's Diary).



PLAN OF THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE AND LAW COURTS.

So far down as 1737 traces of bribery and influence in the Court are to be found, and proof of this is given in the curious and rare book named the "Court of Session Garland."

In a lawsuit, pending 23rd November, 1735, Thomas Gibson of Durie, agent for Foulis of Woodhall, writes to his employer thus:—"I have spoken to Strachan, and several of the lords, who are all surprised Sir F. (Francis Kinloch, Bart., of Gilmerton) should stand that plea. By Lord St. Clair's advice, Mrs. Kinloch is to wait on Lady Cairnie to-morrow, to cause her to ask the favour of Lady St. Clair to solicit Lady Betty Elphingston (Elizabeth Primrose of Carrington) and Lady Dun. My lord promises to back his lady, and to ply both their lords; also Leven and his cousin Murkle (a Lord of Session in 1733). *He* is your good friend, and wishes success; he is jealous Mrs. Mackie will side with her cousin Beattie. St. Clair says Leven has only *once gone wrong* upon *his hand* since he was a Lord of Session. Mrs. Kinloch has been with Miss Pringle, Newhall. Young Dr. Pringle is a good agent *there*, and discourses Lord Newhall *strongly on the law of nature.*"

Lord Newhall was Sir Walter Pringle, Knight, son of the Laird of Stitchill, Lord of Session in 1718. But such would seem to have been the influences that were used to obtain decisions in the olden time; and, before quitting the subject of the Parliament House we may recall a few of the most notable senators, the memory of whose names still lingers there.

The most distinguished lawyer of the seventeenth century was undoubtedly Sir John Lauder, Lord Fountainhall, son of a bailie of Edinburgh. He was born there in 1646; and, after being at the old High School in 1659, and studying law at Leyden, became a member of the Faculty of Advocates on the 5th June, 1668, from which period he began industriously to record the decisions of the Court of Session. He was one of the counsel for the Earl of Argyll in 1681, and four years after was M.P. for West Lothian. To the arbitrary measures of the Scottish Government he offered all constitutional resistance, and for his zeal in support of the Protestant religion was exposed to some trouble and peril in 1686. He firmly opposed the attempt of James VII. to abolish the penal laws against Roman Catholics in Scotland; and in 1692 was offered the post of Lord Advocate, which he bluntly declined, not being allowed to prosecute the perpetrators of the massacre of Glencoe, which has left an indelible stain on the memory of William of Orange. He was regular in his attendance during the debates on the Union, against which he voted and protested; but soon after age and infirmity compelled him to resign his place in the Justiciary Court, and afterwards that on the Bench. He died in 1722, leaving behind him MSS., which are preserved in ten folio and three quarto volumes, many of which have been published more than once.

Few senators have left behind them so kindly a memory as Alexander Lockhart, Lord Covington, so called from his estate in Lanarkshire. His paternal grandfather was the celebrated Sir George Lockhart, President of the Court of Session: his maternal grandfather was the Earl of Eglinton; and his father was Lockhart of Carnwath, author of the "Memoirs of Scotland."

He had been at the Bar from 1722, and, when appointed to the Bench, in 1774, had long borne the reputation of being one of the most able lawyers of the age, yet he never realised more than a thousand a-year by his practice. He lived in a somewhat isolated mansion, near the Parliament Close, which eventually was used as the Post Office. Lockhart and Fergusson (afterwards Lord Pitfour, in 1764), being rival advocates, were usually pitted against each other in cases of importance. After the battle of Culloden, says Robert Chambers, "many violently unjust, as well as bloody measures, were resorted to at Carlisle in the disposal of the prisoners, about seventy of whom came to a barbarous death." Messrs. Lockhart and Fergusson, indignant at the treatment of the poor Highlanders, and the unscrupulous measures of the English authorities to procure convictions, set off for Carlisle, arranging with each other that Lockhart should examine the evidence, while Fergusson pleaded, and addressed the jury. Offering their services, these were gladly accepted by the unfortunates whom defeat had thrown at the mercy of the Government. Each lawyer exerted his abilities with the greatest solicitude, but with little or no effect; national and political rancour inflamed all against the prisoners. The jurors of Carlisle had been so terrified by the passage of the Highland army—orderly and peaceful though it was—that they deemed everything like tartan a perfect proof of guilt; and they were utterly incapable of discriminating the amount of complicity in any particular prisoner, but sent all who came before them to the human shambles—for such the place of execution was then named—before the Castle-gate. At length one of the two Scottish advocates fell upon an expedient, which he deemed might prove effectual, as eloquence had failed. He desired his servant to dress himself in a suit of tartan, and skulk about in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, till he was arrested, and, in the usual fashion, accused of being "a rebel." As such the man was found guilty by the English jury, and would have been condemned had not his master stood forth, and claimed him as his servant, proving beyond all dispute that he had been in immediate attendance on himself during the whole time the Highland army had been in the field.

This staggered even the Carlisle jury, and, when aided by a few caustic remarks from the young and indignant advocate, made them a little more cautious in their future proceedings. So high was the estimation in which Lockhart of Covington (who died in 1782) was held as an advocate, that Lord Newton—a senator famous for his extraordinary judicial talents and social eccentricities—when at the Bar wore his gown till it was in tatters; and when, at last, he was compelled to have a new one made, he had a fragment of the neck of the original sewed into it, that he might still boast he wore "Covington's gown." Lord Newton, famous in the annals of old legal convivialia, died so late as October, 1811.

Covington, coadjutor to Lord Pitfour, always wore his hat when on the Bench, being afflicted with weak eyes.

Lords Monboddo and Kames, though both learned senators, are chiefly remembered for their eccentricities, some of which would now be deemed vulgarities.

The former, James Burnet, who was raised to the Bench in 1767, once embroiled himself in a law-plea respecting a horse, which belonged to himself. He had committed the animal, when ill, to the care of a farrier, with orders for the administration of certain medicines; but the farrier went beyond these, and mixed in it a considerable quantity of treacle. As the horse died next morning, Lord Monboddo raised a prosecution for its value, and pleaded his own cause at the Bar. He lost the case, and was so enraged against his brother judges that he never afterwards sat with them on the Bench, but underneath, among the clerks. This case was both a remarkable and an amusing one, from the mass of Roman law quoted on the occasion.

Though hated and despised by his brethren for his oddities, Lord Monboddo was one of the most learned and upright judges of his time. "His philosophy," says Sir Walter Scott, "as is well known, was of a fanciful and somewhat fantastic character; but his learning was deep, and he possessed a singular power of eloquence, which reminded the hearer of the *os rotundum* of the Grove or Academe. Enthusiastically partial to classical habits, his entertainments were always given in the evening, when there was a circulation of excellent Bordeaux, in flasks garlanded with roses, which were also strewed on the table, after the manner of Horace."

The best society in Edinburgh was always to be found at his house, St. John's Street, Canongate. His youngest daughter, a lady of amiable disposition and of surpassing beauty, which Burns panegyrised, is praised in one of the papers of the *Mirror* as rejecting the most flattering and advantageous opportunities of settlement in marriage, that she might amuse her father's loneliness and nurse his old age.

He was the earliest patron of one of the best scholars of his time, Professor John Hunter, who was for many years his secretary, and wrote the first and best volume of his lordship's "Treatise on the Origin of Languages." When Lord Monboddo travelled to London he always did so on horseback. On his last journey thither he got no farther than Dunbar. His nephew inquiring the reason of this, "Oh, George," said he, "I find I am noo aughty-four." The manners of Lord Monboddo were as odd as his personal appearance. He has been described as looking "more like an old stuffed monkey dressed in judge's robes than anything else;" and so convinced is he said to have been of his fantastic theory of human tails that, when a child was born in his house he would watch at the chamber door, in order to see it in its first state, as he had an idea that midwives cut the tails off!

He never recovered the shock of his beautiful daughter's death, by consumption, at Braid Farm, in 1790. He kept her portrait covered with black cloth; at this he would often look sadly, without lifting it, and then turn to his volume of Herodotus. He died in 1799.

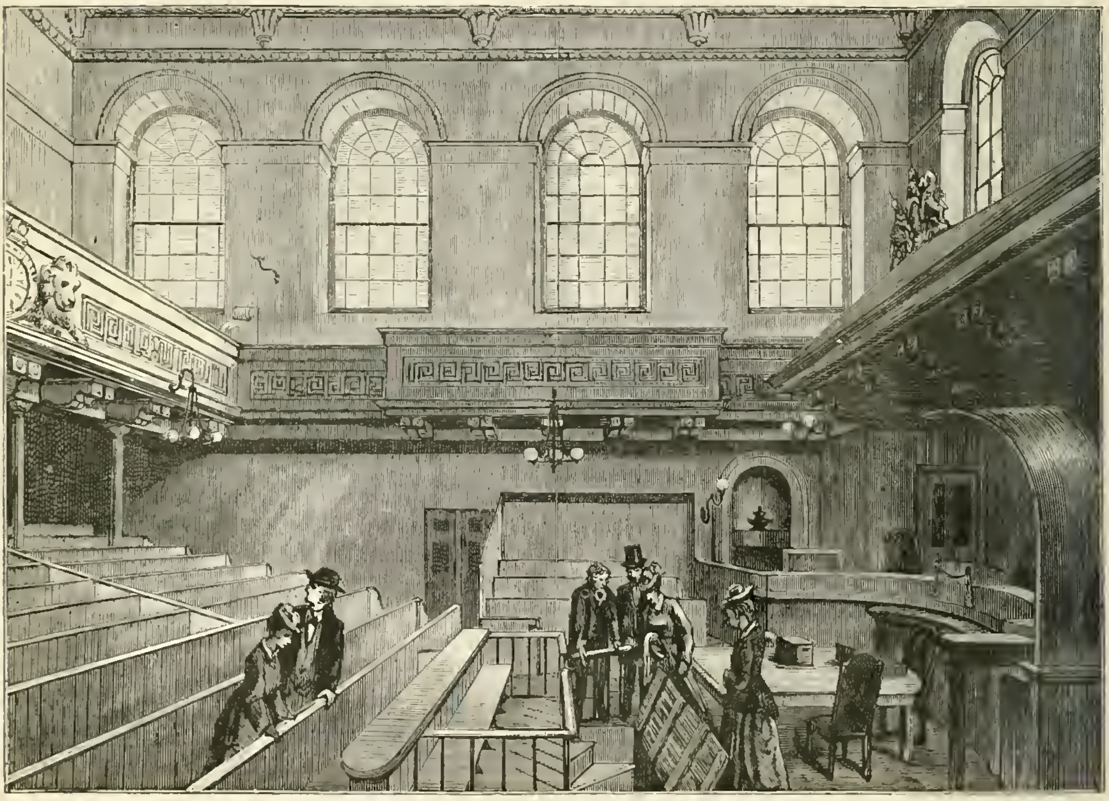
The other eccentric we have referred to was Henry Home, Lord Kames, who was equally distinguished for his literary abilities, his metaphysical subtlety, and wonderful powers of conversation; yet he was strangely accustomed to apply towards his intimates a coarse term which he invariably used, and this peculiarity is well noted by Sir Walter Scott in "Redgauntlet." He was raised to the Bench in 1752, and afterwards lived in New Street, in a house then ranking as one of the first in the city. The catalogue of his printed works is a very long one.

On retiring from the Bench he took a public farewell of his brother judges. After a solemn and pathetic speech, and shaking hands all round, as he was quitting the Court, he turned round, and exclaimed, in his familiar manner, "Fare ye a' weel, ye auld ——" here using his customary expression. A day or two before his death he told Dr. Cullen that he earnestly wished to be away, as he was exceedingly curious to learn the manners of another world; adding, "Doctor, as I never could be idle in this world, I shall gladly perform any task that may be imposed upon me in the next." He died in December, 1782, in his 87th year.

Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, the annalist of Scotland, was raised to the Bench in 1766. He had studied law at Utrecht, and was distinguished for his strict integrity, unwearied diligence, and dignity of manner, but he was more conspicuous as a scholar and author than as a senator. His researches were chiefly directed to the history and antiquities of his native country; and his literary labours extended over a period of close on forty years. At his death, in 1792, an able funeral sermon was preached by the well-known Dr. Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk; and, as no will could be found, the heir-male was about to take possession of his estates, to the exclusion of his daughter, but some months after, when she was about to give up New Hailes, and quit the house in New Street, one was found behind a window-shutter, in the latter place, and it secured her in the possession of all, till her own death, which took place forty years after.

Francis Gardner, Lord Gardenstone, appointed in 1764, was one of those ancient heroes of the Bar, who, after a night of hard drinking, would, without having been in bed, or studying a case, plead with great eloquence upon what they had picked up from the opposite counsel. When acting as a volunteer against the Highland army, in 1745, he fell into the hands of Colonel John Roy Stewart, and was nearly hanged as a spy at Musselburgh Bridge. He was author of several literary works; but had many strange fancies, in which he seemed to indulge with a view to his health, which was always valetudinarian. He had a curious predilection for pigs, and once had a young one, which followed him like a dog wherever he went, and slept in his bed. When it attained the years and bulk of swinehood this was attended with inconvenience; but, unwilling to part with his companion, Lord Gardenstone, when he undressed, laid his clothes on the floor, as a bed for it, and that he might find his clothes warm in the winter mornings. He died at Morningside, near Edinburgh, in July, 1793.

Robert Dundas of Arniston succeeded Culloden, in 1748, as Lord President. In his days it was the practice for that high official to have a sand-glass before him on the Bench, with which he used to measure out the utmost time that was allowed for a judge to deliver his opinion; and Lord Arniston would never allow another word to be uttered after the last grain had run, and was frequently seen to shake ominously this old-fashioned chronometer in the faces of his learned brethren if they became vague or tiresome. He was a jovial old lord, in whose house, when Sheriff Cockburn lived there as a boy, in 1750, sixteen hogsheads of claret were used yearly. Of him the President Dalrymple said: "I knew the great lawyers of the last age—Mackenzie, Lockhart, and my own father, Stair—but Dundas excels them all!" (Catalogue of the Lords, 1767.) He died in 1787.


INTERIOR OF THE JUSTICIARY COURT.*

Among the last specimens of the strange Scottish judges of the last century were the Lords Balmuto and Hermand.

The former, Claud Boswell of Balmuto, was born in 1742, and was educated at the same school, in Dalkeith, with Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville; and the friendship formed by the two boys there, lasted till the death of the peer, in May, 1811. He always spoke, even on the Bench, with the strongest broad Scottish accent, and when there was fond of indulging in pungent jokes. He was made a judge in 1798, and officiated as such till 1822. In the March of that year his friend and kinsman Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck was mortally wounded in a duel with James Stuart of Dunearn, about a mile from Balmuto House, whither he was borne, only to die; and the venerable senator, who was then in his 83rd year, never fully recovered the shock, and died in July, 1824.

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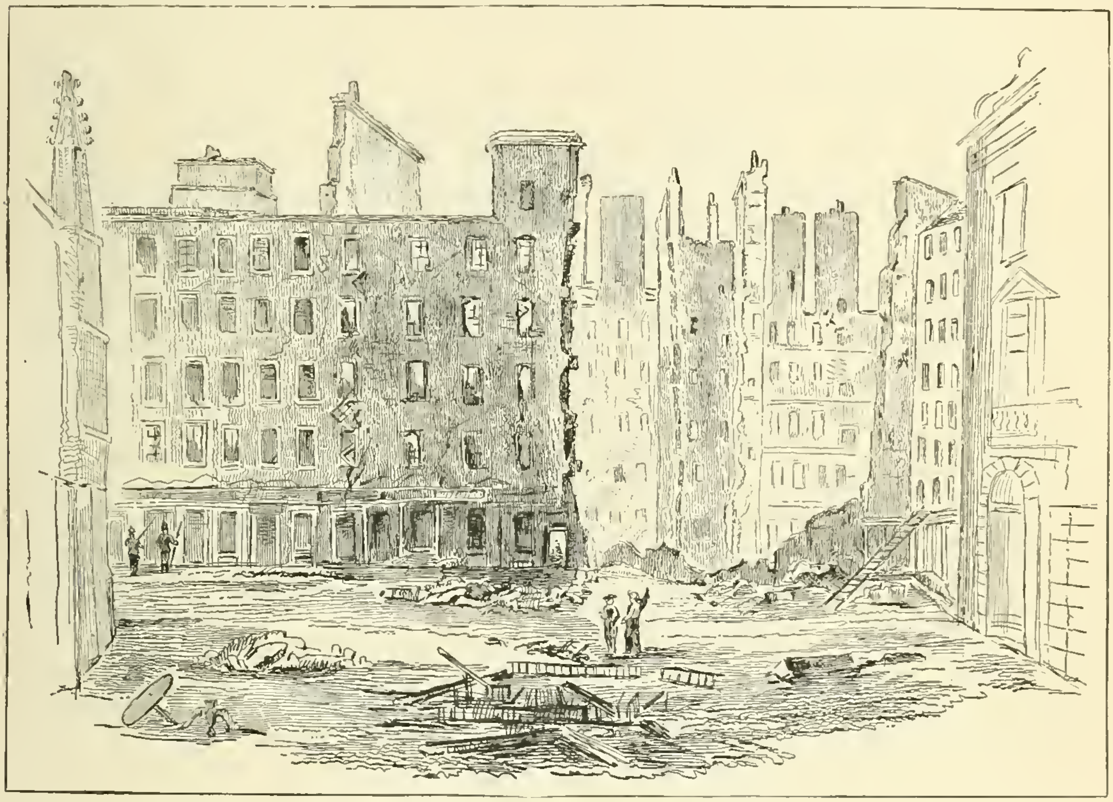
* In the drawing visitors are represented as looking down the stairs leading to the cells below.

George Fergusson, Lord Hermand, succeeded Lord Braxfield in 1799, and was on the Bench during all the political trials connected with the West Country seditions of 1817. He and Lord Newton were great cronies and convivialists; but the former outlived Newton and all his old last-century contemporaries of the Bar, and was the last link between the past and present race of Scottish lawyers. On the Bench he was hasty and sarcastic. He was an enthusiast in the memories of bygone days, and scorned as "priggishness" the sham decorum of the modern legal character. He is thus mentioned in "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk:"—"When 'Guy Mannering' came out the judge was so delighted with the picture of the life of the old Scottish judges in that most charming novel, that he could talk of nothing else but Pleydell, Dandie, and the high jinks, for many weeks. He usually carried one volume of the book about with him; and one morning, on the Bench, his love for it so completely got the better of him that he lugged in the subject, head and shoulders, in the midst of a speech about some dry point of law; nay, getting warmer every moment he spoke of it, he at last fairly plucked the volume from his pocket, and, in spite of all the remonstrances of his brethren, insisted on reading aloud the whole passage for their edification. He went through the task with his wonted vivacity, gave great effect to every speech, and most appropriate expression to every joke. During the whole scene Sir Walter Scott was present—seated, indeed, in his official capacity—close under the judge." He died at his little estate of Hermand, near Edinburgh, in 1827, when in his 80th year.


RUINS IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE AFTER THE GREAT FIRE, IN NOVEMBER, 1824. (*From an Etching published at the time.*)

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PARLIAMENT CLOSE.

Probable Extinction of the Court of Session—Memorabilia of the Parliament Close and Square—Goldsmiths of the Olden Time—George Heriot—His Workshop—His Interview with James VI.—Peter Williamson's Tavern—Royal Exchange—Statue of Charles II.—Bank of Scotland—The Fire of 1700—The Work of Restoration—John Row's Coffee-house—John's Coffee-house—Sylvester Otway—Sir W. Forbes's Bank—Sir Walter Scott's Eulogy on Sir William Forbes—John Kay's Print-shop—The Parliament Stairs—James Sibbald—A Libel Case—Fire in June, 1824—Dr. Archibald Pitcairn—The "Greping Office"—Painting of King Charles's Statue White—Seal of Arnauld Lammius.

A CHANGE has come over the scene of their labours and the system of the law which these old lords could never have conceived possible—we mean the system that is gradually extending in Scotland, of decentralising the legal business of the country—a system which stands out in strong contrast to the mode of judicial centralisation now prevailing in England. The Scottish county courts have a jurisdiction almost co-extensive with that of the Supreme Court, while those of England have a jurisdiction (without consent of parties) to questions only of £50 value. This gives them an overwhelming amount of business, while the supreme courts of Scotland are starved by the inferior competing with them in every kind of litigation. Thus the Court of Session is gradually dwindling away, by the active competition of the provincial courts, and the legal school becomes every day more defective for lack of legal practice. The ultimate purpose, or end, of this system will, undoubtedly, lead to the disappearance of the Court of Session, or its amalgamation with the supreme courts in London will become an object of easy accomplishment; and then the school from whence the Scottish advocates and judges come, being non-existent, the assimilation of the Scottish county courts to those of England, and the sweeping away of the whole legal business of the country to London, must eventually follow, with, perhaps, the entire subjection of Scotland to the English courts of law.

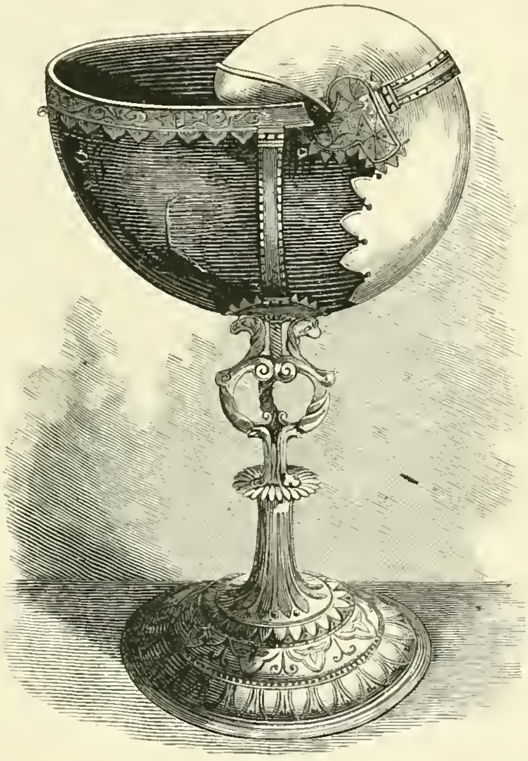
A description of the Parliament Close is given in the second volume of "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," before the great fire of 1824:—

"The courts of justice with which all these eminent men are so closely connected are placed in and about the same range of buildings which in former times were set apart for the accommodation of the Parliament of Scotland. The main approach to these buildings lies through a small oblong square, which from this circumstance takes the name of *the Parliament Close*. On two sides this close is surrounded by houses of the same gigantic kind of elevation, and in these, of old, were lodged a great proportion of the dignitaries and principal practitioners of the adjacent Courts. At present, however (1819), they are dedicated, like most of the houses in the same quarter of the city, to the accommodation of tradespeople and inferior persons attached to the courts of law. . . . . The southern side of the square and a small portion of the eastern are filled with venerable Gothic buildings, which for many generations have been dedicated to the accommodation of the courts of law, but which are now shut out from the eye of the public by a very ill-conceived and tasteless front-work, of modern device, including a sufficient allowance of staring square windows, Ionic pillars, and pilasters. What beauty the front of the structure may have possessed in its original state I have no means of ascertaining; but Mr. Wastle (J. G. Lockhart) sighs every time we pass through the close, as pathetically as could be wished, 'over the glory that hath departed.'"

The old Parliament House, the front of which has been destroyed and concealed by the arcaded and pillared façade referred to, we have already described. The old Goldsmiths' Hall, on the west side, formed no inconsiderable feature in the close, where, about 1673, the first coffee-house established in the city was opened.

The Edinburgh goldsmiths of the olden time were deemed a superior class of tradesmen, and were wont to appear in public with cocked hats, scarlet cloaks, and gold-mounted canes, as men of undoubted consideration. The father of John Law of Lauriston, the famous financial projector, was the son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh, where he was born in April, 1671; but by far the most famous of all the craft in the old Parliament Close was George Heriot.

Down to the year 1780, says a historian, perhaps there was not a goldsmith in Edinburgh who did not condescend to manual labour. In their shops every one of them might have been found busy with some light work, and generally in a very plain dress, yet ever ready to serve a customer, politely and readily. The whole plate shops of the city being collected in or near the Parliament Close, thither it was that, till the close of the eighteenth century, country couples resorted—the bride to get her bed and table napery and trousseau; there, too, were got the nuptial ring, and "the silver spoons," and, as the goldsmiths of the city then kept scarcely any goods on hand in their shops, everything had to be ordered long before it was required; and it was always usual for the goldsmith and his customer to adjourn together to the Baijen Hole, an ancient baker's shop, the name of which has proved a puzzle to local antiquarians, or to John's Coffee House, to adjust the order and payment, through the medium of a dram or a stoup of mellow ale. But, as time passed on, and the goldsmiths of Edinburgh became more extensive in their views, capital, and ambition, the old booths in the Parliament Close were in quick succession abandoned for ever.



GEORGE HERIOT'S DRINKING CUP.
(*Designed by himself.*)

The workshop of George Heriot existed in this neighbourhood till the demolition of Beth's Wynd and the adjacent buildings. There were three contiguous small shops, with projecting wooden superstructures above them, that extended in a line, between the door of the old Tolbooth and that of the Laigh Council-house. They stood upon the site of the entrance-hall of the present Signet Library, and the central of these three shops was the booth of the immortal George Heriot, the founder of the great hospital, the goldsmith to King James VI.—the good-humoured, honest, and generous "Jingling Geordie" of the "Fortunes of Nigel."

It measured only seven feet square! The back windows looked into Beth's Wynd; and, to show the value of local tradition, it long appeared that this booth belonged to George Heriot, and it became a confirmed fact when, on the demolition of the latter place, his name was found carved above the door, on the stone lintel. His forge and bellows, as well as a stone crucible and lid, were also found on clearing away the ruins, and are now carefully preserved in the museum of the hospital, to which they were presented by the late Mr. Robertson, of the Commercial Bank, a grateful "Auld Herioter."

Humble though this booth, after the execution of "the bonnie Earl of Gowrie," when the extravagance of Anne of Denmark—a devoted patron of George Heriot—rendered the king's private exchequer somewhat impaired, he was not above paying visits to some of the wealthier citizens in the Lawnmarket or Parliament Square, and, among others, to the royal goldsmith. The latter being bred to his father's business, to which in that age was usually added the occupation of a banker, was admitted a member of the Incorporation of Goldsmiths on the 28th May, 1588. In 1597 he was appointed goldsmith to Queen Anne, and soon after to the king. Several of the accounts for jewels furnished by him to the queen are inserted in Constable's "Life of Heriot," published in 1822.

It is related that one day he had been sent for by the king, whom he found seated in one of the rooms at Holyrood, before a fire composed of cedar, or some other perfumed wood, which cast a pleasant fragrance around, and the king mentioned incidentally that it was quite as costly as it was agreeable. "If your majesty will visit me at my booth in the Parliament Close," quoth Heriot, "I will show you a fire more costly than that." "Say you so!" said the king; "then I will."

On doing so, he was surprised to find that Heriot had only a coal fire of the usual kind.

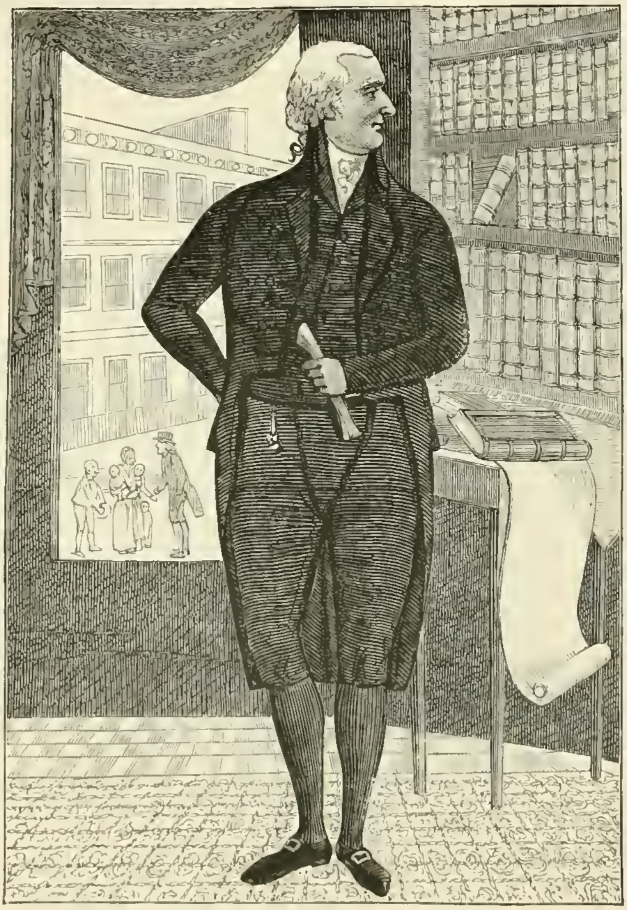
"Is this, then, your costly fire?" asked the king.

"Wait, your highness, till I get my fuel," replied Heriot, who from an old cabinet or almrie took a bond for £2,000 which he had lent to James, and, laying it on the fire, he asked, laughingly, "Now, whether is your majesty's fire in Holyrood or mine the most costly?"

"Certainly yours, Master Heriot!" replied the king.

One of the shops next to the jeweller's was, about the middle of last century, a tavern, kept by the famous Peter Williamson, the returned Palatine (as the boys abducted from Aberdeen were called) who designated himself on his signboard as "from the other world." Here the magistrates partook of the *Deid-chack*—a dinner at the expense of the city—after having attended an execution, a practice abolished by Lord Provost Creech.

In 1685 an Exchange was erected in the Parliament Close. It had a range of piazzas for the accommodation of merchants transacting business; but by old use and wont, attached as they were to the more ancient place of meeting, the Cross, this convenience was scarcely ever used by them.



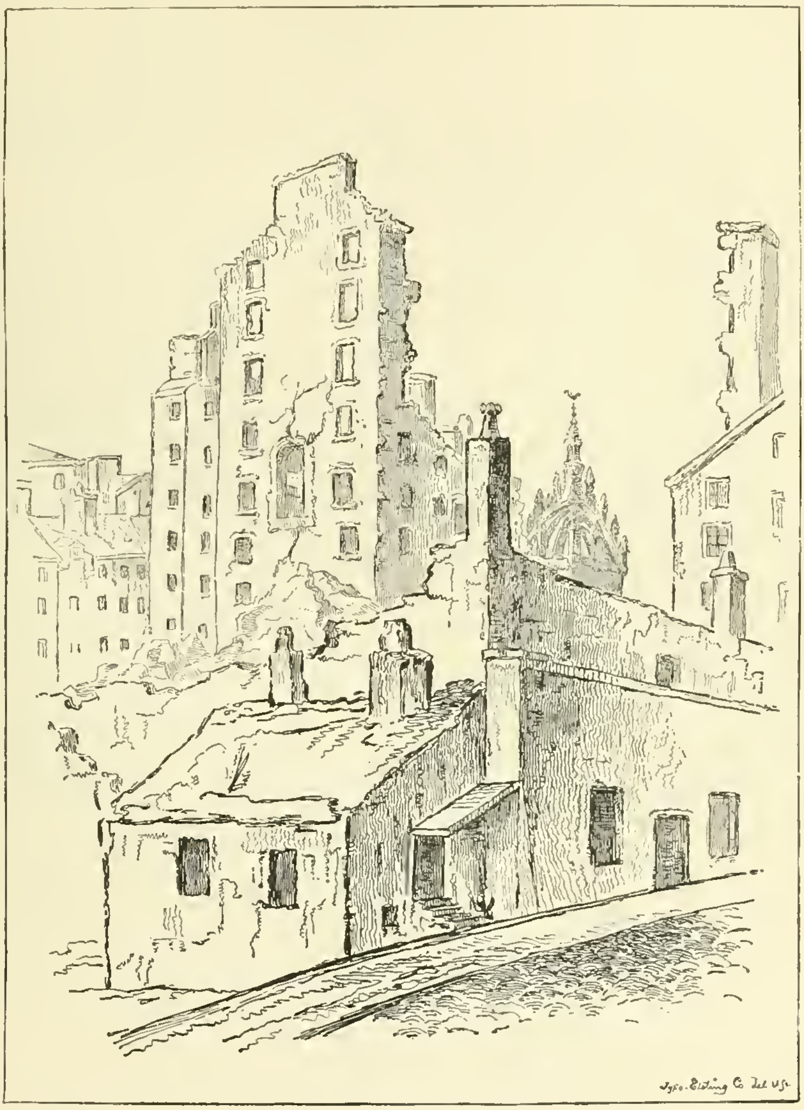
SIR WILLIAM FORBES, OF PITSLIGO. (*After Kay.*)

In 1685 the equestrian statue of Charles II., a well-executed work in lead, was erected in the Parliament Close, not far from its present site, where one intended for Cromwell was to have been placed; but the Restoration changed the political face of Edinburgh. In the accounts of George Drummond, City Treasurer, 1684-5, it appears that the king's statue was erected by the provost, magistrates, and council, at the cost of £2,580 Scots, the bill for which seems to have come from Rotterdam. On the last destruction of the old Parliament Close, by a fire yet to be recorded, the statue was conveyed for safety to the yard of the Calton Gaol, where it lay for some years, till the present pedestal was erected, in which are inserted two marble tablets, which had been preserved among some lumber under the Parliament House, and, from the somewhat fulsome inscriptions thereon, seem to have belonged to the first pedestal. Among the more homely associations of the Parliament Close, the festivities of the royal birthday are worthy of remembrance, as being perhaps amongst the most long-cherished customs of the people ere—

> "The times were changed, old manners gone,
> And a stranger filled the Stuart's throne."

It was usual on this annual festival to have a public breakfast in the great hall, when tables, at the expense of the city, were covered with wines and confections, and the sovereign's health was drunk with acclaim, the volleys of the Town Guard made the tall mansions re-echo, and the statue of King Charles was decorated with laurel leaves by the *Auld Callants*, as the boys of Heriot's Hospital were named, and who claimed this duty as a prescriptive right.

The Bank of Scotland, incorporated by royal charter in 1695, first opened for business in a flat, or *floor*, of the Parliament Close, with a moderate staff of clerks, and a paid-up capital of only *ten thousand pounds sterling*. The smallest share which any person could hold in this bank was £1,000 Scots, and the largest £20,000 of the same money. To lend money on heritable bonds and other securities was the chief business of the infant bank. The giving of bills of exchange—the great business of private bankers—was, after much deliberation, tried by the "adventurers," with a view to the extension of business as far as possible. In pursuance of this object, and to circulate their notes through the realm, branch offices were opened at Glasgow, Dundee, Montrose, and Aberdeen, to receive and pay out money, in the form of inland exchange, by notes and bills. But eventually the directors "found that the *exchange trade* was not proper for a banking company," which they conceived to be more properly intended "as a common repository of the nation's cash—a ready fund for affording credit and loans, and for making receipts and payments of money easy by the company's notes." But, as dealing in exchange interfered with private trade, the new Bank of Scotland deemed it troublesome and improper. "There was much to be done in that business without doors, by day and night, without such variety of circumstances and conditions as are inconsistent with the precise hours of a public office and the rules and regulations of a well-governed company; and no company like the Bank can be managed without fixing stated office-hours for business, and establishing rules and regulations, which will never answer the management of the exchange trade."


RUINS IN THE OLD MARKET CLOSE AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF NOVEMBER, 1824.
(*From an Etching published at the time.*)

Ere long the bank, we are told (in "Domestic Annals of Scotland"), found it impossible to support the four provincial branches, as they did not contribute to the ends in view; "for the money that was once lodged in any of these places by the cashiers issuing bills payable at Edinburgh, *could not be re-drawn thence by bills from Edinburgh;*" of course, because of there being so little owing then to persons resident in the provinces. So, after considerable outlay in trying the branch offices, the directors ordered them to be closed, and their money brought on horseback to the Parliament Close, where the company's business was thenceforward wholly restricted for a time to lending money, and all transactions to be *in* Edinburgh.

In the fire we have mentioned as occurring in 1700 the bank perished. Assisted by the Earl of Leven, Governor of the Castle and also of the bank, with a party of soldiers, and by David Lord Ruthven, a director, who stood in the turnpike stair all night, keeping the passage free, the cash, bank-notes, books, and papers, were saved. Thus, though every other kind of property perished, the struggling bank was able to open an office higher up in the city. ("Hist. of Bank of Scot.," 1728.)

In that fire the Scottish Treasury Room perished, with the Exchequer and Exchange, and the Parliament Square was afterwards rebuilt (in the picturesque style, the destruction of which was so much regretted), in conformity with an Act passed in 1698, regulating the mode of building in Edinburgh with regard to height, convenience, strength, and security from fire. The altitude of the houses was greatly reduced. Previous to the event of 1700, the tenements on the south side of the Parliament Close, as viewed from the Kirkheugh, were fifteen storeys in height, and till the erection of the new town were deemed the most splendid of which the city could boast.

Occurring after "King William's seven years of famine," which the Jacobites believed to be a curse sent from heaven upon Scotland, this calamity was felt with double force; and in 1702 the Town Council passed an Act for "suppressing immoralities," in which, among the tokens of God's wrath, "the great fire of the 3d February" is specially referred to.

Notwithstanding the local depression, we find in 1700 none of the heartless inertia that characterised the city for sixty years after the Union. Not an hour was lost in commencing the work of restoration, and many of the sites were bought by Robert Mylne, the king's master-mason. The new Royal Exchange, which had its name and the date 1700 cut boldly above its doorway, rose to the height of twelve storeys on the south—deemed a moderate altitude in those days. On its eastern side was an open arcade, with Doric pilasters and entablature, as a covered walk for pedestrians, and the effect of the whole was stately and imposing. Many aristocratic families who had been burned out, came flocking back to the vast tenements of the Parliament Close, among others the Countess of Wemyss, who was resident there in a fashionable flat at the time of the Porteous mob, and whose footman was accused of being one of the rioters, and who very nearly had a terrible tragedy acted in her own house, the outcome of the great one in the Grassmarket.

It is related that the close connection into which the noble family of Wemyss were thus brought to the Porteous mob, as well as their near vicinity to the chief line of action, naturally produced a strong impression on the younger members of the family. They had probably been aroused from bed by the shouts of the rioters assembling beneath their windows, and the din of their sledge-hammers thundering on the old Tolbooth door. Thus, not long after the Earl of Wemyss—the Hon. Francis Charteris was born in 1723, and was then a boy—proceeded, along with his sisters, to get up a game, or representation of the Porteous mob, and having duly forced his prison, and dragged forth the supposed culprit, "the romps got so thoroughly into the spirit of their dramatic sports that they actually hung up their brother above a door, and had well nigh finished their play in real tragedy."

The first coffee-house opened in Edinburgh was John Row's, in Robertson's Land, a tall tenement near the Parliament House. This was in 1673. It was shut up in 1677, in consequence of a brawl, reported to the Privy Council by the Town Major, who had authority to see into such matters.

The north-east corner of the Parliament Close was occupied by John's coffee-house. There, as Defoe, the historian of the Union, tells us, the opponents of this measure met daily, to discuss the proceedings that were going on in the Parliament House close by, and to form schemes of opposition thereto; and there, no doubt, were sung fiercely and emphatically the doggerel rhymes known as "Belhaven's Vision," of which the only copies extant are those printed at Edinburgh in 1729, at the Glasgow Arms, opposite the Corn Market; and that other old song, which was touched by the master-hand of Burns:—

> "What force or guile could not subdue,
> Through many warlike ages,
> Is now wrought by a coward few,
> For hireling traitor's wages;
> The English steel we could disdain,
> Secure in valour's station;
> But England's gold has been our bane—
> Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!"

John's coffee-house was also the resort of the judges and lawyers of the eighteenth century for consultations, and for their "meridian," or twelve o'clock dram; for in those days every citizen had his peculiar *howff*, or place of resort by day or night, where merchants, traders, and men of every station, met for consultation, or good-fellowship, and to hear the items of news that came by the mail or stage from distant parts; and Wilson, writing in 1847, says, "Currie's Tavern, in Craig's Close, once the scene of meeting of various clubs, and a favourite resort of merchants, still retains a reputation among certain antiquarian bibbers for an old-fashioned luxury, known by the name of *pap-in*, a strange compound of small-beer and whiskey, *curried*, as the phrase is, with a little oatmeal."

Gossiping Wodrow tells us in his "Analecta," that, on the 10th of June, 1712, "The birthday of the Pretender, I hear there has been great outrages at Edinburgh by his friends. His health was drunk early in the morning in the Parliament Close; and at night, when the magistrates were going through the streets to keep the peace, several were taken up in disguise, and the King's health (*i.e.*, James VIII.) was drunk out of several windows, and the glasses thrown over the windows when the magistrates passed by, and many windows were illuminated. At Leith there was a standard set upon the pier, with a thistle and *Nemo me impune lacessit*, and *J. R. VIII.*; and beneath, *Noe Abjuration.* This stood a great part of the day." Had the old historian lived till the close of the century or the beginning of the present, he might have seen, as Chambers tells us, "Singing Jamie Balfour"—a noted convivialist, of whom a portrait used to hang in the Leith Golf-house—with other topers in the Parliament Close, all bareheaded, on their knees, and hand-in-hand, around the statute of Charles II., chorusing vigorously, "*The King shall enjoy his own again.*" Jamie Balfour was well known to Sir Walter Scott.

About the year 1760 John's coffee-house was kept by a man named Oswald, whose son John, born there, and better known under his assumed name of Sylvester Otway, was one of the most extraordinary characters of that century as a poet and politician. He served an apprenticeship to a jeweller in the Close, till a relation left him a legacy, with which he purchased a commission in the Black Watch, and in 1780 he was the third lieutenant in seniority in the 2nd battalion when serving in India. Already master of Latin and Greek, he then taught himself Arabic, and, quitting the army in 1783, became a violent Radical, and published in London a pamphlet on the British Constitution, setting forth his views (crude as they were) and principles. His amatory poems received the approbation of Burns; and, after publishing various farces, effusions, and fiery political papers, he joined the French Revolutionists in 1792, when his pamphlets obtained for him admission into the Jacobite Club, and his experiences in the 42nd procured him command of a regiment composed of the masses of Paris, with which he marched against the royalists in La Vendée, on which occasion his men mutinied, and shot him, together with his two sons—whom, in the spirit of equality, he had made drummers—and an English gentleman, who had the misfortune to be serving in the same battalion.

John third Earl of Bute, a statesman and a patron of literature, who procured a pension for Dr. Johnson, and who became so unpopular as a minister through the attacks of Wilkes, was born in the Parliament Close on the 25th of May, 1713.

Near to John's coffee-house, and on the south side of the Parliament Close, was the banking-house of Sir William Forbes, Bart., who was born at Edinburgh in 1739. He was favourably known as the author of the "Life of Beattie," and other works, and as being one of the most benevolent and high-spirited of citizens. The bank was in reality established by the father of Thomas Coutts, the eminent London banker, and young Forbes, in October, 1753, was introduced to the former as an apprentice for a term of seven years. He became a copartner in 1761, and on the death of one of the Messrs. Coutts, and retirement of another on account of ill-health, while two others were settled in London, a new company was formed, comprising Sir William Forbes, Sir James Hunter Blair, and Sir Robert Herries, who, at first, carried on business in the name of the old firm.

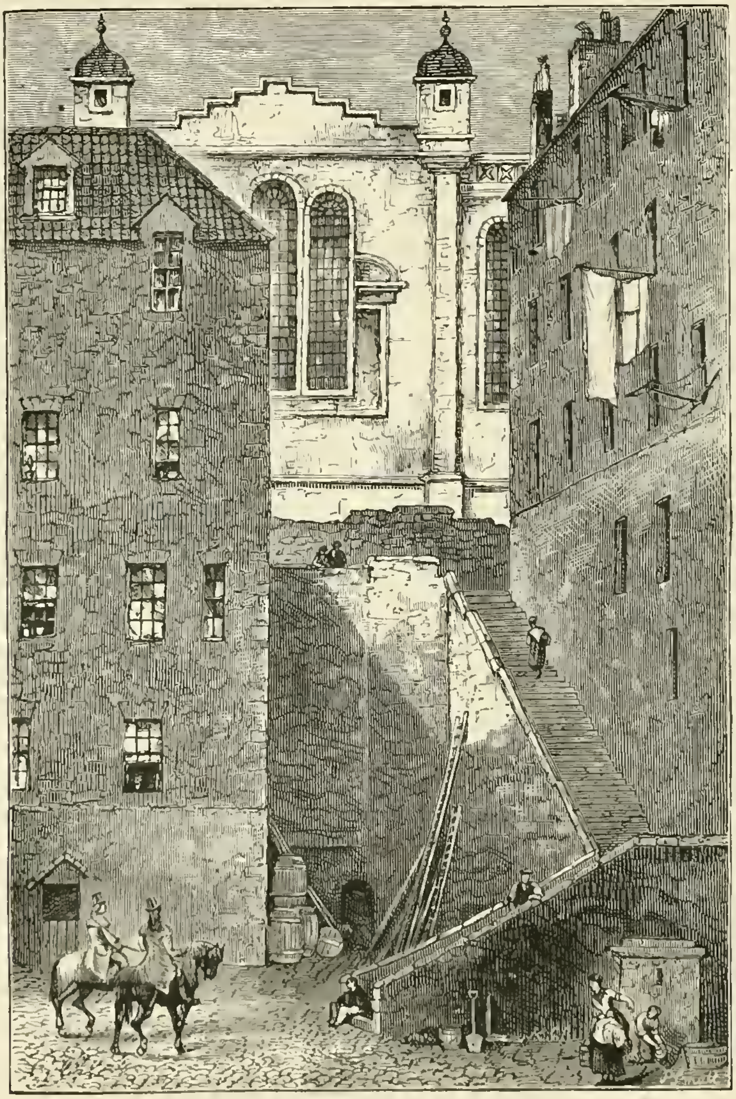
In 1773, however, Sir Robert formed a separate establishment in London, when the name was changed to Forbes, Hunter, and Co., of which firm Sir William continued to be the head till his death, in 1806.

Kincaid tells us that, when their first banking-house was building, great quantities of human bones—relics of St. Giles's Churchyard—were dug up, which were again buried at the south-east corner, between the wall of the edifice and the Parliament Stairs that led to the Cowgate; and that, "not many years ago, numbers were also dug up in the Parliament Close, which were carefully put in casks, and buried in the Greyfriars' Churchyard."

In accordance with a long-cherished desire of restoring his family—which had been attainted for loyalty to the house of Stuart—Sir William Forbes embraced a favourable opportunity for purchasing a great portion of the upper barony of Pitsligo, including the roofless and ruined old mansion-house of the Lords Pitsligo. He bestowed charity daily upon a number of pensioners, who were in the habit of waiting on him as he entered or left the bank, or as he passed through the Parliament Close, where for years, as we are told in "The Hermit in Edinburgh, 1824," might be seen the figure of "that pillar of worth, Sir William Forbes, in the costume of the last century, with a profusion of grey locks tied in a club, and a cloud of hair-powder flying about him in a windy day; his tall, upright form is missed in the circles of moral life; the poor miss him also."

His friend Scott wrote of him, in the fourth canto of "Marmion," thus affectionately and forcibly:—

"Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind!
But not around his honoured urn,
Shall friends alone and kindred mourn;
The thousand eyes his care had dried
Pour at his name a bitter tide;
And frequent falls the grateful dew,
For benefits the world ne'er knew.
If mortal charity dare claim
The Almighty's attributed name,
Inscribe above his mouldering clay,
The widow's shield, the orphan's stay!"



THE PARLIAMENT STAIRS. (*After Storer.*)

Near his banking-house, and adjoining the Parliament (or old back) Stairs, was long a shop occupied by John Kay, the well-known engraver and caricaturist, whose "Portraits" of old Edinburgh characters certainly form, with their biographies, perhaps the most unique collection in Europe. During his whole career he occupied the same small print-shop; the solitary window was filled with his own etchings, which amounted to nearly 900 in number. He had originally been a barber, but after 1785 devoted himself solely to the art of etching and miniature painting. He died in 1830, at No. 227, High Street, in his eighty-fourth year. "In his latter days," says his biographer, "he was a slender but straight old man, of middle size, and usually dressed in a garb of antique cut; of simple habits and unassuming manners."

The stairs just referred to—a great and massive flight that ascended from the Cowgate to Parliament Close, immediately under the south window of the great hall — have long since given place to the buildings of the modern square; and no doubt they occupied the site of some old passage between the Cowgate and the churchyard, and for this they had been substituted about the year 1636. At their base was an ancient public well. The *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* for 1821 mentions that a man fell over "the stairs which lead from the Kirkheugh to the Parliament stairs;" and the same *Journal* for 1828 states that "workmen are engaged in taking down the large double tenement in the Cowgate, at the back of the Parliament House, called Henderson's Stairs, part of which, it will be remembered, fell last summer, and which had been condemned sixty years ago," in 1768.

DR. ARCHIBALD PITCAIRN.

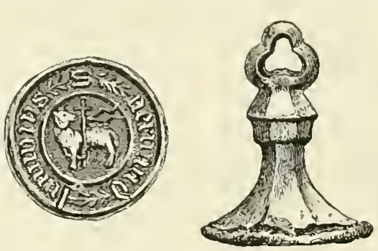
In 1781 James Sibbald, an eminent bookseller and literary antiquarian, the son of a Roxburgh farmer, who came to Edinburgh with £100 in his pocket, after being employed in the shop of Elliot the publisher, purchased the old circulating library that had belonged to Allan Ramsay, and commenced business in the Parliament Close, where, in 1783, he started a new monthly miscellany, named *The Edinburgh Magazine*, illustrated with engravings, the principal papers in which were articles on Scottish antiquities, the production of his own pen. He was also the projector of the *Edinburgh Herald*, which, however, was soon discontinued. Relinquishing his establishment in the Close about 1792, he devoted himself to a literary life in London; but, after a somewhat chequered career, returned to Edinburgh, where he died in a lodging in Leith Walk in 1803.

In 1816 the Parliament Close, or Square as it was then becoming more generally named, was the scene of an unseemly literary fracas, arising from political hatred and circumstances, by which one life was ultimately lost, and which might have imperilled even that of Sir Walter Scott. A weekly paper, called the *Beacon*, was established in Edinburgh, the avowed object of which was the support of the then Government, but which devoted its columns to the defamation of private characters, particularly those of the leading Whig nobles and gentlemen of Scotland. This system of personal abuse gave rise to several actions at law, and on the 15th of August a *rencontre* took place between James Stuart of Dunearn, who conceived his honour and character impugned in an article which he traced to Duncan Stevenson, the printer of the paper, in the Parliament Square. Stuart, with a horsewhip, lashed the latter, who was not slow in retaliating with a stout cane. "The parties were speedily separated," says the *Scots Magazine* for 1816, "and Mr. Stevenson, in the course of the day, demanded from Mr. Stuart the satisfaction customary in such cases. This was refused by Mr. Stuart, on the ground that, 'as the servile instrument of a partnership of slander,' he was unworthy of receiving the satisfaction of a gentleman.

Mr. Stevenson replied on the following day that he should forthwith post Mr. Stuart as 'a coward and scoundrel,' and he put his threat in execution accordingly. Next day both parties were bound over by the sheriff to keep the peace for twelve months."

But the matter did not end here. Mr. Stuart discovered that the Lord Advocate, Sir Walter Scott, and other Conservatives, had signed a bond for a considerable amount, binding themselves to support the *Beacon*, against which such strong proceedings were instituted that the print was withdrawn from the public entirely by the 22nd of September. "But the discovery of the bond," continues the magazine just quoted, "was nearly leading to more serious consequences, for, if report be true, Mr. James Gibson, W.S., one of those who had been grossly calumniated in the *Beacon*, had thought proper to make such a demand upon Sir Walter Scott as he could only be prevented from answering in a similar hostile spirit by the interference of a common friend, Lord Lauderdale."

All these quarrels culminated in Mr. Stuart of Dunearn, not long after, shooting Sir Alexander Boswell, as author of a satirical paper in the Glasgow *Sentinel*, which had taken up the *rôle* of the *Beacon*.



SEAL OF ARNAULD LAMMIUS.
(*From the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.*)

We have said the great fire of 1700, in the Parliament Close, was attributed by the magistrates to the justice of Heaven; but it seems scarcely credible, though such was the fact, that the still more calamitous fire of 1824, in the same place, was "attributed by the lower orders in and near Edinburgh also to be the judgment of Heaven, specially commissioned to punish the city for tolerating such a dreadful enormity as—the Musical Festival!"

Early on the morning of the 24th of June, 1824, a fire broke out in a spirit-vault, or low drinking-shop, at the head of the Royal Bank Close, and it made great progress before the engines arrived, and nearly all the old edifices being panelled or wainscoted, the supply of water proved ineffectual to check the flames, and early in the afternoon the eastern half of the Parliament Square was a heap of blackened ruins. To the surprise of all who witnessed this calamity, and observed the hardihood and temerity displayed by several persons to save property, or to arrest the progress of the flames, the only individual who fell a sacrifice was a city officer named Chalmers, who was so dreadfully scorched that he died in the infirmary a few days after.

In one of the houses consumed on this occasion was a cellar or crypt in which Dr. Archibald Pitcairn, the celebrated wit, poet, and physician, who was born at Edinburgh in 1652, was wont to pass many a jovial evening about 120 years before the conflagration. The entrance to this gloomy place was opposite the eastern window of St. Giles, and it descended from under a piazza. A more extraordinary scene for the indulgence of mirth and of festivity than this subterranean crypt or den—facetiously named the *Greping Office*—certainly could not well be conceived, nor could wit, poetry, and physic well have chosen a darker scene; yet it was the favourite of one whose writings were distinguished for their brilliancy and elegant Latinity. He died in 1713, and was buried in the Greyfriars' Churchyard.

In the fourth floor of the *land* overlooking the aforesaid cellar, there dwelt, about 1775, Lord Auchinleck, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, the father of James Boswell, the friend and biographer of Samuel Johnson.

In the year 1767 the magistrates of Edinburgh had the bad taste to paint the equestrian statue of King Charles white, on which occasion the following witty rhymes appeared in a print of the day. The Allan Ramsay referred to is the son of the poet, who had just painted the portrait of George III.:—

"Well done, my lord! With noble taste,
  You've made Charles gay as five-and-twenty,
We may be scarce of *gold* and *corn*,
  But sure there's lead and oil in plenty;
Yet, for a public work like this,
  You might have had some famous artist;
Though I had made each merk a pound,
  I would have had the very smartest.

"Why not bring Allan Ramsay down,
  From sketching coronet and cushion?
For he can paint a *living king*,
  And knows—the English Constitution.
The *milk-white steed* is well enough;
  But why thus daub the *man* all over,
And to the swarthy STUART give
  The cream complexion of HANOVER?"

In 1832, when a drain was being dug in the Parliament Square, close by St. Giles's Church, there was found the bronze seal of a Knight of St. John of Jerusalem. It is now preserved in the Museum of Antiquities, and bears the legend, "S. AERNAULD LAMMIUS."

CHAPTER XX.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE—THE TRON CHURCH—THE GREAT FIRE OF NOVEMBER, 1824.

The Royal Exchange—Laying the Foundation Stone—Description of the Exchange—The Mysterious Statue—The Council Chamber—Convention of Royal Burghs: Constitution thereof, and Powers—Writers' Court—The "Star and Garter" Tavern—Sir Walter Scott's Account of the Scene at Cleriheugh's—Lawyers' High Jinks—The Tron Church—History of the Old Church—The Great Fire of 1824—Incidents of the Conflagration—The Ruins Undermined—Blown up by Captain Head of the Engineers.

In 1753 we discover the first symptoms of vitality in Edinburgh after the Union, when the pitiful sum of £1,500 was subscribed by the convention of royal burghs, for the purpose of "beautifying the city," and the projected Royal Exchange was fairly taken in hand.

If wealth had not increased much, the population had, and by the middle of the eighteenth century the citizens had begun to find the inconvenience they laboured under by being confined within the old Flodden wall, and that the city was still destitute of such public buildings as were necessary for the accommodation of those societies which were formed, or forming, in all other capitals, to direct the business of the nation, and provide for the general welfare; and so men of taste, rank, and opulence, began to bestir themselves in Edinburgh at last.

Many ancient alleys and closes, whose names are well-nigh forgotten now, were demolished on the north side of the High Street, to procure a site for the new Royal Exchange. Some of these had already become ruinous, and must have been of vast antiquity. Many beautifully-sculptured stones belonging to houses there were built into the curious tower, erected by Mr. Walter Ross at the Dean, and are now in a similar tower at Portobello. Others were scattered about the garden grounds at the foot of the Castle rock, and still show the important character of some of the edifices demolished. Among them there was a lintel, discovered when clearing out the bed of the North Loch, with the initials I.S. (and the date 1658), supposed to be those of James tenth Lord Somerville, who, after serving long in the Venetian army, died at a great age in 1677.

On the 13th of September, 1753, the first stone of the new Exchange was laid by George Drummond, then Grand Master of the Scottish Masons, whose memory as a patriotic magistrate is still remembered with respect in Edinburgh. A triumphal arch, a gallery for the magistrates, and covered stands for the spectators, enclosed the arena. "The procession was very grand and regular," says the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year; "each lodge of masons, of which there were thirteen, walked in procession by themselves, all uncovered, amounting to 672, most of whom were operative masons." The military paid proper honours to the company on this occasion, and escorted the procession in a suitable manner. The Grand Master and the present substitute were preceded by the Lord Provost, magistrates, and council, in their robes, with the city sword, mace, &c., carried before them, accompanied by the directors of the scheme.

All day the foundation-stone lay open, that the people might see it, with the Latin inscription on the plate, which runs thus in English:—

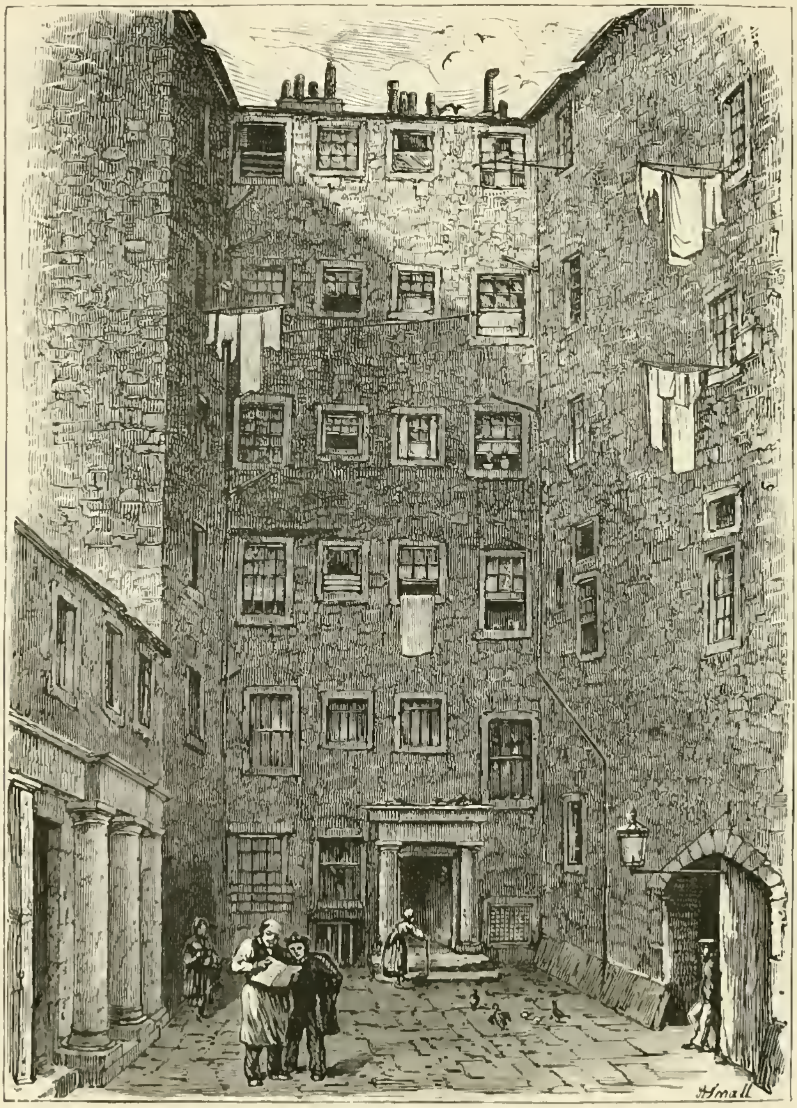
"GEORGE DRUMMOND,
Of the Society of Freemasons in Scotland Grand Master,
Thrice Provost of the City of Edinburgh,
Three hundred Brother Masons attending,
In presence of many persons of distinction,
The Magistrates and Citizens of Edinburgh,
And of every rank of people an innumerable multitude,
And all Applauding;
For convenience of the inhabitants of Edinburgh,
And the public ornament,
Laid this stone,
William Alexander being Provost,
On the 13th September, 1753, of the Era of Masonry 5753,
And of the reign of George II., King of Great Britain,
the 27th year."

In the stone were deposited two medals, one bearing the profile and name of the Grand Master, the other having the masonic arms, with the collar of St. Andrew, and the legend, "In the Lord is all our trust."

Though the stone was thus laid in 1753, the work was not fairly begun till the following year, nor was it finished till 1761, at the expense of £31,500, including the price of the area on which it is built; but it never answered the purpose for which it was intended—its paved quadrangle and handsome Palladian arcades were never used by the mercantile class, who persisted in meeting, as of old, at the Cross, or where it stood.

Save that its front and western arcades have been converted into shops, it remains unchanged since it was thus described by Arnot, and the back view of it, which faces the New Town, catches the eye at once, by its vast bulk and stupendous height, 100 feet, all of polished ashlar, now blackened with the smoke of years:—"The Exchange is a large and elegant building, with a court in the centre.

The principal part forms the north side of the square, and extends from east to west, 111 feet over wall, by 51 feet broad. Pillars and arches, supporting a platform, run along the south front, which faces the square, and forms a piazza. In the centre, four Corinthian pillars, whose bases rest upon the platform, support a pediment, on which the arms of the city of Edinburgh are carved. The first floor of the main front is laid out in shops. The upper floors are occupied by the Board of Customs, who have upwards of twenty apartments, for this they pay to the city a rent of £360 a year."



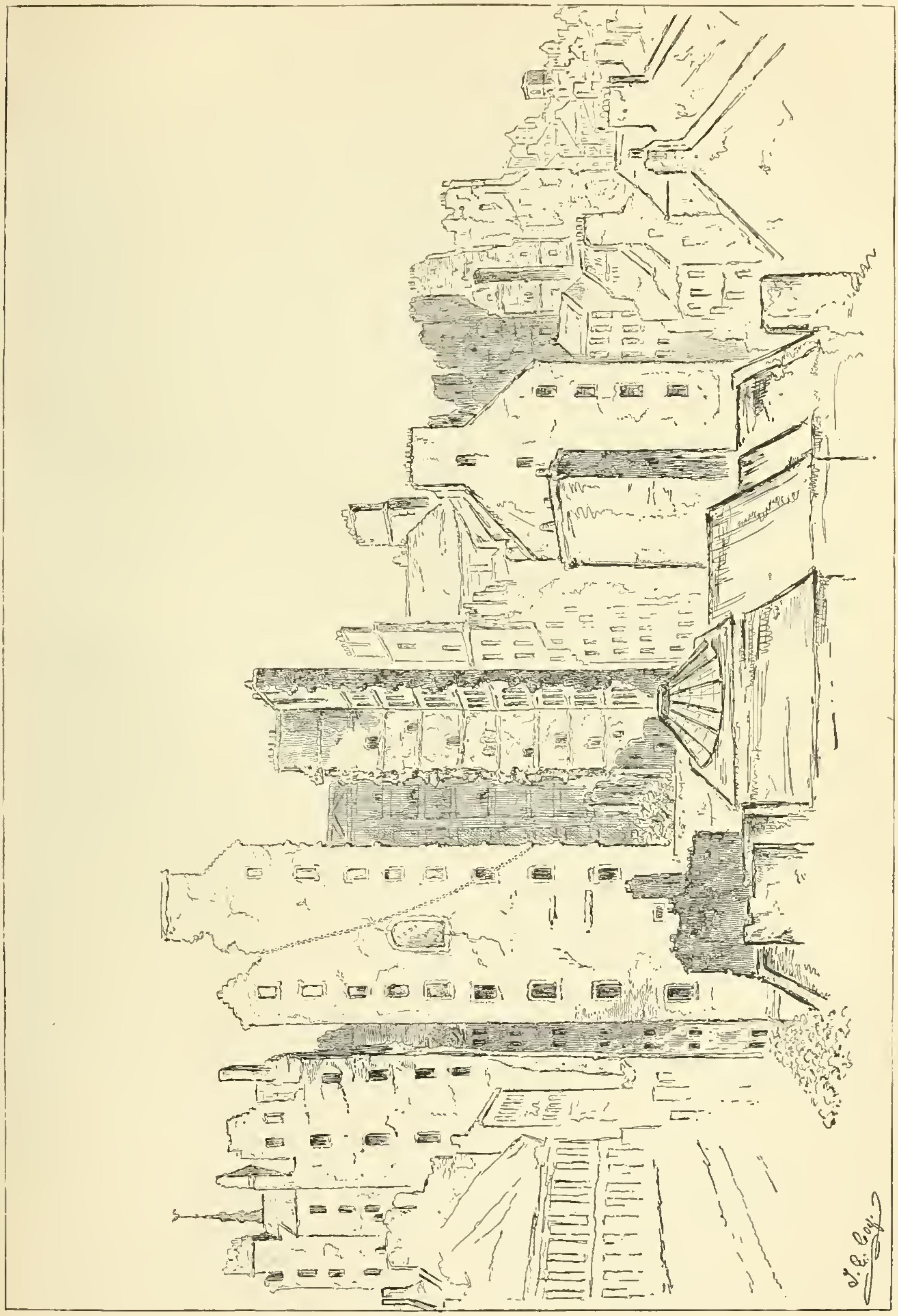
CLERIHEUGH'S TAVERN.

Arnot wrote in 1779.

The chief access to the edifice is by a very stately stair, of which the well is twenty feet square and sixty deep. Off this open the City Chambers, where the municipal affairs are transacted by the magistrates and council.

The Council Chamber contains a fine bronze statue of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, in Roman costume, and having a curious and mysterious history. It is said—for nothing is known with certainty about it—to have been cast in France, and was shipped from Dunkirk to Leith, where, during the process of unloading, it fell into the harbour, and remained long submerged. It is next heard of as being concealed in a cellar in the city, and in the *Scots Magazine* it is referred to thus in 1810:—

"On Tuesday, the 16th October, a very singular



GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF NOVEMBER, 1824. *(From an Etching published at the time.)*

discovery was made in one of our churches. Some years ago a chest, *without any address*, but of enormous weight, was removed from the Old Weigh House at Leith, and lodged in the outer aisle of the old church (a portion of St. Giles's). This box had lain for upwards of thirty years at Leith, and several years in Edinburgh, without a claimant, and, what is still more extraordinary, without any one ever having had the curiosity to examine it. On Tuesday, however, some gentlemen connected with the town caused the mysterious box to be opened, and, to their surprise and gratification, they found it contained a beautiful statute of his majesty (?), about the size of life, cast in bronze. . . . . Although it is at present unknown from whence this admirable piece of workmanship came, by whom it was made, or to whom it belongs, this cannot remain long a secret. We trust, however, that it will remain as an ornament in some public place in this city."

More concerning it was never known, and ultimately it was placed in its present position, without its being publicly acknowledged to be a representation of the unfortunate prince.

In this Council chamber there meets yearly that little Scottish Parliament, the ancient Convention of Royal Burghs.

Their foundation in Scotland is as old, if not older, than the days of David I., who, in his charter to the monks of Holyrood, describes Edinburgh as a burgh holding of the king, paying him certain revenues, and having the privilege of free markets. The judgments of the magistrates of burghs were liable to the review of the Lord Great Chamberlain of Scotland (the first of whom was Herbert, in 1128), and his Court of the Four Burghs. He kept the accounts of the royal revenue and expenses, and held his circuits or chamberlain-ayres, for the better regulation of all towns. But even his decrees were liable to revision by the Court of the Four Burghs, composed of certain burgesses of Edinburgh, Stirling, Roxburgh, and Berwick, who met annually, at Haddington, to decide, as a court of last resort, the appeals from the chamberlain-ayres, and determine upon all matters affecting the welfare of the royal burghs. Upon the suppression of the office of chamberlain (the last of whom was Charles Duke of Lennox, in 1685), the power of controlling magistrates' accounts was vested in the Exchequer, and the reviewal of their sentences in the courts of law; while the power which the chamberlain had of regulating matters in his Court of the Four Burghs respecting the common welfare was transferred to the general Convention of Royal Burghs.

This Court was constituted in the reign of James III., and appointed to be held yearly at Inverkeithing. By a statute of James VI., the Convention was appointed to meet four times in each year, wherever the members chose; and to avoid confusion, only one was to appear for each burgh, except the capital, which was to have two. By a subsequent statute, a majority of the burghs, or the capital with any other six, were empowered to call a Convention as often as they deemed it necessary, and all the other burghs were obliged to attend it under a penalty.

TALLY-STICK, BEARING DATE OF 1692.
(*From Scottish Antiquarian Museum.*)

The Convention, consisting of two deputies from each burgh, now meets annually at Edinburgh in the Council Chamber, and it is somewhat singular that the Lord Provost, although only a member, is the perpetual president, and the city clerks are clerks to the Convention, during the sittings of which the magistrates are supposed to keep open table for the members.

The powers of this Convention chiefly respect the establishment of regulations concerning the trade and commerce of Scotland; and with this end it has renewed, from time to time, articles of staple contract with the town of Campvere, in Holland, of old the seat of the conservator of Scottish privileges. As the royal burghs pay a sixth part of the sum imposed as a land-tax upon the counties in Scotland, the Convention is empowered to consider the state of trade, and the revenues of individual burghs, and to assess their respective portions The Convention has also been in use to examine the administrative conduct of magistrates in the matter of burgh revenue (though this comes more properly under the Court of Exchequer), and to give sanction upon particular occasions to the Common Council of burghs to alienate a part of the burgh estate. The Convention likewise considers and arranges the political *setts* or constitutions of the different burghs, and regulates matters concerning elections that may be brought before it.

Before the use of the Council Chamber was assigned to the Convention it was wont to meet in an aisle of St. Giles's church.

Writers' Court—so named from the circumstance of the Signet Library being once there—adjoins the Royal Exchange, and a gloomy little *cul de sac* it is, into which the sun scarcely penetrates. But it once contained a tavern of great consideration in its time, "The Star and Garter," kept by a man named Cleriheugh, who is referred to in "Guy Mannering," for history and romance often march side by side in Edinburgh, and Scott's picture of the strange old tavern is a faithful one. The reader of the novel may remember how, on a certain Saturday night, when in search of Mr. Pleydell, Dandie Dinmont, guiding Colonel Mannering, turned into a dark alley, then up a dark stair, and then into an open door.

While Dandie "was whistling shrilly for the waiter, as if he had been one of his collie dogs, Mannering looked around him, and could hardly conceive how a gentleman of a liberal profession and good society should choose such a scene for social indulgence. Besides the miserable entrance, the house itself seemed paltry and half ruinous. The passage in which they stood had a window to the close, which admitted a little light in the daytime, and a villainous compound of smells at all times, but more especially towards evening. Corresponding to this window was a borrowed light on the other side of the passage, looking into the kitchen, which had no direct communication with the free air, but received in the daytime, at second-hand, such straggling and obscure light as found its way from the lane through the window opposite. At present, the interior of the kitchen was visible by its own huge fires—a sort of pandemonium, where men and women, half-dressed, were busied in baking, boiling, roasting oysters, and preparing devils on the gridiron; the mistress of the place, with her shoes slipshod, and her hair straggling like that of Megæra from under a round-eared cap, toiling, scolding, receiving orders and giving them and obeying them all at once, seemed the presiding enchantress of that gloomy and fiery region."

Yet it was in this tavern, perhaps more than any other, that the lawyers of the olden time held their. high jinks and many convivialities. Cleriheugh's was also a favourite resort of the magistrates and town councillors when a deep libation was deemed an indispensable element in the adjustment of all civic affairs; thus, in the last century, city wags used to tell of a certain treasurer of Edinburgh, who, on being applied to for new rope to the Tron Kirk bell, summoned the Council to consider the appeal. An adjournment to Cleriheugh's was of course necessary; but as one dinner was insufficient for the settlement of this weighty matter, it was not until three had been discussed that the bill was settled, and the old rope spliced!

Before proceeding with the general history of the High Street we will briefly notice that of the Tron Church, and of the great fire in which it was on the eve of perishing.

The old Greyfriars, with the other city churches, being found insufficient for the increasing population, the Town Council purchased two sites, on which they intended to erect religious fabrics. One was on the Castle Hill, where the reservoir now stands; the other was where the present Tron Church is now built. This was in the year 1637, when the total number of householders, as shown by the Council records, could not have been much over 5,000, as a list made four years before shows the numbers to have been 5,071, and the annual amount of rents payable by them only £192,118 5s., Scots money.

Political disturbances retarded the progress of both these new churches. The one on the Castle Hill was totally abandoned, after having been partially destroyed by the English during the siege in 1650; and the other—the proper name of which is Christ's Church at the Tron—was not ready for public worship till 1647, nor was it completely finished till 1663, at the cost of £6,000, so much did war with England and the contentions of the Covenanters and Cavaliers retard everything and impoverish the nation. On front of the tower over the great doorway a large ornamented panel bears the city arms in alto-relievo, and beneath them the inscription—Ædem hanc Christo et ecclesiæ sacrarunt cives Edinburgenses, Anno Dom mdcli. It is finished internally with an open roof of timber-work, not unlike that of the Parliament House.

Much of the material used in the construction of the sister church on the Castle Hill was pulled down and used in the walls of the Tron, which the former was meant closely to resemble, if we may judge from the plan of Gordon of Rothiemay. In 1644 the magistrates bought 1,000 stone weight of copper in Amsterdam to cover the roof; but such were the exigencies of the time that it was sold, and stones and lead were substituted in its place.

In 1639 David Mackall, a merchant of Edinburgh, gave 3,500 merks, or about £194 sterling, to the magistrates in trust, for purchasing land, to be applied to the maintenance of a chaplain in the Tron Church, where he was to preach every Sunday morning at six o'clock, or such other hour as the magistrates should appoint. They may be truly said, continues Arnot, "to have hid this talent in a napkin. They did not appoint a preacher for sixty-four years. As money then bore ten per cent., although the interest of this sum had been paid but once in ten years, yet, if it had been properly managed, the accumulated sum behoved to have exceeded £16,000 sterling."

The old spire had been partially built of wood covered with lead, according to a design frequently repeated on public buildings then in Scotland. It was copied from the Dutch; but the examples of it are rapidly disappearing. A bell, which cost 1,490 merks Scots, was hung in it in 1673, and continued weekly to summon the parishioners to prayer and sermon till the great fire of 1824, when it was partly melted by heat, and fell with a mighty crash through the blazing ruins of the steeple. Portions of it were made into drinking quaighs and similar memorials.

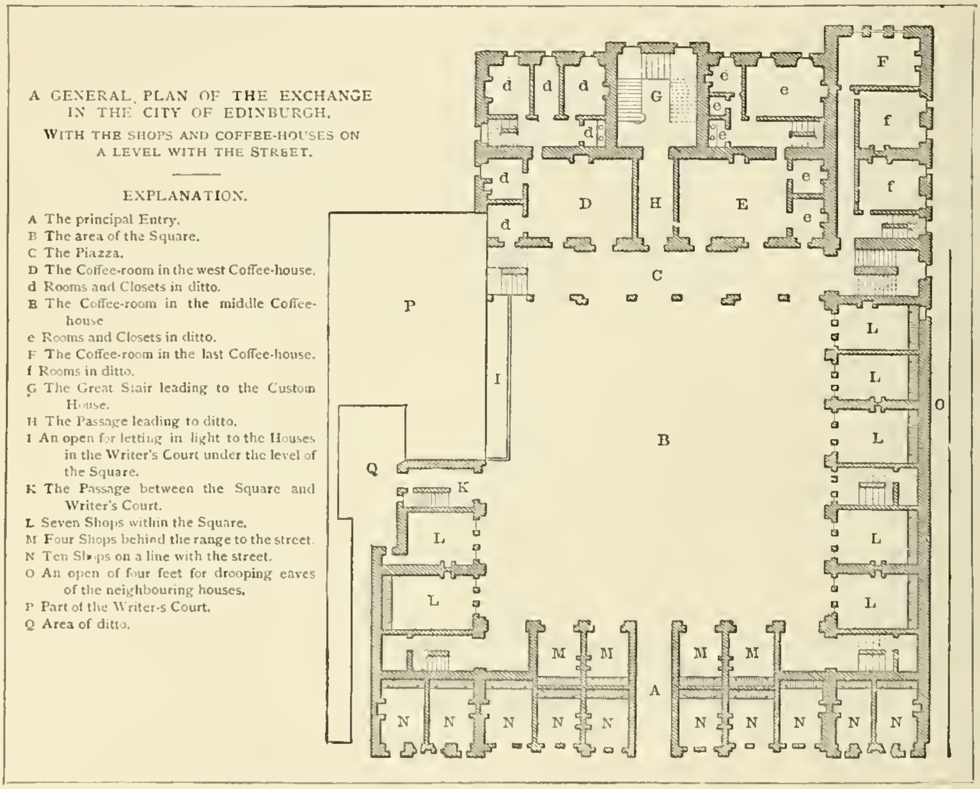
In 1678 the tower was completed by placing therein the old clock which had formerly been in the Weigh House.

Towards the building of this church the pious Lady Yester gave 1,000 merks. In 1703 the magistrates appointed two persons to preach alternately in the Tron Church, to each of whom they gave a salary of forty guineas, as the Council Register shows; but about 1788 they contented themselves with one preacher, to whom they gave fifty pounds yearly. It is an edifice of uninteresting appearance and nondescript style, being neither Gothic nor Palladian, but a grotesque mixture of both. It received its name from its vicinity to the Tron, or public beam for the weighing of merchandise, which stood near it.

A very elegant stone spire, which was built in 1828, replaces that which perished in the great conflagration of four years before.

The Tron beam appears to have been used as a pillory for the punishment of crime. In Niccol's "Diary" for 1649, it is stated that "much falset and cheitting was daillie deteckit at this time by the Lords of Sessioune; for the whilk there was daillie nailing of lugs and binding of people to the *Trone*, and boring of tongues; so that it was a fatal year for false notaries and witnessés, as daillie experience did witness."

On the night of Monday, the 15th of November, 1824, about ten o'clock, the cry of "Fire!" was heard in the High Street, and it spread throughout the city from mouth to mouth; vast crowds came from all quarters rushing to the spot, and columns of smoke and flame were seen issuing from the second floor of a house at the head of the old


A GENERAL PLAN OF THE EXCHANGE
IN THE CITY OF EDINBURGH.
WITH THE SHOPS AND COFFEE-HOUSES ON
A LEVEL WITH THE STREET.
EXPLANATION.
A The principal Entry.
B The area of the Square.
C The Piazza.
D The Coffee-room in the west Coffee-house.
d Rooms and Closets in ditto.
B The Coffee-room in the middle Coffee-house
e Rooms and Closets in ditto.
F The Coffee-room in the last Coffee-house.
f Rooms in ditto.
G The Great Stair leading to the Custom House.
H The Passage leading to ditto.
I An open for letting in light to the Houses in the Writer's Court under the level of the Square.
K The Passage between the Square and Writer's Court.
L Seven Shops within the Square.
M Four Shops behind the range to the street.
N Ten Shops on a line with the street.
O An open of four feet for drooping eaves of the neighbouring houses.
P Part of the Writer-s Court.
Q Area of ditto.
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GENERAL PLAN OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE. (*From an Engraving in the "Scots Magazine" for* 1754.)

Assembly Close, then occupied as a workshop by Kirkwood, a well-known engraver. The engines came promptly enough; but, from some unknown cause, an hour elapsed before they were in working order, and by that time the terrible element had raged with such fierceness and rapidity that, by eleven o'clock the upper portion of this tenement, including six storeys, forming the eastern division of a uniform pile of buildings, was one mass of roaring flames, which, as the breeze was from the south-west, turned them, as they burst from the gaping windows, in the direction of a house to the eastward, the strong gable of which saved it from the destruction which seemed imminent.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Two tenements to the westward were less fortunate, and as, from the narrowness of the ancient close, it was impossible to work the engines, they soon were involved in one frightful and appalling blaze. Great fears were now entertained for the venerable *Courant* office; nor was it long before the fire seized on its upper storey, at the very time when some brave fellows got upon the roof of a tenement to the westward, and shouted to the firemen to give them a pipe, by which they could play upon the adjoining roof. But, owing either to their elevated position, or the roar of the gathering conflagration, the shouts of the crowd, and wailing of women and children, their cries were unheard for a time, until it was too late. The whole tenement was lost, together with extensive ranges of buildings in the old Fish Market and Assembly Closes, to which it was the means of communicating the flames.

While these tall and stately edifices were yielding to destruction, the night grew calm and still, and the sparks emitted by the flames shot upwards as if spouted from a volcano, and descended like the thickest drift or snow-storm, affecting the respiration of all. A dusky, lurid red tinged the clouds, and the glare shone on the Castle walls, the rocks of the Calton, the beetling crags, and all the city spires. Scores of lofty chimneys, set on fire by the falling sparks, added to the growing horror of the scene; and for a considerable time the Tron Church was completely enveloped in this perilous shower of embers.

About one in the morning of the 16th the alarm of fire was given from a house directly *opposite* to the burning masses, and, though groundless, it added to the deepening consternation. Meanwhile the weather changed rapidly; the wind, accompanied by rain, came in fierce and fitful gusts, thus adding to the danger and harrowing interest of the scene, which, from the great size of the houses, had much in it that was wild and weird.

"About five o'clock," says Dr. James Browne, in his "Historical Sketch of Edinburgh," "the fire had proceeded so far downwards in the building occupied by the *Courant* office, that the upper part of the front fell inwards with a dreadful crash, the concussion driving the flames into the middle of the street. By this time it had communicated with the houses on the east side of the Old Fish Market Close, which it burned down in succession; while that occupied by Mr. Abraham Thomson, bookbinder, which had been destroyed a few months previously by fire and re-built, was crushed in at one extremity by the fall of the gable. In the Old Assembly Close it was still more destructive; the whole west side, terminating with the king's old Stationery Warehouse, and including the Old Assembly Hall, then occupied as a warehouse by Bell and Bradfute, booksellers, being entirely consumed. These back tenements formed one of the most massive, and certainly not the least remarkable, piles of building in the ancient city, and in former times were inhabited by persons of the greatest distinction. At this period they presented a most extraordinary spectacle. A great part of the southern *land* fell to the ground; but a lofty and insulated pile of side wall, broken in the centre, rested in its fall, so as to form one-half of an immense pointed arch, and remained for several days in this inclined position.

"By nine o'clock the steeple of the Tron Church was discovered to be on fire; the pyramid became a mass of flame, the lead of the roof poured over the masonry in molten streams, and the bell fell with a crash, as we have narrated, but the church was chiefly saved by a powerful engine belonging to the Board of Ordnance. The fire was now stopped; but the horror and dismay of the people increased when, at ten that night, a new one broke forth in the devoted Parliament Square, in the attic floor of a tenement eleven storeys in height, overlooking the Cowgate. As this house was far to windward of the other fire, it was quite impossible that one could have caused the other—a conclusion which forced itself upon the minds of all, together with the startling belief that some desperate incendiaries had resolved to destroy the city; while many went about exclaiming that it was a special punishment sent from Heaven upon the people for their sins." (Browne, p. 220; *Courant* of Nov. 18, 1824; &c.)

As the conflagration spread, St. Giles's and the Parliament Square resounded with dreadful echoes, and the scene became more and more appalling, from the enormous altitude of the buildings; all efforts of the people were directed to saving the Parliament House and the Law Courts, and by five on the morning of Wednesday the scene is said to have been unspeakably grand and terrific.

Since the English invasion under Hertford in 1544 no such blaze had been seen in the ancient city. "Spicular columns of flame shot up majestically into the atmosphere, which assumed a lurid, dusky, reddish hue; dismay, daring, suspense, fear, sat upon different countenances, intensely expressive of their various emotions; the bronzed faces of the firemen shone momentarily from under their caps as their heads were raised at each successive stroke of the engines; and the very element by which they attempted to extinguish the conflagration seemed itself a stream of liquid fire. The County Hall at one time appeared like a palace of light; and the venerable steeple of St. Giles's reared itself amid the bright flames like a spectre awakened to behold the fall and ruin of the devoted city."

Among those who particularly distinguished themselves on this terrible occasion were the Lord President, Charles Hope of Granton; the Lord Justice Clerk, Boyle of Shewalton; the Lord Advocate, Sir William Rae of St. Catherine's; the Solicitor-General, John Hope; the Dean of Faculty; and Mr. (afterwards Lord) Cockburn, the well-known memorialist of his own times.

The Lord Advocate would seem to have been the most active, and worked for some time at one of the engines playing on the central tenement at the head of the Old Assembly Close, thus exerting himself to save the house in which he first saw the light. All distinction of rank being lost now in one common and generous anxiety, one of Sir William's fellow-labourers at the engine gave him a hearty slap on the back, exclaiming, at the same time, "Weel dune, my lord!"

On the morning of Wednesday, though showers of sleet and hail fell, the fire continued to rage with fury in Conn's Close, to which it had been communicated by flying embers; but there the ravages of this unprecedented and calamitous conflagration ended. The extent of the mischief done exceeded all former example. Fronting the High Street there were destroyed four tenements of six storeys each, besides the underground storeys; in Conn's Close, two timber-fronted "lands," of great antiquity; in the Old Assembly Close, four houses of seven storeys each; in Borthwick's Close, six great tenements; in the Old Fish Market Close, four of six storeys each; in short, down as far as the Cowgate nothing was to be seen but frightful heaps of calcined and blackened ruins, with gaping windows and piles of smoking rubbish.

In the Parliament Square four double tenements of from seven to eleven storeys also perished, and the incessant crash of falling walls made the old vicinity re-echo. Among other places of interest destroyed here was the shop of Kay, the caricaturist, always a great attraction to idlers.

During the whole of Thursday the authorities were occupied in the perplexing task of examining the ruined edifices in the Parliament Square. These being of enormous height and dreadfully shattered, threatened, by their fall, destruction to everything in their vicinity. One eleven-storeyed edifice presented such a very striking, terrible, and dangerous appearance, that it was proposed to batter it down with cannon. On the next day the ruins were inspected by Admiral Sir David Milne, and Captain (afterwards Sir Francis) Head of the Royal Engineers, an officer distinguished alike in war and in literature, who gave in a professional report on the subject, and to him the task of demolition was assigned.

In the meantime offers of assistance from Captain Hope of H.M.S. *Brisk*, then in Leith Roads, were accepted, and his seamen, forty in number, threw a line over the lofty southern gable above Heron's Court, but brought down only a small portion. Next day Captain Hope returned to the attack, with iron cables, chains, and ropes, while some sappers daringly undermined the eastern wall. These were sprung, and, as had been predicted by Captain Head, the enormous mass fell almost perpendicularly to the ground.

At the Tron Church, on the last night of every year, there gathers a vast crowd, who watch with patience and good-humour the hands of the illuminated clock till they indicate one minute past twelve, and then the New Year is welcomed in with ringing cheers, joy, and hilarity. A general shaking of hands and congratulations ensue, and one and all wish each other "A happy New Year, and mony o' them." A busy hum pervades the older parts of the city; bands of music and bagpipes strike up in many a street and wynd; and, furnished with egg-flip, whiskey, &c., thousands hasten off in all directions to "first foot" friends and relations.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE HIGH STREET.

A Place for Brawling—First Paved and Lighted—The Meal and Flesh Markets—State of the Streets—Municipal Regulations 16th Century—*Tulzies*—The Lairds of Airth and Wemyss—The Tweedies of Drummelzier—A Montrose Quarrel—The Slaughter of Lord Torthorwald——A Brawl in 1705—Attacking a Sedan Chair—Habits in the Seventeenth Century—Abduction of Women and Girls—Sumptuary Laws against Women.

BEFORE narrating the wondrous history of the many quaint and ancient closes and wynds which diverged of old, and some of which still diverge, from the stately High Street, we shall treat of that venerable thoroughfare itself—its gradual progress, changes, and some of the stirring scenes that have been witnessed from its windows.

Till so late as the era of building the Royal Exchange Edinburgh had been without increase or much alteration since King James VI. rode forth for England in 1603. "The extended wall erected in the memorable year 1513 still formed the boundary of the city, with the exception of the enclosure of the Highriggs. The ancient gates remained kept under the care of jealous warders, and nightly closed at an early hour; even as when the dreaded inroads of the *Southron* summoned the Burgher Watch to guard their walls. At the foot of the High Street, the lofty tower and spire of the Nether Bow Port terminated the vista, surmounting the old Temple Bar of Edinburgh, interposed between the city and the ancient burgh of Canongate."

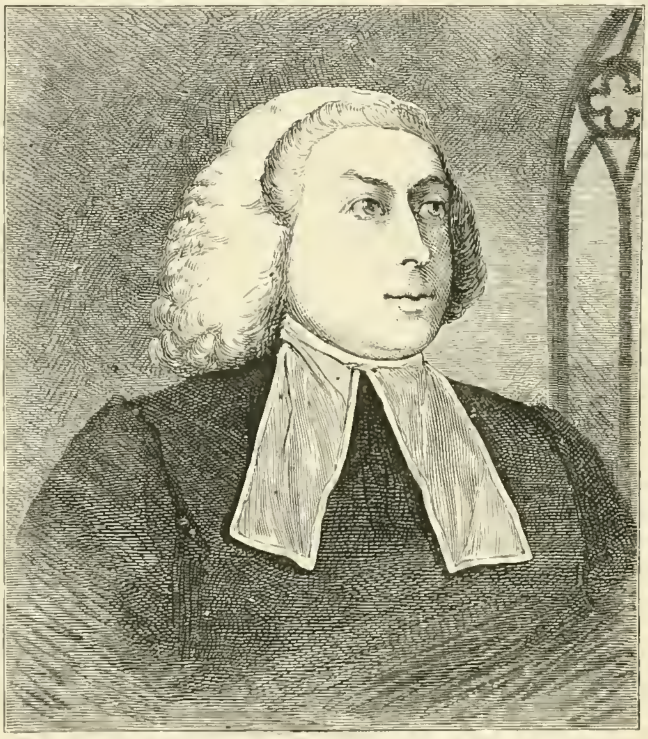
On this upward-sloping thoroughfare first rose the rude huts of the Caledonians, by the side of the wooded way that led to the Dun upon the rock—when Pagan rites were celebrated at sunrise on the bare scalp of Arthur's Seat—and destined to become in future years "the King's High Street," as it was exclusively named in writs and charters, in so far as it extended from the Nether Bow to the edifice named Creech's Land, at the east end of the Luckenbooths. "Here," says a writer, "was the battle-ground of Scotland for centuries, whereon private and party feuds, the jealousies of nobles and burghers, and not a few of the contests between the Crown and the people, were settled at the sword."

As a place for brawling it was proverbial; and thus it was that Colonel Munro, in "His Expedition with the Worthy Scots Regiment called Mackeyes," levied in 1626, for service in Denmark and Sweden, tells us, at the storming of Boitzenburg, there was "a Scottish gentleman under the enemy, who, coming to scale the walls, said aloud, 'Have with you, gentlemen! Thinke not now you are on the *street of Edinburgh* bravading.' One of his own countrymen thrusting him through the body with a pike, he ended there."

In the general consternation which succeeded the defeat of the army at Flodden a plague raged within the city with great violence, and carried off great numbers. Hence the Town Council, to prevent its progress, ordered all shops and booths to be closed for the space of fifteen days, and neither doors nor windows to be opened within that time, but on some unavoidable occasion, and nothing to be dealt in but necessaries for the immediate support of life. All vagrants were forbidden to walk in the streets without having each a light; and several houses that had been occupied by infected persons were demolished.

In 1532 the High Street was first paved or causewayed, and many of the old tenements renovated. The former was done under the superintendence of a Frenchman named Marlin, whose name was bestowed on an alley to the south. The Town Council ordered lights to be hung out by night by the citizens to light the streets, and Edinburgh became a principal place of resort from all parts of the kingdom.

Till the reign of James V., the meal-market, and also the flesh-market, were kept in booths in the open High Street, which was also encumbered by stacks of peat, heather, and other fuel, before every door; while, till the middle of the end of the seventeenth century, according to Gordon's map, a flesh-market was kept in the Canongate, immediately below the Nether Bow.

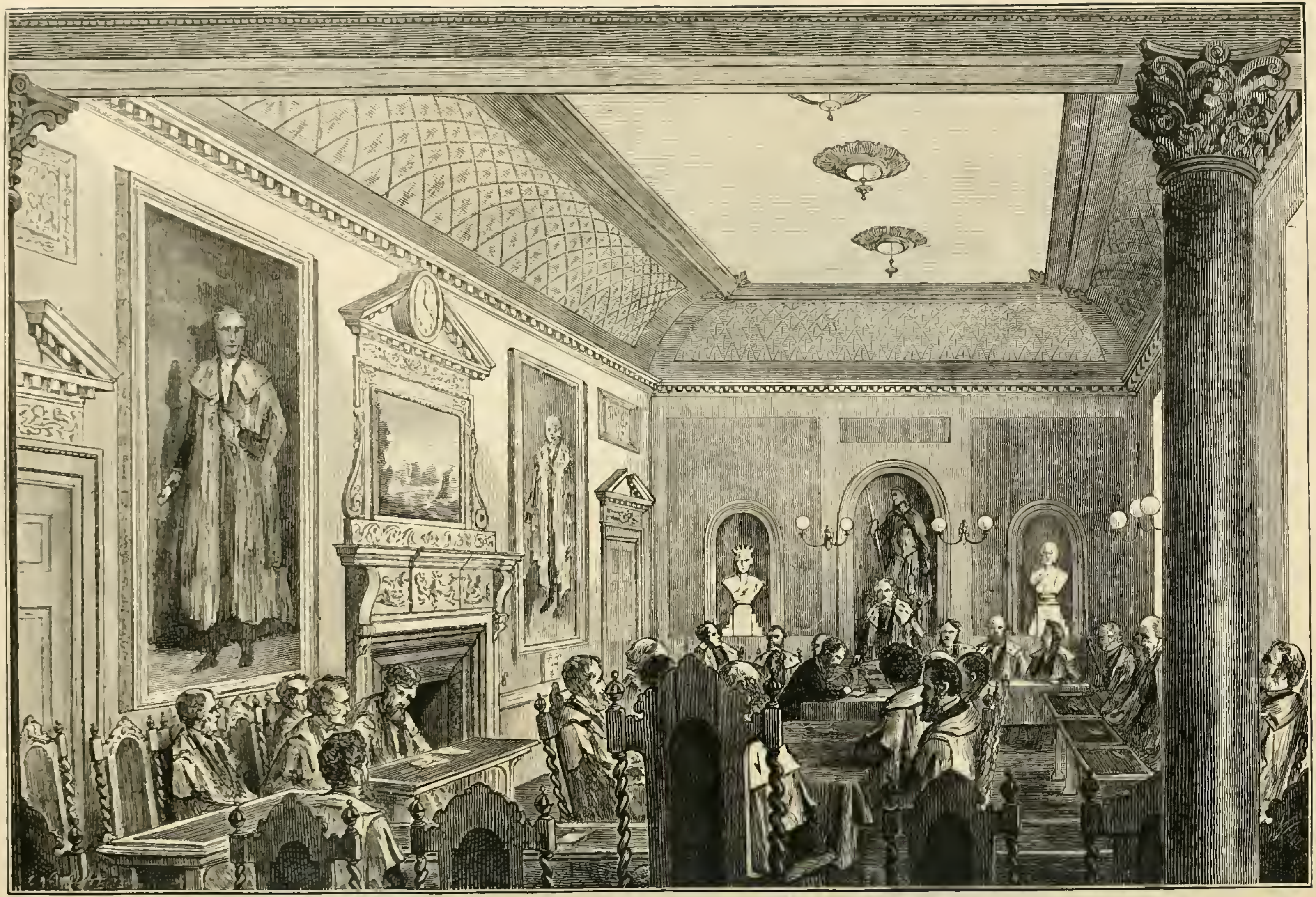


ANDREW CROSBY. (*From the Portrait in the Parliament Hall.*)
[*The original of Counsellor Pleydell in "Guy Mannering."*]

"These, however," says Arnot, "are not to be considered as arguing any comparative insignificancy in the city of Edinburgh. They proceeded from the rudeness of the times. The writers of those days spoke of Edinburgh in terms that show the respectable opinion they entertained of it. 'In this city,' says a writer of the sixteenth century—Braun Agrippinensis—'there are two spacious streets, of which the principal one, leading from the Palace to the Castle, is paved with square stones. The city itself is not built of bricks, but of square freestones, and so stately is its appearance, that single houses may be compared to palaces. From the abbey to the castle there is a continued street, which on both sides contains a range of excellent houses, and the better sort are built of hewn stone.' There are," adds Arnot, "specimens of the buildings of the fifteenth century still (1779) remaining, particularly a house on the south side of the High Street, immediately above Peeble's Wynd, having a handsome front of hewn stone, and niches in the walls for the images of saints, which may justify our author's description. The house was built about 1430 (temp. James I.) No private building in the city of modern date can compare with it."

The year 1554 saw the streets better lighted, and some attempts made to clean them.

The continual wars with England compelled the citizens to crowd their dwellings as near the Castle as possible; thus, instead of the city increasing in limits, it rose skyward, as we have already mentioned; storey was piled on storey till the streets resembled closely packed towers or steeples, each house, or "land," sheltering from twenty to thirty families within its walls. This was particularly the



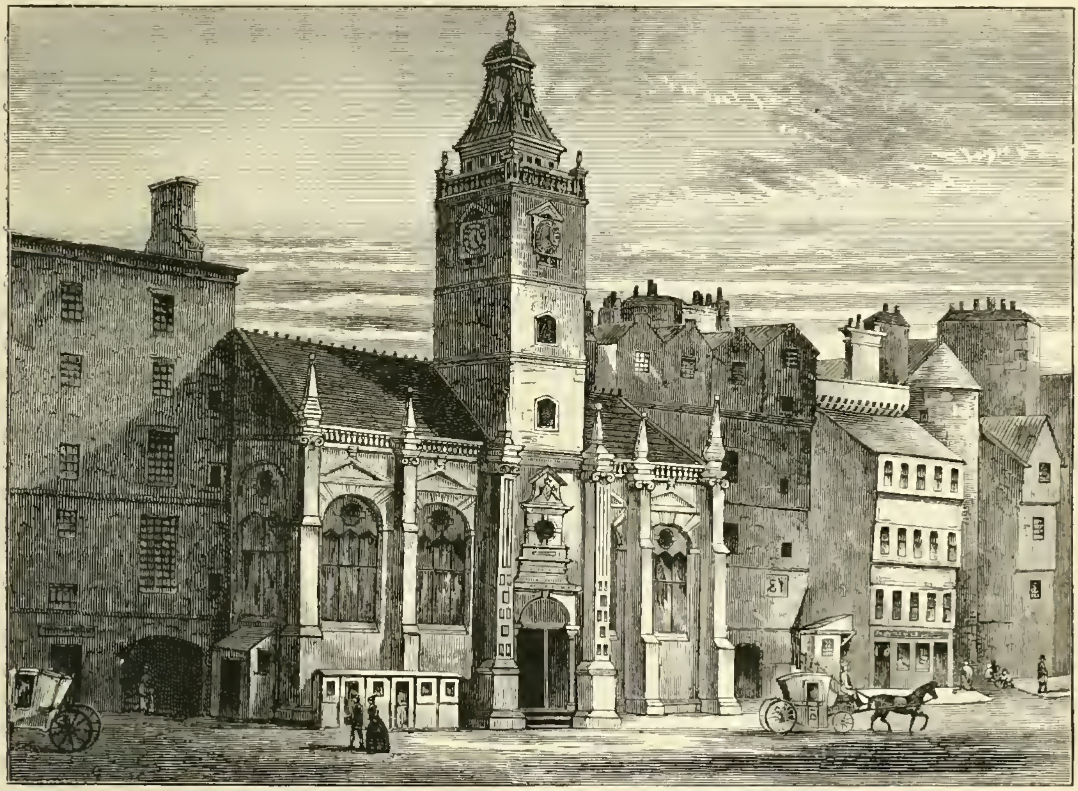
THE TOWN COUNCIL CHAMBER, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

case with the High Street. The mansions in the diverging streets, narrow, steep, gloomy, and ill-ventilated, became perilous abodes in times of fire or pestilence.

Those who dwelt in the upper storeys avoided the toil of descending the steep wheel-stairs that led to the street, and the entire *débris* of the household was flung from the windows, regardless of who or what might be below, especially after nightfall; hence the cries of "Haud your hand!" "Get out o' the gait!" or "*Gardez l'eau!*" a shout copied from the French, were incessant. Another source of filth and annoyance was the circumstance that every inhabitant had his own dunghill in the street, opposite his own door; while the thoroughfares were further encumbered and encroached upon by outside stone stairs, many of which still remain. Under these were kept swine, which were allowed to roam the streets (as in old Paris), and act the part of scavengers, and be alternately the pets and the terror of the children.

By Acts of Council, 15th October, 1553-5, the mounds of household garbage were ordained to be removed, the swine to be prevented from being a pest in the streets, in which *bowets* or lanterns, were ordered to be hung up, by such persons and in such places as the magistrates should appoint, there to continue burning for the space of four hours—*i.e.*, from five till nine o'clock in the evening.

In consequence of the great assiduity of the Provost (Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie), the Town Council added to his annual allowance £100 Scots for his clothing and spicery, with two hogsheads of wine for his greater state; and soon after another Act was passed, ordaining that the (male) servants of the inhabitants should attend him with lighted torches from the vespers or evening prayers to his own house.



THE OLD TRON CHURCH. (*From an Engraving in Arnot's "History of Edinburgh."*)

But despite the Acts quoted the streets were not thoroughly cleared or cleaned for more than sixty years after. When King James VI., having celebrated his marriage with Anne of Denmark, on the 22nd October, 1589, was about to return home, he wrote one of his characteristic epistles to the Provost, Alexander Clark of Balbirnie:—"Here we are drinking and driving in the auld way," and adding, "*for God's sake see a' things are richt at our hame-coming.*" James did not wish to be exposed in the eyes of his foreign attendants, and he alludes especially to the removal of the numerous *middens*, the repair of the roads and streets, and also the expected hospitality of the city, as we find that soon after the inhabitants were assessed to support the queen and her retinue till Holyrood Palace was prepared to receive her. They were also compelled to defray their proportion of the expense of his return.

Five years before this, in 1584, to prevent the incessant broils and riots that took place in High Street and elsewhere at night, it was enacted that by ten o'clock forty strokes should be given on the great bell, after which any person found abroad was to be imprisoned during the magistrate's pleasure, and fined forty shillings Scots; while for the better regulation of the nightly watch the city was divided into thirty quarters, over each of which the magistrates appointed two commanders, one a merchant, the other a craftsman, as also an officer to summon the citizens occasionally to take into consideration the affairs connected with these several divisions. (Council Register.)

And now to glance briefly at the *tulzies*, or combats, for so were they named of old, of which the High Street has been the scene.

Apart from the famous brawl named "Cleanse the Causeway," already described, and that in which the Laird of Stainhouse fell with the French in 1560, a considerable amount of blood has been shed in this old thoroughfare.

After the battle of Melrose, in 1526, there ensued a deadly feud between the border clans of Scott and Kerr, which culminated in the slaughter of Sir Walter Scott of Branxholm and Buccleuch, by the Kerrs, in October, 1551, in the High Street.

> "Bards long shall tell
> How Lord Walter fell!
> When startled burghers fled afar,
> The furies of the Border war,
> When the streets of High Dunedin
> Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,
> And heard the slogan's deadly yell—
> Then the chief of Branxholm fell!"

Nor was the feud between these two families stanched till forty-five years later, when the chiefs of both paraded the High Street with their followers amicably, but it was expected their first meeting would decide their quarrel.

On the 24th of November, 1567, about two in the afternoon, the Laird of Airth and Sir John Wemyss of that ilk, "met upon the Hie Gait of Edinburgh," according to Birrel, "and they and their followers fought a bloody skirmish, when many were hurt on both sides by shot of pistol."

On this the Privy Council issued, but in vain, an edict against the wearing of culverins, dags, pistolets, or other "firewerks."

The latter seem to have been adopted or in use earlier in Scotland than in the sister kingdom. At the raid of the Redswire, the English archers were routed by the volleys of the Scottish hackbuttiers; and here we find, as the author of "Domestic Annals" notes, "that sword and buckler were at this time (1567) the ordinary gear of gallant men in England—a comparatively harmless furnishing; but we see that small fire-arms were used in Scotland."

On the 7th December, three years after this, the Hoppringles and Elliots chanced to encounter in the same place—hostile parties knew each other well then by their badges, livery, and banners—and a terrible slaughter would have ensued had not the armed citizens, according to the "Diurnal of Occurrents," *redd—i.e.*, separated—them by main force.

A feud, which for many years disturbed the upper valley of the Tweed, resulted in a tulzie in the streets which is not without some picturesque details. It was occasioned by the slaughter of Veitch of Dawick's son, in June, 1590, by or through James Tweedie of Drummelzier, to revenge which, James Veitch younger of Synton, and Andrew Veitch, brother of the Laird of Tourhope, slew John Tweedie, tutor of Drummelzier and burgess of Edinburgh, as he walked in the public streets. Too much blood had been shed now for the matter to end there.

The Veitches were arrested, but the Laird of Dawick came to the rescue with 10,000 merks bail, and their liberation was ordered by the king; but they were barely free before they effected the slaughter of James Geddes of Glenhegden, head or chief of his family, with whom they, too, were at feud; and the recital of this crime, as given in the "Privy Council Record," affords a curious insight into the *modus operandi* of a daylight brawl in the streets at that time. We modernise it thus:—

James Geddes, being in Edinburgh for the space of some eight days, openly and publicly met; almost daily in the High Street, the Laird of Drummelzier. The latter fearing an attack, albeit that Geddes was always alone, planted spies and retainers about the house in which he lived and other places to which he was in the habit of repairing. It chanced that on the 29th of December, 1592, James Geddes being in the Cowgate, getting his horse shod at the booth of David Lindsay, and being altogether careless of his safety, Drummelzier was informed of his whereabouts, and dividing all his own friends and servants into two armed parties, set forth on slaughter intent.

He directed his brothers John and Robert Tweedie, Porteous of Hawkshaw, Crichton of Quarter, and others, to Conn's Close, which was directly opposite to the smith's booth; while he, accompanied by John and Adam Tweedie, sons of the Gudeman of Dura, passed to the Kirk (of Field) Wynd, a little to the westward of the booth, to cut off the victim if he hewed a way to escape; but as he was seen standing at the booth door with his back to them, they shot him down with their pistols in cold blood, and left him lying dead on the spot.

For this the Tweedies were imprisoned in the Castle; but they contrived to compromise the matter with the king, making many fair promises; yet when he was resident at St. James's, in 1611, he heard that the feud and the fighting in Upper Tweeddale were as bitter as ever.

On the 19th of January, 1594, a sharp tulzie, or combat, ensued in the High Street between the Earl of Montrose, Sir James Sandilands, and others. To explain the cause of this we must refer to Calderwood, who tells us that on the 13th of February, in the preceding year, John Graham of Halyards, a Lord of Session (a kinsman of Montrose), was passing down Leith Wynd, attended by three or four score of armed men for his protection, when Sir James Sandilands, accompanied by his friend Ludovic Duke of Lennox, with an armed company, met him. As they had recently been in dispute before the Court about some temple lands, Graham thought he was about to be attacked, and prepared to make resistance. The duke told him to proceed on his journey, and that no one would molest him; but the advice was barely given when some stray shots were fired by the party of the judge, who was at once attacked, and fell wounded. He was borne bleeding into an adjacent house, whither a French boy, page to Sir Alexander Stewart, a friend of Sandilands, followed, and plunged a dagger into him, thus ending a lawsuit according to the taste of the age.

Hence it was that when, in the following year, John Earl of Montrose—a noble then about fifty years old, who had been chancellor of the jury that condemned the Regent Morton, and moreover was Lord High Chancellor of the kingdom—met Sir James Sandilands in the High Street, he deemed it his duty to avenge the death of the Laird of Halyards. On the first arrival of the earl in Edinburgh Sir James had been strongly recommended by his friends to quit it, as his enemies were too strong for him; but instead of doing so he desired the aid and assistance of all his kinsmen and friends, who joined him forthwith, and the two parties meeting on the 19th of January, near the Salt Tron, a general attack with swords and hackbuts begun. One account states that John, Master of Montrose (and father of the great Marquis), first began the fray; another that it was begun by Sir James Sandilands, who was cut down and severely wounded by more than one musket-shot, and would have been slain outright but for the valour of a friend named Captain Lockhart. The Lord Chancellor was in great peril, for the combat was waged furiously about him, and, according to the "Historie of King James the Sext," he was driven back fighting "to the College of Justice (*i.e.*, the Tolbooth). The magistrates of the town with fencible weapons separatit the parties for that time; and the greatest skaith Sir James gat on his party, for he himself was left for dead, and a cousin-german of his, callit Crawford of Kerse, was slain, and many hurt." On the side of the earl only one was killed, but many were wounded.

On the 17th of June, 1605, there was fought in the High Street a combat between the Lairds of Edzell and Pittarrow, with many followers on both sides. It lasted, says Balfour in his *Annales*, from nine at night till two next morning, with loss and many injuries. The Privy Council committed the leaders to prison.

The next tulzie of which we read arose from the following circumstance:—

Captain James Stewart (at one time Earl of Arran) having been slain in 1596 by Sir James Douglas of Parkhead, a natural son of the Regent Morton, who cut off his head at a place called Catslack, and carried it on a spear, "leaving his body to be devoured by dogs and swine;" this act was not allowed to pass unrevenged by the house of Ochiltree, to which the captain—who had been commander of the Royal Guard—belonged. But as at that time a man of rank in Scotland could not be treated as a malefactor for slaughter committed in pursuance of a feud, the offence was expiated by an assythement. The king strove vainly to effect a reconciliation; but for years the Lords Ochiltree and Douglas (the latter of whom was created Lord Torthorwald in 1590 by James VI.) were at open variance.

It chanced that on the 14th of July, 1608, that Lord Torthorwald was walking in the High Street a little below the Cross, between six and seven in the morning, alone and unattended, when he suddenly met William Stewart, a nephew of the man he had slain. Unable to restrain the sudden rage that filled him, Stewart drew his sword, and ere

Torthorwald could defend himself, ran him through the body, and slew him on the spot.

Stewart fled from the city, and of him we hear no more; but the Privy Council met twice to consider what should be done now, for all the Douglases were taking arms to attack the Stewarts of Ochiltree. Hence the Council issued imperative orders that the Earl of Morton, James Commendator of Melrose, Sir George and Sir Archibald Douglas his uncles, William Douglas younger of Drumlanrig, Archibald Douglas of Tofts, Sir James Dundas of Arniston, and others, who were breathing vengeance, should keep within the doors of their dwellings, orders to the same effect being issued to Lord Ochiltree and all his friends.

"There is a remarkable connection of murders recalled by this shocking transaction," says a historian. "Not only do we ascend to Torthorwald's slaughter of Stewart in 1596, and Stewart's deadly prosecution of Morton to the scaffold in 1581; but William Stewart was the son of Sir William Stewart who was slain by the Earl of Bothwell in the Blackfriars Wynd in 1588."

A carved marble slab in the church of Holyrood, between two pillars on the north side, still marks the grave of the first lord, who took his title from the lonely tower of Torthorwald on the green brae, between Lockerbie and Dumfries. It marks also the grave of his wife, Elizabeth Carlyle of that ilk, and bears the arms of the house of Douglas, quartered with those of Carlyle and Torthorwald, namely, beneath *a chief* charged with three pellets, a saltire proper, and the crest, a star, with the inscription :—

> "Heir lyis ye nobil and poten Lord James Dovglas, Lord of Cairlell and Torthorall, vha maried Daime Eliezabeth Cairlell, air and heretrix yalof; vha vas slaine in Edinburghe ye xiiii. day of Ivly, in ye zeier of God 1608—vas slain in 48 ze. L. I. D. E. C."

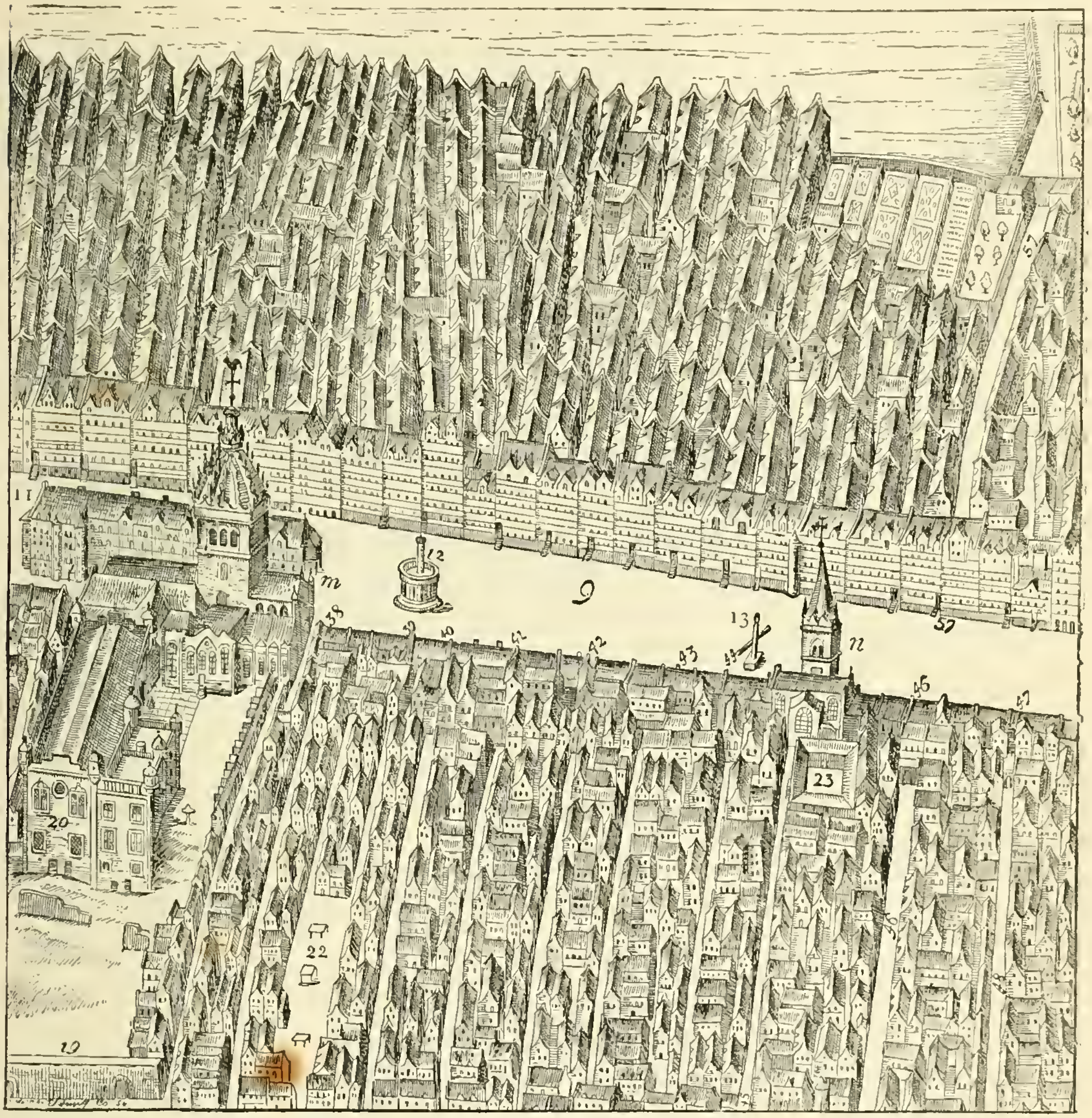
The guide daily reads this epitaph to hundreds of visitors; but few know the series of tragedies of which that slab is the closing record.

In the year 1705, Archibald Houston, Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, was slain in the High Street. As factor for the estate of Braid, the property of his nephew, he had incurred the anger of Kennedy of Auchtyfardel, in Lanarkshire, by failing to pay some portion of Bishop's rents, and Houston had been "put to the horn" for this debt. On the 20th March, 1705, Kennedy and his two sons left their residence in the Castle Hill, to go to the usual promenade of the time, the vicinity of the Cross. They met Houston, and used violent language, to which he was not slow in retorting. Then Gilbert Kennedy, Auchtyfardel's son, smote him on the face, while the idlers flocked around them. Blows with a cane were exchanged, on which Gilbert Kennedy drew his sword, and, running Houston through the body, gave him a mortal wound, of which he died. He was outlawed, but in time returned home, and succeeded to his father's estate. According to Wodrow's "Analecta," he became morbidly pious, and having exasperated thereby a servant maid, she gave him some arsenic with his breakfast of bread-and-milk, in 1730, and but for the aid of a physician would have avenged the slaughter of Houston near the Market Cross in 1705.

One of the last brawls in which swords were drawn in the High Street occurred in the same year, when under strong external professions of rigid Sabbath observance and morose sanctity of manner there prevailed much of secret debauchery, that broke forth at times. On the evening of the 2nd of February there had assembled a party in Edinburgh, whom drinking and excitement had so far carried away that nothing less than a dance in the open High Street would satisfy them. Among the party were Ensign Fleming of the Scots Brigade in the Dutch service, whose father, Sir James Fleming, Knight, had been Lord Provost in 1681; Thomas Barnet, a gentleman of the Horse Guards; and John Galbraith, son of a merchant in the city. The ten o'clock bell had been tolled in the Tron spire, to warn all good citizens home; and these gentlemen, with other bacchanals, were in full frolic at a part of the street where there was no light save such as might fall from the windows of the houses, when a sedan chair, attended by two footmen, one of whom bore a lantern, approached.

In the chair was no less a personage than David Earl of Leven, General of the Scottish Ordnance, and member of the Privy Council, proceeding on his upward way to the Castle of which he was governor. It was perilous work to meddle with such a person in those times, but the ensign and his friends were in too reckless a mood to think of consequences; so when Galbraith, in his dance reeled against one of the footmen, and was warned off with an imprecation, Fleming and his friend of the Guards said, "It would be brave sport to overturn the sedan in the mud." At once they assailed the earl's servants, and smashed the lantern. His lordship spoke indignantly from his chair; then drawing his sword, Fleming plunged it into one of the footmen; but he and the others were overpowered and captured by the spectators.

The young "rufilers," on learning the rank of the man they had insulted, were naturally greatly alarmed, and Fleming dreaded the loss of his commission, though in a foreign army. After suffering a month's imprisonment, they were glad to profess their sorrow publicly, on their knees before the Privy Council (as its record attests), and thus to obtain their liberty.



PLAN OF EDINBURGH, FROM ST. GILES'S TO HACKERSTON'S WYND. (*After Gordon of Rothiemay.*)

9, The High Street; 11, The Tolbooth; 12, The High Cross or Market Cross; 13, The Tron; 19, Meal Market; 20, The Parliament House; 22, The Fish Market; 23, The Flesh Market; 38, S. Monan's Wynd; 39, Fish Market Wynd; 40, Borthwick's Wynd; 41, Conn's Close; 42, Bell's Wynd; 43, Steven Law's Close; 44, Peebles Wynd; 45, Marlin's Wynd; 46, Niddry's Wynd; 47, Dickson's Close; 48, The Blackfriars Wynd; 57, Hackerston's Wynd; *m*, The Great Kirk, or St. Giles's Kirk; *n*, The Tron Kirk.

During the preceding century the abduction of women and girls was no uncommon thing in Edinburgh. On the 8th December, 1608, Margaret Stewart, a widow, complained to the Privy Council that, as she was walking home from her booth to her dwelling-house, about eight in the evening, accompanied by her orphan granddaughter, then fourteen years of age, a young citizen named William Geddes beset her, with six men armed like himself, with swords, gauntlets, steel bonnets, and plate sleeves, and violently took the child from her, despite her tears and manifold supplications.

For this Geddes was outlawed; and soon after the Privy Council was compelled to renew some old enactment concerning *night-walkers*, in the

High Street and other thoroughfares, where they indulged in wild humours and committed heinous crimes. At this time—1611—the old system of lighting had ceased to exist; and after twilight the main street and those narrow steep alleys, like stone chasms, diverging from it, were all sunk in Cimmerian gloom, into which no man ventured to penetrate without his sword and lantern.

In 1631 the Town Council passed an Act forbidding all women to wear plaids over their heads or faces, under a penalty of £5 Scots and forfeiture of the garment. But so little attention was paid to the Act by ladies, some of whom were of rank, that the incensed Council in 1633 passed a new one, strictly enjoining all women, of *whatever quality*, not to wear a plaid under pain of corporal punishment, and granted liberty to any person to seize and appropriate the plaid as their own property.

As the fair offenders paid not the least attention to these ridiculous Acts, in 1636 the Provost, David Aikenhead, and the Council, passed a thundering enactment, that no females residing in their jurisdiction should either wear plaids or cover their faces with anything whatsoever, velvet masks not being uncommon among Scottish ladies in those days. Thus runs the ukase:—

"Forsaemikell as, notwithstanding of divers and sundrie laudabill actes and statutis, maid be the Provost, Baillies, and Counsall of this Burgh in former tymes, discharing that barbarous and uncivill habitte of women wearing plaids; zit, such has been the impudencie of monie of them, that they have continewit the foresaid barbarous habitte, and has added thereto the wearing of their gownes and petticottes about their heads and faces, so that the same has become the ordinar habitte of all women within the cittie, to the general imputation of their sex, matrones not to be decerned from . . . and lowse living women, to their owne dishonour and scandal of the cittie; which the Provost, Baillies, and Counsall have taken into their serious consideration; thairfore, have statute and ordaynit, &c., that none, of whatsomever degrie or qualitie, presume, after this day, under the payne of escheitt of the said plaids, not onlie be such as shall be appoyntit for that effect, but be all persons who shall challenge the same. And that nae women weir thair gownes or petticottes about thair heads and faces, under the payne of ten pundis to be payit by women of qualitie for the first falt, twenty pundis for the second, and under such furder paynes as sall pleas the Counsall to inflict upon them for the third falt; and under the payne of fourtie shillings to be payit be servandis and others of lower degrie for the first falt, five pundis for the second, and banishment from the cittie for the third falt; and ordaynes this present statute to be intimate throwgh this Burgh be Sound of Drum, that nane pretend ignorance hereof."

The Act fell pointless, as did another passed in 1648, against the coquettish Scottish *mantilla*, and till nearly the close of the last century a tartan plaid, or screen, was the common head-dress of women of the lower order in Edinburgh, as everywhere else in Scotland.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HIGH STREET (*continued.*)

The City in 1598—Fynes Morison on the Manners of the Inhabitants—The "Lord" Provost of Edinburgh—Police of the City—Taylor the Water Poet—Banquets at the Cross—The hard Case of the Earl of Traquair—A Visit of Hares—The Quack and his Acrobats—A Procession of Covenanters—Early Stages and Street Coaches—Sale of a Dancing-girl—Constables appointed in 1703—First Number of the *Courant*—The *Caledonian Mercury*—Carting away of the strata of Street Filth—Condition of old Houses.

BEFORE proceeding with the general history of the city, it may not be uninteresting to the reader if we quote the following description of the manners of the inhabitants in 1598, but to be taken under great reservation:—

"Myself," says Morison, in his *Itinerary*, "was at a knight's house, who had many servants to attend him, that brought in his meat with their heads covered with blew caps (*i.e.*, bonnets), the table being more than half furnished with great platters of porridge, each having (in them) a little piece of sodden meat; and when the table was served, the servants sat down with us; but the upper mess, instead of porridge, had a pullet, with some prunes in the broth. And I observed no art of cookery, or furniture of household stuff, but rather a rude neglect of both, though myself and my companion, sent from the Governor of Berwick, about Bordering affairs, were entertained in their best manner. The Scots living then in factions, used to keep many followers, and so consumed their revenue of victuals, living in some want of money. They vulgarly eat hearth cakes of oats, but in cities have also wheaten bread, which for the most part is bought by courtiers, gentlemen, and the best sort of citizens. They drink pure wines, not with sugar, as we English, yet at feasts they put comfits in the wine, after the French manner; but they had not our vintner's fraud to mix their wines.

"I did not see nor hear that they have any public inns, with signs hanging out; but the better sort of citizens brew ale (which will distemper a stranger's body), and then some citizens will entertain passengers upon acquaintance or entreaty (*i.e.*, introduction). Their bedsteads were then like cupboards in the wall (*i.e.*, box beds), to be opened and shut at pleasure, so we climbed up to our beds. They used but one sheet, open at the sides and top, but close at the feet. When passengers go to bed, their custom is to present them a sleeping cup of wine at parting. The country people and merchants used to drink largely, the gentlemen somewhat more sparingly; yet the very courtiers, by night-meetings and entertaining any strangers, used to drink healths, not without excess; and to speak the truth without offence, the excess of drinking was far greater among the Scots than the English.

"Myself being at the Court was invited by some gentlemen to supper, and being forewarned to fear this excess, would not promise to sup with them but upon condition that my inviter would be my protection from large drinking. . . . The husbandmen in Scotland, the servants, and almost all the country, did wear coarse cloth made at home, of grey or sky colour, and flat blew caps, very broad. The merchants in cities were attired in English or French cloth, of pale colour, or mingled black and blew. The gentlemen did wear English cloth or silk, or light stuffs, little or nothing adorned with silk lace, much less with silver or gold; and all followed the French fashion, especially at Court.

"Gentlewomen married did wear close upper bodies, after the German manner, with large whalebone sleeves, after the French manner; short cloaks like the Germans, French hoods, and large falling bands about their necks. The unmarried of all sorts (?) did go bareheaded, and wear short cloaks, with close linen sleeves on their arms, like the virgins of Germany. The inferior sort of citizen's wives and the women of the country did wear cloaks made of a coarse stuff, of two or three colours, in checker work, vulgarly called *plodon* (*i.e.*, tartan plaiding).

"To conclude, they would not at this time be attired after the English fashion in any sort; but the men, especially at Court, followed the French fashion; and the women, both in Court and city, as well in cloaks as naked heads and close sleeves on the arms, and all other garments, follow the fashion of the women in Germany."

On the 20th of June, 1610, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh exhibited to his Council two gowns, one black, the other red, trimmed with sable, the gift of King James, as patterns of the robes to be worn by him and the bailies of the city; and in 1667 Charles II. gave Sir Alexander Ramsay, Provost in that year, a letter, stating that the chief magistrate of Edinburgh should have the same precedence in Scotland as the Mayor of London has in England, and that *no* other provost should have the title of "Lord Provost"—a privilege which has, however, since been modified.

The attention of King James, who never forgot the interests of his native city, was drawn in 1618 to two abuses in its police. Notwithstanding the warning given by the fire of 1584, it was still customary for "baxters and browsters" (*i.e.*, bakers and brewers) to keep great stacks of heather, whins, and peats, in the very heart of the High Street and other thoroughfares, to the great hazard of all adjacent buildings, and many who were disposed to erect houses within the walls were deterred from doing so by the risks to be run; while, moreover, candle-makers and butchers were allowed to pursue their avocations within the city, to the disgust and annoyance of "civil and honest neighbours, and of the nobility and country people," who came in about their private affairs, and thus a royal proclamation was issued against these abuses. The idea of a cleaning department of police never occurred to the good folks of those days; hence, in the following year, the plan adopted was that each inhabitant should keep clean that part of each street before his own bounds.

In 1618 Edinburgh was visited by Taylor the Water Poet, and his description of it is as truthful as it is amusing:—"So, leaving the castle, as it is both defensive against any opposition and magnifick for lodging and receipt, I descended lower to the city, wherein I observed the fairest and goodliest street mine eyes ever beheld, for I did never see or hear of a street of that length (which is half a mile English from the castle to a fair port, which they call the Nether Bow); and from that port the street which they call the Kenny-gate (Canongate) is one quarter of a mile more, down to the king's palace, called Holyrood House; the buildings on each side of the way being all of squared stone, five, six, and seven storeys high, and many bye-lanes and closes on each side of the way, wherein are gentlemen's houses, much fairer than the buildings in the High Street, for in the High Street the merchants and tradesmen do dwell, but the gentlemen's mansions and goodliest houses are obscurely founded in the aforesaid lanes. The walls are eight or ten feet thick, exceeding strong, not built for a day, a week, a month, or a year, but from antiquity to posterity—for many ages. There I found entertainment beyond my expectation or merit; and there is fish, flesh, bread, and fruit in such variety, that I think I may offenceless call it superfluity or satiety."

The "Penniless Pilgrim" came to Scotland in a more generous and appreciative mind than his countryman did, 150 years subsequently, and all he saw filled him with wonder, especially the mountains, to which he says: "Shooter's Hill, Gad's Hill, Highgate Hill, and Hampstead Hill, are but molehills."

Varied indeed have been the scenes witnessed in the High Street of Edinburgh. Among these we may mention a royal banquet and whimsical procession, formed by order of James VI., in 1587. Finding himself unable to subdue the seditious spirit of the ecclesiastics, whom he both feared and detested, he turned his attention to those personal quarrels and deadly feuds which, had existed for ages among the nobles and landed gentry, in the hope to end them.

After much thought and preliminary negotiation, he invited the chiefs of all the contending parties to a royal entertainment in Holyrood, where he obtained a promise to bury and forget their feudal dissensions for ever. Thereafter, in the face of all the assembled citizens, he prevailed upon them to walk two by two, hand in hand, to the Market Cross, where a banquet of wines and sweetmeats was prepared for them, and where they all drank to each other in token of mutual friendship and future forgiveness. The populace testified their approbation by loud and repeated shouts of joy. "This reconciliatione of the nobilitie and diversse of the gentry," says Balfour in his *Annales*, "was the gratest worke and happiest game the king had played in all his raigne heithertills;" but if his good offices did not eradicate the seeds of transmitted hate, they, at least for a time, smothered them.

The same annalist records the next banquet at the Cross in 1630. On the birth of a prince, afterwards Charles II., on the 29th of May, the Lord Lyon king-at-arms was dispatched by Charles from London, where he chanced to be, with orders to carry the news to Scotland. He reached Edinburgh on the 1st of June, and the loyal joy of the people burst forth with great effusiveness. The batteries of the Castle thundered forth a royal salute; bells rang and bonfires blazed, and a table was spread in the High Street that extended half its entire length, from the Cross to the Tron, whereat the nobility, Privy Council, and Judges, sat down to dinner, the heralds in their tabards and the royal trumpeters being in attendance.

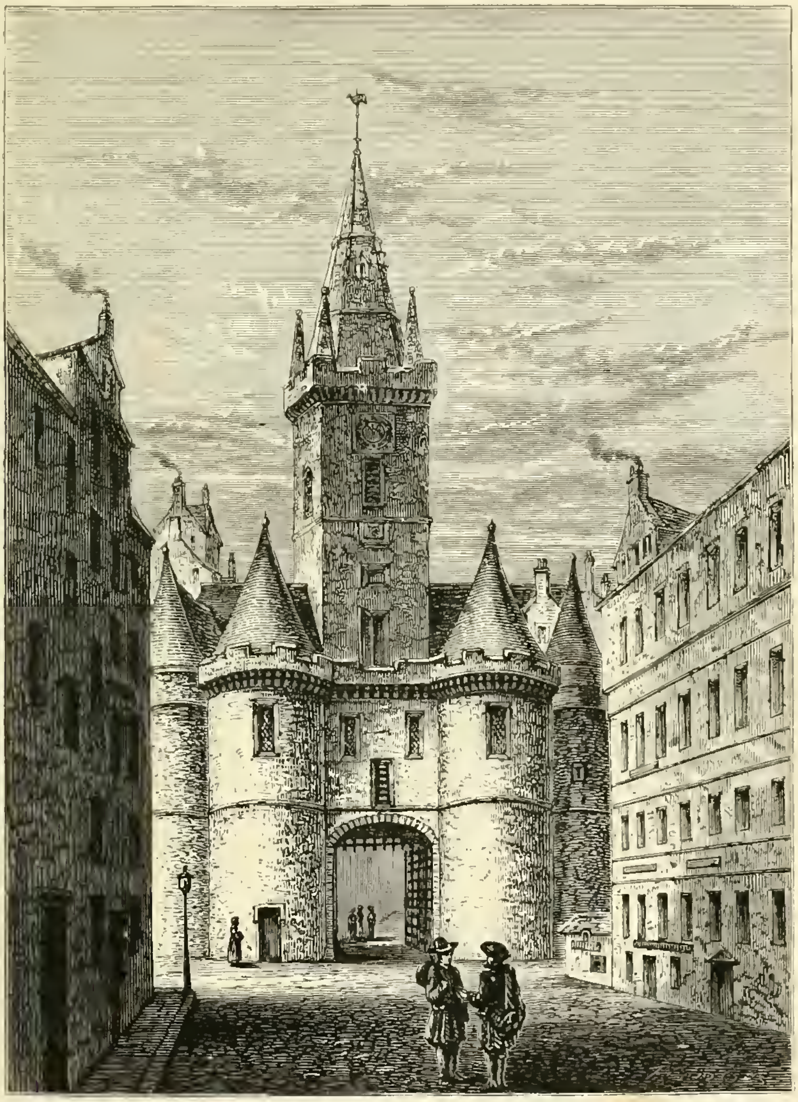
In that same street, a generation after, was seen, in his old age begging his bread from door to door, John Earl of Traquair, who, in 1635, had been Lord High Treasurer of Scotland and High Commissioner to the Parliament and General Assembly, one of the few Scottish nobles who protested against the surrender of King Charles to the English, but who was utterly ruined by Cromwell. A note to Scotstarvit's "Scottish Statesmen," records that "he died in anno 1659, in extreme poverty, on the Lord's day, and suddenly when taking a pipe of tobacco; and at his funeral had no mortcloth, but a black apron; nor towels, but dog's leishes belonging to some gentlemen that were present; and the grave being two foot shorter than his body, the assistants behoved to stay till the same was enlarged, and be buried."

"I saw him begging in the streets of Edinburgh," says another witness, James Fraser, minister of Kirkhill; "he was in an antique garb, wore a broad old hat, short cloak and panier breeches, and I contributed in my quarters in the Canongate towards his relief. The Master of Lovat, Culbockie (Fraser), Glenmoriston (Grant), and myself were there, and he received the piece of money from my hand as humbly and as thankfully as the poorest supplicant. It is said, that at a time he had not (money) to pay for cobbling his boots, and died in a poor cobbler's house."

And this luckless earl, so rancorously treated, was the lineal descendant of James Stuart the Black Knight of Lorne, and of John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster.

Nicoll records in his curious diary that in the October of 1654 a vast number of hares came into the city, penetrating even to its populous and central parts, such as the Parliament Close and the High Street; and in the latter, a few years subsequently, 1662, we read in the *Chronicle of Fife* of a famous quack doctor setting up his public stage in the midst of that thoroughfare for the third time.

John Pontheus was a German, styling himself professor of music, and his *modus operandi* affords a curious illustration of the then state of medical science in Great Britain, and of what our forefathers deemed the requisites to a good physician. On the stage mentioned Pontheus had one person to play the fool, another to dance upon a tight rope, in order to gather and amuse an audience. Then he began to vend his drugs at eightpence per packet. Nicoll admits that they were both good and real, and describes the antics of the assistants.



THE NETHER BOW PORT, FROM THE CANONGATE. (*From an Etching by James Skene of Rubislaw.*)

Upon a great rope, fixed from side to side of the street, a man descended upon his breast with his arms "stretched out like the wings of a fowl, to the admiration of many." Nicoll adds that the country chirurgeons and apothecaries, finding his drugs both cheap and good, came to Edinburgh from all parts of the realm, and bought them for the purpose of retailing them at a profit. The antics and rope-dancing were continued for many days with an agility and nimbleness "admirable to the beholders; one of the dancers having danced seven-score times, without intermission, lifting himself and vaulting six quarter high above his own head and lighting directly upon the tow (rope) as punctually as if he had been dancing on the plain stones."

Four years after a different scene was witnessed in the High Street, when, in 1666, after the battle of the Pentland Hills—a victory celebrated by the discharge of nearly as many guns from the Castle as there were prisoners—the captives were marched to the Tolbooth. They were eighty in number; and these poor Covenanters were conveyed manacled in triumph by the victor, with trumpets sounding, kettle-drums beating, and banners displayed. And Crookshank records in his history, that Andrew Murray, an aged Presbyterian minister, when he beheld the ferocious Sir Thomas Dalzell of Binns in his rusted headpiece, with his long white vow-beard which had never been profaned by steel since the execution of Charles I., riding at the head of his cavalier squadrons, who, flushed with recent victory, surrounded the prisoners with drawn rapiers and matches lighted; and when he heard the shouts of acclamation from the changeful mob, became so overpowered with grief at what he deemed the downfall for ever of "the covenanted Kirk of God," that he became ill, and expired.

In 1678 we find a glimpse of modern civilisation, when it was ordained that a passenger stage between Leith and Edinburgh should have a fixed place for receiving complaints, and for departure, between the heads of Niddry's and the Blackfriars Wynds, in the High Street. The fare to Leith for two or three persons, in summer, was to be 1s. sterling, or four persons 1s. 4d., the fare to the Palace 9d., and the same returning. Carriages had been proposed for this route as early as 1610, when Henry Anderson, a Pomeranian, contracted to run them at the charge of 2s. a head; but they seem to have been abandoned soon after. Hackney carriages, which had been adopted in London in the time of Charles I., did not become common in Scotland till after the Restoration, and almost the first use we hear of one being put to was when a duel took place, in 1667, between William Douglas of Whittingham and Sir John Home of Eccles, who was killed. With their seconds they proceeded in a hackney coach from the city to a lonely spot on the shore near Leith, where, after a few passes, Home was run through the body by Douglas, who was beheaded therefor.

The year 1678 saw the first attempt to start a stage from the High Street to Glasgow, when on the 6th of August a contract was entered into between the magistrates of that city and a merchant of Edinburgh, by which it was agreed that "the said William Hume shall have in readiness one sufficient strong coach, to run betwixt Edinburgh and Glasgow, to be drawn by six able horses; to leave Edinburgh ilk Monday morning, and return again—God willing—ilk Saturday night; the burgesses of Glasgow always to have a preference in the coach." As the undertaking was deemed arduous, and not to be accomplished without assistance, the said magistrates agreed to give Hume two hundred merks yearly for five years, whether passengers went or not, in consideration of his having actually received two years' premium in advance.

Even with this pecuniary aid the speculation proved unprofitable, and was abandoned, so little was the intercourse between place and place in those days. In the end of the 17th century—and for long after—it was necessary for persons desirous of proceeding from Edinburgh to London by land, to club for the use of a conveyance; and about the year 1686, Sir Robert Sibbald, His Majesty's physician, relates, that "he was forced to come by sea, for he could not ride, by reason that the fluxion had fallen on his arme, and that he could not get companie to come in a coach." And people, before their departure, always made their wills, took solemn farewell of their friends, and asked to be prayed for in the churches.

The Edinburgh of 1687, the year before the Revolution, actually witnessed the sale of a dancing-girl, a transaction which ended in a debate before the Lords of the Privy Council.

On the 13th of January, in that year, as reported by Lord Fountainhall, Reid, a mountebank prosecuted Scott of Harden and his lady, "for stealing away from him a little girl called *The Tumbling Lassie*, that danced upon a stage, and produced a contract by which he had bought her from her mother for thirty pounds Scots (about £2 10*s.* sterling). But we have no slaves in Scotland," adds his lordship, "and mothers cannot sell their bairns; and physicians attested that the employment of tumbling would kill her, her joints were even now growing stiff, and she declined to return, though she was an apprentice, and could not run away from her master." Then some of the Privy Council in the canting spirit of the age, "quoted Moses' Law, that if a servant shelter himself with thee, against his master's cruelty, thou shalt not deliver him up." The Lords therefore *assoilzied* (*i.e.*, acquitted) Harden, who had doubtless been moved only by humanity and compassion.

By the year 1700 the use of private carriages in the streets had increased so much that when the principal citizens went forth to meet the King's Commissioner, there were forty coaches, with 1,200 gentlemen on horseback, with their mounted lackeys.

In 1702, at 10 o'clock on the evening of the 12th March, Colonel Archibald Row of the Royal Scots Fusileers (now 21st Foot), arrived express in Edinburgh, to announce the death of William of Orange, at Kensington Palace, on the 8th of the same month. It consequently took three days and a half for this express to reach the Scottish capital, a day more than that required by Robert Cary, to bring intelligence of the death of Elizabeth, ninety-nine years before. Monteith in his "Theatre of

Mortality," 1704, gives us the long inscription on the tomb of the Colonel's wife, in the Greyfriars, beginning:—"*Hic positæ Reliquiæ Lectissmæ matronæ, Jeannæ Johnsonæ, conjugis Archibaldi Row, Regiæ Scloppetariorum, Legionis*," &c. She died in 1702.

On the 8th of March Anne was proclaimed Queen of Scotland, at the Cross, with all the usual solemnities.

In January, 1703, George Young, merchant in the High Street, was appointed by the Provost, Sir Hugh Cunningham, and the Council, to act as a constable, and along with several other citizens of respectable position, "oversee the manners and order of the burgh, and the inhabitants thereof; and on the evening of the 24th, being Sunday, he went through some parts of the city to see "that the Lord's day, and the laws made for the observance thereof, were not violated." In the house of Marjory Thom, a vintner, this new official found, about 10 P.M., several companies in several rooms, and expostulated with her on the subject, after which, according to his own account, he quietly withdrew.

As he proceeded up the close to the High Street, he and his comrades were followed by Mr. Archibald Campbell, son of the Lord Niel Campbell, who warned him that if he reported Marjory's house to the magistrates, he would repent it. This affair ended in a kind of riot next day, in Young's shop, opposite the Town Guard House, and Campbell would probably have slain Young, had not the latter contrived to get hold of his sword and keep it till the Guard came, and the matter was brought before the Privy Council, when such was the influence of family and position, that the luckless Mr. Young was fined 400 merks, to be paid to Campbell, and to be imprisoned till the money was forthcoming.

On the 14th of February, 1705, appeared the first number of the *Edinburgh Courant*, a simple folio broadsheet, published by James Watson, in Craig's Close. Its place was afterwards taken by MacEwen's *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, in 1718, a permanent success to this day. It was a Whig print, and caused the starting of the now defunct *Caledonian Mercury*, in the Jacobite interest, a little quarto of two leaves.

According to the *Courant* of April 9th, 1724, the denizens of the High Street, and other greater thoroughfares, were startled by "a bank" of drums, beating up for recruits for the King of Prussia's gigantic regiment of Grenadiers. Two guineas as bounty were offered, and many tall fellows were enlisted. The same regiment was recruited for in Edinburgh in 1728.

By the year 1730 great changes had been effected by the magistrates in enforcing cleanliness in the streets, and repressing the habit (accompanied by the terrible cry of *Gardez l'eau*) of throwing slops and rubbish from the windows. Sir James Dick of Prestonfield, the wise provost of 1679, transported away by personal energy a vast stratum of the refuse of ages, through which people had to make literal lanes to their shops and house-doors and therewith enriched his lands by the margin of Duddingston Loch (Act of Parl. James VII., I., cap. 12), till their fertility is proverbial to the present day. But still there was no regular system of cleaning, and though Sir Alexander Brand, a well-known magistrate and manufacturer of Spanish leather gilt hangings, made some vigorous proposals on the subject, they were not adopted, till in 1730 the magistrates endeavoured by the strong arm of the law to repress the obnoxious habit of throwing household litter from the windows, a habit amusingly described by Smollett forty years after in his "Humphrey Clinker."

On the 6th of September, 1751, the fall of a great stone tenement on the north of the High Street, near the Cross, six storeys in height, with attics, sinking at once from top to bottom, and occasioning some loss of life, caused a general alarm in the city concerning the probable state of many of the more ancient and crumbling houses. A general survey was made, and many were condemned, and ordered to be taken down. But from 1707 Edinburgh stood singularly still till 1763, when the citizens seemed to wake from their apathetic lethargy. After that period the erection of adjuncts to the old city (to be referred to in their own localities) led to the general desertion of it by all people of position and wealth. Among the last who lingered there, and retained his mansion in the High Street, was James Fergusson of Pitfour, M.P., whose body was borne thence in October, 1820, for interment in the Greyfriars Churchyard.

In the March of 1820 the High Street was lighted with gas for the first time. "This has been done," says a print of the day, "by the introduction of a single cockspur light into each of the old globes, in which the old oil lamps were formerly suspended."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE HIGH STREET *(continued).*

The Black Turnpike—Bitter Reception of Queen Mary—Lambie's Banner—Mary in the Black Turnpike—The House of Fentonbarns—Its Picturesque Appearance—The House of Bassandyne the Printer, 1574—"Bishop's Land," Town House of Archbishop Spottiswood—Its various Tenants—Sir Stuart Thriepland—The Town-house of the Hendersons of Fordel—The Lodging of the Earls of Crawford—The First Shop of Allan Ramsay—The Religious Feeling of the People—Ancrum House—The First Shop of Constable and Co.—Manners and Millar, Booksellers.

On the south side of this great thoroughfare and immediately opposite to the City Guard House, stood the famous Black Turnpike. It occupied the ground westward of the Tron church, and now left vacant as the entrance to Hunter's Square. It is described as a magnificent edifice by Maitland, and one that, if not disfigured by one of those timber fronts (of the days of James IV.), would be the most sumptuous building perhaps in Edinburgh. But, like many others, it had rather a painful history. [See view, p. 136.]

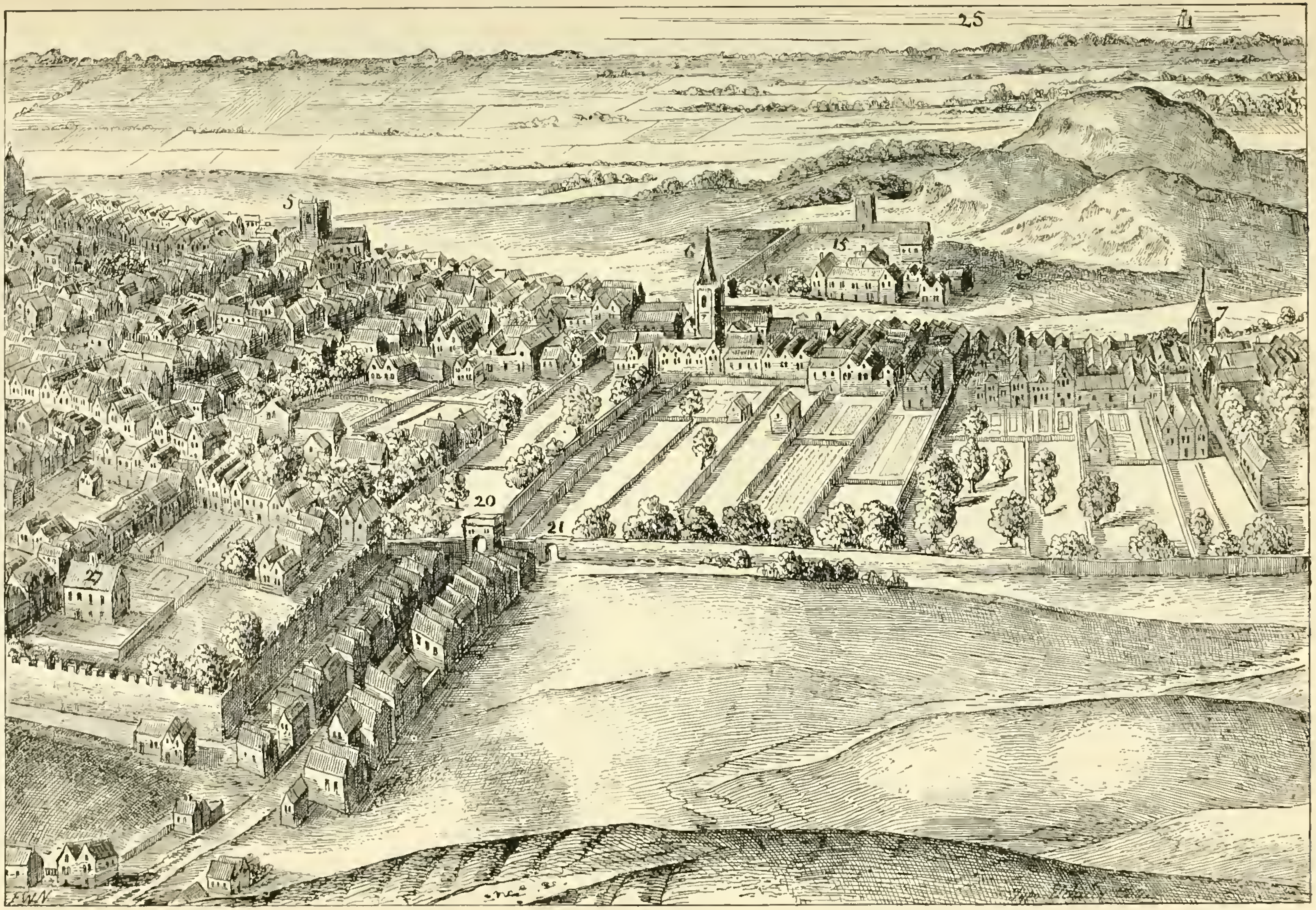
"A principal proprietor of this building," says Maitland, "has been pleased to show me a deed wherein George Robertson of Lochart, burgess of Edinburgh, built the said tenement, which refutes the idle story of its being built by Kenneth III." The above-mentioned deed is dated Dec. 6, 1461, and, in the year 1508, the same author relates that James IV. empowered the Edinburghers to farm or let the Burghmuir, which they immediately cleared of wood; and in order to encourage people to buy this wood, the Town Council enacted that all persons might extend the fronts of their houses seven feet into the street, whereby the High Street was reduced fourteen feet in breadth, and the appearance of the houses much injured.

There is evidence that in the 16th century the Black Turnpike had belonged to George Crichton, Bishop of Dunkeld, in 1527, and Lord Privy Seal. In 1567 it was the town mansion of the provost of the city, Sir Simon Preston of Craigmillar, Balgay, and that ilk, ancestor of the Earls of Desmond in Ireland. It was to this edifice that Mary Queen of Scots was brought a prisoner, about nine in the evening of Sunday the 15th of June, by the confederate lords and their troops, after they violated the treaty by which she surrendered to them at Carberry Hill.

On the march towards the city the soldiers treated Mary with the utmost insolence and indignity, pouring upon her an unceasing torrent of epithets the most opprobrious and revolting to a female. Whichever way she turned an emblematic banner of white taffety, representing the dead body of the murdered Darnley, with the little king kneeling beside it, was held up before her eyes, stretched out between two spears. She wept: her young heart was wrung with terrible anguish; she uttered the most mournful complaints, and could scarcely be kept in her saddle. This celebrated but obnoxious standard belonged to the band or company of Captain Lambie, a hired soldier of the Government, slain afterwards, in 1585, in a clan battle on Johnston Moor. Instead of conveying Mary to Holyrood, as Sir William Kirkaldy had promised, in the name of the Lords, they led her through the dark and narrow wynds of the crowded city, surrounded by a fierce, bigoted, and petulant mob, who loaded the air with hootings and insulting cries. The innumerable windows of the lofty houses, and the outside stair-heads — then the distinguishing features of a Scottish street—were crowded with spectators, who railed at her in unison with the crowd below. Mary cried aloud to all gentlemen, who in those days were easily distinguished by the richness of their attire, and superiority of their air—"I am your queen, your own native princess; oh, suffer me not to be abused thus!" "But alas for Scottish gallantry, the age of chivalry had passed away!" says the author of "Kirkaldy's Memoirs," whose authorities are Calderwood, Melville, and Balfour. "Mary's face was pale from fear and grief; her eyes were swollen with tears; her auburn hair hung in disorder about her shoulders; her fair form was poorly attired in a riding tunic; she was exhausted with fatigue, and covered with the summer dust of the roadway, agitated by the march of so many men; in short, she was scarcely recognisable; yet thus, like some vile criminal led to execution, she was conducted to the house of Sir Simon Preston of Craigmillar. The soldiers of the Confederates were long of passing through the gates; the crowd was so dense, and the streets were so narrow, that they filed through, man by man."

At the Black Turnpike she was barbarously thrust into a small stone chamber, only thirteen feet square by eight high, and locked up like a felon—she, the Queen of Scotland, the heiress of England, and the dowager of France! It was then ten o'clock; the city was almost dark, but fierce tumult and noise reigned without.

And this was the queen of whom the scholarly



EDINBURGH, FROM ST. GILES'S CHURCH TO THE CANONGATE. (*From the rare Engraving by Hollar, in the British Museum.*)

5, The Tron Church; 6, The Nether Bow Gate; 7, The Canongate; 15, Trinity College Church and Hospital; 20, Potter Row Port; 21, St. Mary's Port; 25, The Firth of Edinburgh; 27, The Free School.

Buchanan wrote thus, in his beautiful *Epithalamium :—*

> "Behold the beauties that her brow adorn
> More bright than beams when Sol illumes the morn;
> Her graceful form and modest gait conspire
> To light the torch of pure and chaste desire;
> Her blooming cheeks with opening roses vie;
> What gentle light darts from her lovely eye!
> She perfect ease with elegance combines,
> While tender youth in mild alliance shines;
> She utterance bland with majesty unites,
> Charms every eye, and all the soul delights;
> Nor does her genius to her beauty yield,
> Nurtured with care behind Minerva's shield;
> She every hour in useful lore improves,
> And wanders far amid Pierian groves;
> Her mental powers, bright as the star of day,
> Her manners grace, and radiance round display."

There, however, she spent the night, the last she was ever to spend in the capital of her kingdom—a captive, yet still a queen. For 220 years after, this apartment, with its little window facing the High Street, was always regarded as an object of interest. "A woman, young, beautiful, and in distress," says the gentle Robertson, "is naturally an object of compassion. The comparison of their present misery with their former splendour naturally softens us in favour of illustrious sufferers; but the people beheld the deplorable situation of their sovereign with insensibility; and so strong was their persuasion of her guilt, that the sufferings of their queen did not in any way mitigate their resentment, or procure her that sympathy which is seldom denied to unfortunate princes."

At dawn on the following day there was a scuffle in the High Street, and under the walls of the Black Turnpike the helpless queen heard the clash of swords, and the war-cry of "A Home! a Home!"

As morning brightened she looked from the window of her prison, but the crowd was still there; she was greeted with the same yells and opprobrious epithets, while the same odious banner of Lambie's mercenaries was displayed before her eyes. Overcome by tears and despair, a kind of delirium seized her; she rent her clothes, and, heedless of the pitiless crowd, she appeared at the window, with her hair dishevelled and her bosom bare.

"Good people!" she exclaimed, in accents of agony; "good people! either satisfy your hatred and cruelty by taking my miserable life, or relieve me from the hands of these infamous and inhuman traitors."

To the honour of the citizens this appeal was not made in vain. Many of them pitied her, believing that the affection she was said to bear the now fugitive Bothwell was caused by the love-philters of his old paramour, the necromantic Lady of Buccleuch, "who knew the art that none may name." Accordingly, many of the more respectable burghers and booth-holders began to take arms, and throng the streets in their helmets and armour; while some of the changeful rabble began to revile the treaty-breaking lords, and to clamour for their queen.

A dread of what might ensue led to her immediate transmission to Holyrood to appease the populace; but when midnight came she was deprived of her ornaments, disguised in a kirtle of coarse russet, and compelled to accompany two of the most savage of the confederate barons, armed and in close helmets — William Lord Ruthven and the grim misanthrope Lindsay—who conveyed her direct to the Castle of Lochleven.

In 1693, and also in 1697, there was a case reported by Fountainhall, an action brought by the trustees of Heriot's Hospital against Robert Hepburn of Bearford, "for a ground annual out of the tenement called Robertson's Inn," afterwards mentioned as his tenement "called the Black Turnpike," the property of Robertson of Lochart in 1461. From documents then adduced, it would appear that the Bishop of Dunkeld had conferred the building on his two illegitimate daughters. About 164 years before its demolition, this edifice, universally said then to have been the oldest in the city, had been repaired, as the lintel of one of its doors in Peebles Wynd bore, according to the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1788, the inscription —"*Pax intrantibus . salus . exeuntibus*. 1674;" "a legend," says a writer, "peculiarly appropriate for the scene of the poor queen's last lodging in her capital, and probably the only thing to which the legend truly applied." However that may be, the building was demolished in the year 1788.

Lower down, on the same side of the street, was an ancient timber-fronted tenement, that remained unchanged in its external form till 1823. In its antique state it was one of the most perfect specimens existing of that picturesque French style introduced into Scotland in the years of the old alliance with France, and which characterised all the architecture of Edinburgh previous to the seventeenth century. The carved work beneath the eaves, in the projecting angles of the roof, was extremely beautiful.

This mansion was one of many built shortly after the last burning of Edinburgh, by the invaders under the Earl of Hertford in 1544, and in an investment in favour of John Preston, Commissary, dated 1581, is described as "that tenement of lands lying in the said burgh on the south side of the High Street, and on the entry of the wynd of the Preaching Friars, formerly waste, having been burnt by the English." Thus it would appear to have been built between 1544 and 1581—probably near the former date, as the situation being central it was unlikely to remain long waste.

In 1572 it suffered greatly during the siege of the Castle, in common with the Earl of Mar's mansion in the Cowgate, and Baxter's house in Dalgleish's Close.

Its proprietor, John Preston, in 1581, though the son of a baker, was an eminent lawyer in the time of James VI., who was raised to the Bench in March, 1594, as Lord Fentonbarns (in succession to James first Lord Balmerino) and died President of the Court in 1616. His mode of election was curious. "The King," says Lord Hailes, "named Mr. Peter Rollock, Bishop of Dunkeld, Mr. David MacGill of Cranstoun-Riddel, and Mr. Preston of Fentonbarns, requesting the Lords to choose the fittest of the three to be an Ordinary Lord of Session. The Lords were solemnly sworn to choose according to their knowledge and conscience. In consequence of this, *conjecti in pileum nominibus* [by ballot], the Lords elected Mr. John Preston."

Before his death he attained to great wealth and dignity; he was knighted by King James, and his daughter Margaret was married in this old house to Robert Nairn of Mackersie, and became mother of the first Lord Nairn, who was placed in the Tower of London by Cromwell in 1650, with many others, and not released till the Restoration, ten years after.

The senator's son, Sir Michael Preston, succeeded him in possession of the mansion in 1610.

Preston, together with Craig and Stirling, is mentioned in a satirical production of Alexander Montgomery, author of "The Cherrie and the Slae," and before whom he had become involved in a tedious suit before the Court of Session, and was at one time threatened with quarters in the Tolbooth. He wrote of Fentonbarns as—

> "A baxter's bird, a bluitter beggar born."

The old house narrowly escaped total destruction by a fire in 1795, thus nearly anticipating that of later years. It was the last survivor of the long and unbroken range of quaint and stately edifices on the south side of the street, between St. Giles's and the Nether Bow. An outside stair gave access to the first floor, the stone turnpike stair of which bore the abbreviated legend in Gothic characters—

DEO . HONOR . ET . GLIA.

A little lower down the street, and nearly opposite the house of John Knox, dwelt Thomas Bassandyne, in that tall old mansion we have already referred to in an early chapter as having had built into its front the fine sculptured heads of the Emperor Septimus Severus and his Empress Julia, and having between them a tablet inscribed, "*In sudore vults tui veceris pane tuo*," which Wilson shrewdly suspects to have been a fragment of the adjacent convent of St. Mary, or some other old monastic establishment in Edinburgh.

Here it was that Thomas Bassandyne, a famous old Scottish typographer, in conjunction with Alexander Arbuthnot, undertook in 1574 the then arduous task of issuing his beautiful folio Bible, with George Young, a servant (clerk) of the Abbot of Dunfermline, as a corrector of the press; the "printing irons," or types were of cast-metal. The work of printing the Bible proved a heavier task than they expected, as it had met with many impediments; and before the Privy Council, which was giving them monetary aid, they pleaded for nine months to complete the work, or return the money contributed towards it by various Scottish parishes. In this we see the first attempt to publish by subscription. Here, too, Thomas Bassandyne printed his rare quarto edition of Sir David Lindesay's Poems in 1574. His will is preserved in the *Bannatyne Miscellany*, and from it it appears, that his mother was life-rented in that part of the house which formed the printer's dwelling, the annual rent of which was eight pounds; while the remainder that belonged to himself, was occupied by his brother Michael. At all events, he leaves in his will "his thrid, the ane half thairof to his wyf, and the vthir half to his mother, and Michael and his bairnes," in which says the memorialist of Edinburgh, we presume, to have been included the house, which we find both he and his bairns afterwards possessing, and for which no rent would appear to have been exacted during the lifetime of the generous old printer.

His house is repeatedly referred to in the evidence of the accomplices of the Earl of Bothwell in the murder of Darnley, an event which took place during the life of Bassandyne, beneath whose house was one occupied by a sword slipper, with whom it is said lodged the Black John of Ormiston, one of the conspirators, for whom the rest called on the night of the murder.

One of the most famous edifices on the north side of the High Street was known as "the Bishop's Land," so called from having been the town residence of John Spottiswood, Archbishop of St. Andrews in 1615, and son of John Spottiswood, Superintendent of Lothian, a reformed divine, who prayed over James VI., and blessed him when an infant in his cradle, in the Castle of Edinburgh. From him the Archbishop inherited the house, which bore the legend and date,

BLISSIT . BE . YE . LORD . FOR . ALL . HIS . GIFTIS . 1578.

consequently it must have been built when the Superintendent (whose father fell at Flodden) was in his sixty-eighth year, and was an edifice sufficiently commodious and magnificent to serve as a town residence of the Primate of Scotland, who in his zeal to promote the designs of James VI. for the establishment of Episcopacy, performed the then astounding task of no less than fifty journeys to London.

The ground floor of the mansion, like many others of the same age in the same street, was formed of a deeply-arched piazza, the arches of which sprang from massive stone piers. From the first floor there projected a fine brass balcony, that must many a time and oft have been hung with gay garlands and tapestry, and crowded with the fair and noble to witness the state pageants of old, such as the great procession of Charles I. to Holyrood, where he was crowned by the archbishop King of Scotland in 1633. From this house Spottiswood was obliged to fly, when the nation *en masse* resisted, with peremptory promptitude, the introduction of the Liturgy. He took refuge in London, where he died in 1639, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

In 1752 the celebrated Lady Jane Douglas, wife of Sir George Stuart of Grantully, and the heroine of the famous "Douglas cause," was an occupant of "the Bishop's Land," till she ceased to be able to afford a residence even there. Therein, too, resided the first Lord President Dundas, and there was born in 1741 his son, the celebrated statesman, Henry Viscount Melville.

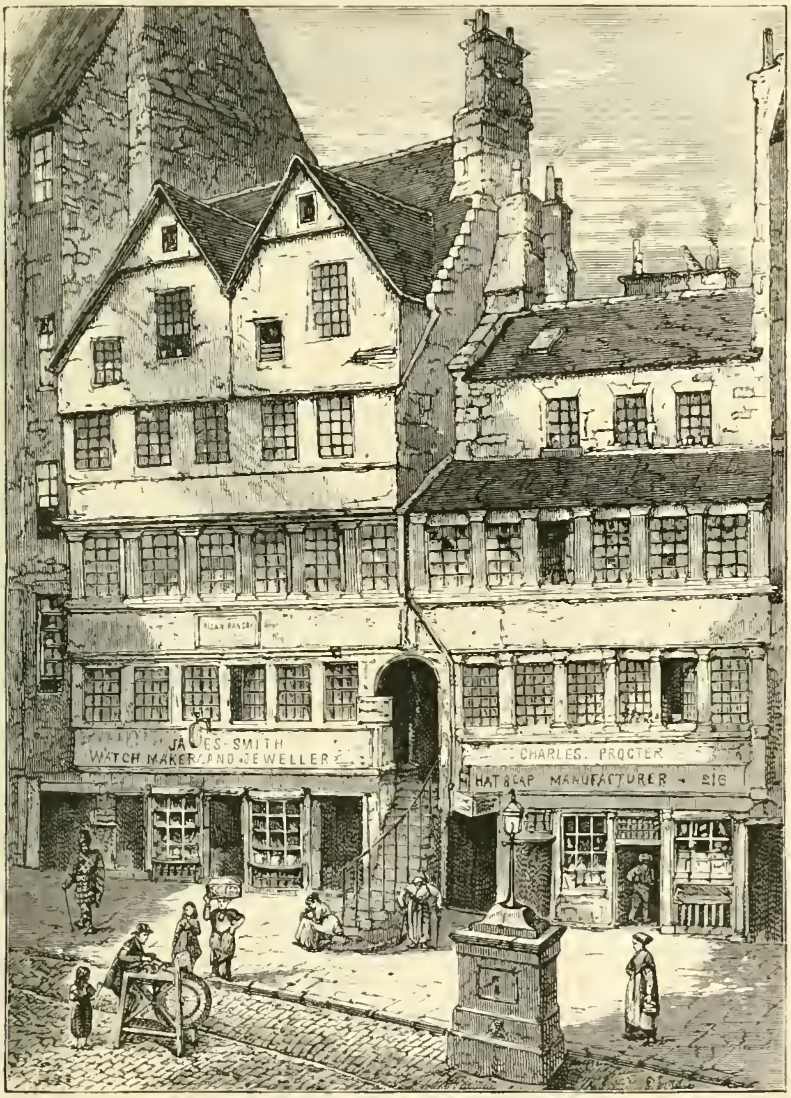
There long abode, on the first floor of the "Bishop's Land," a fine old Scottish gentleman, "one of the olden time," Sir Stuart Thriepland, of Fingask Castle, Bart., whose father had been attainted after the battle of Sheriffmuir, which, however, did not prevent Sir Stuart from duly taking his full share in the '45. His wanderings over, and the persecutions past, he took up his residence here, and had his house well hung, we are told, with well-painted portraits of royal personages—but *not of the reigning house*. He died in 1805, and the forfeited honours were generously restored by George IV. in 1826 to his son, Sir Patrick M. Thriepland of Fingask, which had long before been purchased back by the money of his mother, Janet Sinclair of Southdun.

On the third floor, above him, dwelt the Hamiltons of Pencaitland, and the baronial Aytouns of Inchdairnie. Mrs. Aytoun was Isabel, daughter of Robert, fourth Lord Rollo, "and would sometimes come down the stair," says Robert Chambers, "lighting herself with a little waxen taper, to drink tea with Mrs. Janet Thriepland (Sir Patrick's sister)—for so she called herself, though unmarried. In the uppermost floor of all lived a reputable tailor and his family. All the various tenants, including the tailor, were on friendly terms with each other—a pleasant thing to tell of this bit of the old world, which has left nothing of the same kind behind it in these days, when we all live at a greater distance, physical and moral, from each other."

ALLAN RAMSAY.
(*From the Portrait in the 1761 Edition of his "Poems."*)

This fine old tenement, which was one of the most aristocratic in the street till a comparatively recent period, was totally destroyed by fire in 1814.

Eastward of it stood the town-house of the Hendersons of Fordel (an old patrician Fifeshire family), with whom Queen Mary was once a visitor; but it, too, has passed away, and an unattractive modern block of buildings occupies its site. In "Lamont's Diary" we read, that in 1649, Lady Pitarro, a sister of the Laird of Fordel-Henderson, "was delated by many to be a witch; was apprehended and carried to Edinburghe, where she was keiped fast; and after remaining in prison for a tyme, being in health att night, upon the morn was found dead. It was thought that she had wronged herselfe, either by strangling or by poyson; but we leave that to the judgment of the Great Day." She had likely died of grief and horror.



ALLAN RAMSAY'S SHOP, HIGH STREET.

On the same side of the street, and nearly opposite the head of Blackfriars Wynd, was the lodging or town house of the Earls of Crawford. It is mentioned in "Moyse's Memoirs," when occupied by David ninth Earl of Crawford, in 1588, about the time when Francis Stewart Earl of Bothwell was alternately the pest and terror of James VI. Sir Alexander Lindesay, brother of the Earl of Crawford (a gentleman who was created Lord Spynie and was slain in 1607 by Lindesay of Edzell), was promoted to the command of the Royal Guards, over the head of the Master of Glammis, who resented this bitterly. "Some bragging," says Moyse, "followed thereupon betwixt him and the Earl of Bothwell, who took part with the Earl of Crawford and his brother against the Master of Glammis, and both parties having great companies attending them, some tumult was likely to have arisen. It happened by accident that the Earl of Bothwell, coming out of the Earl of Crawford's lodging, was met by the Earl of Marr, who was coming out of the Laird of Lochleven's lodging hard by; as it being about ten o'clock at night, and so dark that they could not know one another, he passed by, not knowing that the Master of Glammis was there, but thinking it was only the Earl of Marr. However, it was said that some ambushment of men and hackbuttiers had been duressed in the house by command of both parties."

Some brawl or tragedy had evidently been on the *tapis*, for next day the king had the Earl of Bothwell and the Master before him at Holyrood, and committed the former to ward in the Palace of Linlithgow, and the latter in the Castle of Edinburgh, "for having a band of hacquebuttiers in ambush with treasonable intent."

Passing to more peaceable times, on the same side of the street, we come to one of the most picturesque edifices in it, numbered as 155 (and nearly opposite Niddry Street), in which Allan Ramsay resided and began his earlier labours, "at the sign of the Mercury," before he removed, in 1726, to the shop in the Luckenbooths, where we saw him last.

It is an ancient timber-fronted land, the singularly picturesque aspect of which was much marred by some alterations in 1845, but herein worthy Allan first prosecuted his joint labours of author, editor, and bookseller. From this place he issued his poems in single or half sheets, as they were written; but in whatever shape they always found a ready sale, the citizens being wont to send their children with a penny for "Allan Ramsay's last piece." Here it was, that in 1724 he published the first volume of "The Tea Table Miscellany," a collection of songs, Scottish and English, dedicated

> "To ilka lovely British lass,
> Frae Ladies Charlotte, Anne and Jean,
> Doon to ilk bonny singing Bess
> Wha dances barefoot on the green."

This publication ran through twelve editions, and its early success induced him in the same year to bring out "The Evergreen," a collection of Scottish poems, "wrote by the Ingenious before 1600," professed to be selected from the Bannatyne MSS. And here it was that Ramsay had some of his hard struggles with the magistrates and clergy, who deemed and denounced all light literature, songs, and plays, as frivolity and open profanity, in the sour fanatical spirit of the age.

Religion, in form, entered more into the daily habits of the Scottish people down to 1730 than it now does. Apart from regular attendance at church, and daily family worship, each house had some species of oratory, wherein, according to the *Domestic Annals*, "the head of the family could at stated times retire for his private devotions, which were usually of a protracted kind, and often accompanied by great moanings and groanings, expressive of an intense sense of human worthlessness without the divine favour." Twelve o'clock was the hour for the cold Sunday dinner. "Nicety and love of rich feeding were understood to be the hateful peculiarities of the English, and unworthy of the people who had been so much more favoured by God in the knowledge of matters of higher concern." Puritanic rigour seemed to be destruction for literature, and when Addison, Steele, and Pope, were conferring glory on that of England, Scotland had scarcely a writer of note; and Allan Ramsay, in fear and trembling of legal and clerical censure, lent out the plays of Congreve and Farquhar from that quaint old edifice numbered 155, High Street.

The town residence of the Ancrum family was long one of the finest specimens of the timber-fronted tenements of the High Street. It stood on the north side, at the head of Trunk's Close, behind the Fountain Well. A plain stone tenement of tasteless aspect has replaced its front, but the back still remains entire, including several rooms with finely-stuccoed ceilings, and a large hall, beautifully decorated with rich pilasters and oak panelling. Here was the first residence of Scott of Kirkstyle, who, in 1670, obtained a charter under the great seal of the barony of Ancrum, and in the following year was created Sir John Scott, Baronet, by Charles II.

In 1703 the house passed into the possession of Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bart., of Stobs, who resided here with his eight sons, the youngest of whom, for his glorious defence of Gibraltar, was created Lord Heathfield in 1787.

On the same side of the street, Archibald Constable, perhaps the most eminent publisher that Scotland has produced, began business in a small shop, in the year 1795, and from there, in the November of that year, he issued the first of that series of sale catalogues of curious and rare books, which he continued for a few years to issue at intervals, and which attracted to his shop all the bibliographers and lovers of literature in Edinburgh.

Hither came, almost daily, such men as Richard Heber, afterwards M.P. for the University of

Oxford; Mr. Alexander Campbell, author of the "History of Scottish Poetry"; Dr. Alexander Murray, the famous self-taught philologist; Dr. John Leyden, who died at Java; Mr. (afterwards Sir Walter) Scott; Sir John Graham Dalzell; and many others distinguished for a taste in Scottish literature and historical antiquities, including Dr. James Browne, author of the "History of the Highland Clans," and one of the chief contributors to Constable's *Edinburgh Magazine*.

The works of some of these named were among the first issued from Constable's premises in the High Street, where his obliging manners, professional intelligence, personal activity, and prompt attention to the wishes of all, soon made him popular with a great literary circle; but his actual reputation as a publisher may be said to have commenced with the appearance, in October, 1802, of the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. His conduct towards the contributors of that famous quarterly was alike discreet and liberal, and to his business tact and straightforward deportment, next to the genius and talent of the projectors, much of its subsequent success must be attributed.

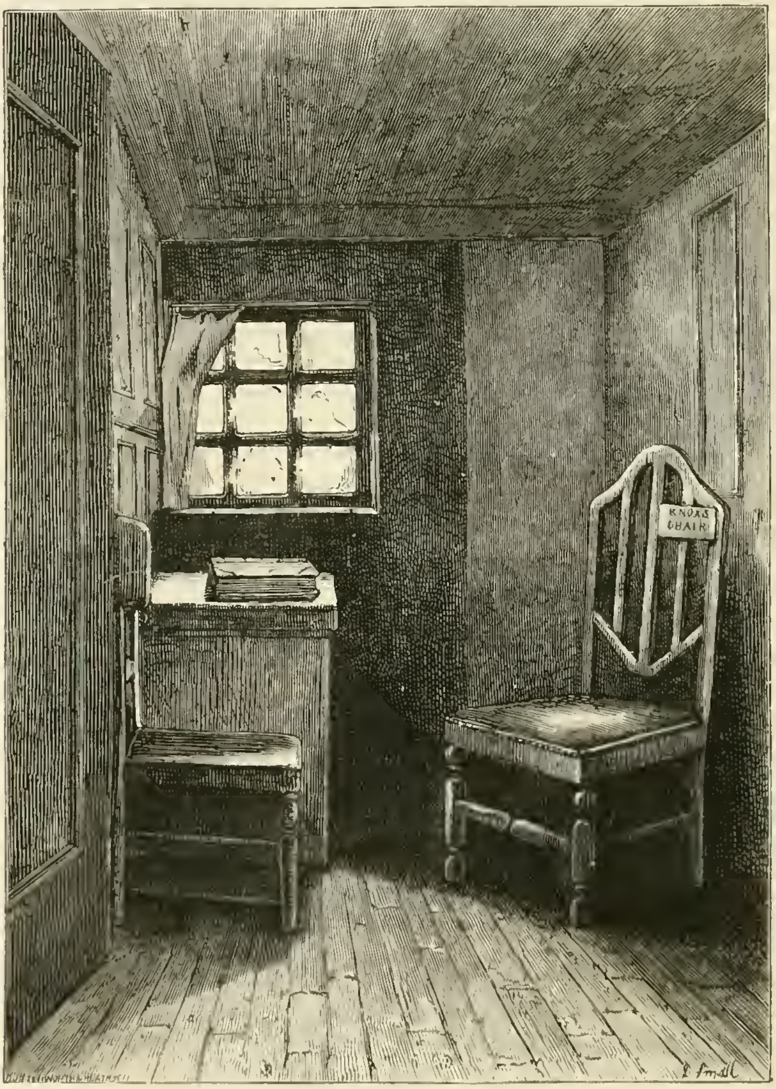
In 1804 he admitted as a partner Mr. Hunter of Blackness, and the firm took the name of Constable and Co.; and after various admissions, changes, and deaths, his sole partner in 1812 was Mr. Robert Cadell. In 1805 he started *The Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*, a work projected in concert with Dr. Andrew Duncan; and in the same year, in conjunction with Longman and Co., of London, he published "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," the first of that long series of romantic publications in poetry and prose which immortalised the name of Scott, to whom he gave £1,000 for "Marmion" before a line of it was written. In conjunction with Messrs. Millar and Murray, and after many important works, including the "Encyclopædia Britannica," had issued from his establishment in 1814, he brought out the first of the "Waverley Novels."

Constable's shop "is situated in the High Street," says Peter in his "Letters to his Kinsfolk," "in the midst of the old town, where, indeed, the greater part of the Edinburgh booksellers are still to be found lingering (as the majority of their London brethren also do) in the neighbourhood of the same old haunts to which long custom has attached their predilections. On entering, one sees a place by no means answering, either in point of dimensions or in point of ornament, to the notion one might be apt to form of the shop from which so many mighty works are every day issuing—a low, dusky chamber, inhabited by a few clerks, and lined with an assortment of unbound books and, stationery—entirely devoid of all those luxurious attractions of sofas and sofa-tables and books of prints, &c., which one meets with in the superb nursery of the *Quarterly Review* in Albemarle Street. The bookseller himself is seldom to be seen in this part of his premises; he prefers to sit in a chamber immediately above, where he can proceed with his own work without being disturbed by the incessant cackle of the young Whigs who lounge below; and where few casual visitors are admitted to enter his presence, except the more important members of the great Whig Corporation —reviewers either in *esse*, or at least supposed to be so in *posse*—contributors to the supplement of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' . . . . The bookseller is himself a good-looking man, apparently about forty, very fat in his person, with a face having good lines, and a fine healthy complexion. He is one of the most jolly-looking members of the trade I ever saw, and, moreover, one of the most pleasing and courtly in his address. One thing that is remarkable about him, and, indeed, very distinguishingly so, is his total want of that sort of critical jabber of which most of his brethren are so profuse, and of which custom has rendered me rather fond than otherwise. Mr. Constable is too much of a bookseller to think it at all necessary that he should appear to be knowing in the merits of books. His business is to publish books; he leaves the work of examining them before they are published, and criticising them afterwards, to others who have more leisure on their hands than he has."

In the same "Letters" we are taken to the publishing establishment of Manners and Millar, on the opposite side of the High Street—"the true lounging-place of the blue-stockings and literary *beau monde* of the Northern metropolis," but long since extinct.

Unlike Constable's premises, there the anterooms were spacious and elegant, adorned with busts and prints, while the back shop was a veritable *bijou*; "its walls covered with all the most elegant books in fashionable request, arrayed in the most luxurious clothing of Turkey and Russia leather, red, blue, and green—and protected by glass folding doors from the intrusion even of the little dust which might be supposed to threaten a place kept so delicately trim. The grate exhibits a fine blazing fire, or in its place a fresh bush of hawthorn, stuck all over with roses and lilies, and gay as a maypole," while paintings by Turner, Thomson, and Williams meet the eye on every hand; but we are told that "one sees in a moment that this is not a great publishing shop; such weighty and laborious business would put to flight all the loves and graces that hover in the atmosphere of the place."

Millar was the successor of William Creech; but how little could Alexander Arbuthnot, or worthy old Bassandyne, when struggling with iron types to print their famous Bible, and the works of David Lindesay, in the edifice which was not a bow-shot distant, have dreamed of such places or such bibliopoles?



KNOX'S STUDY.

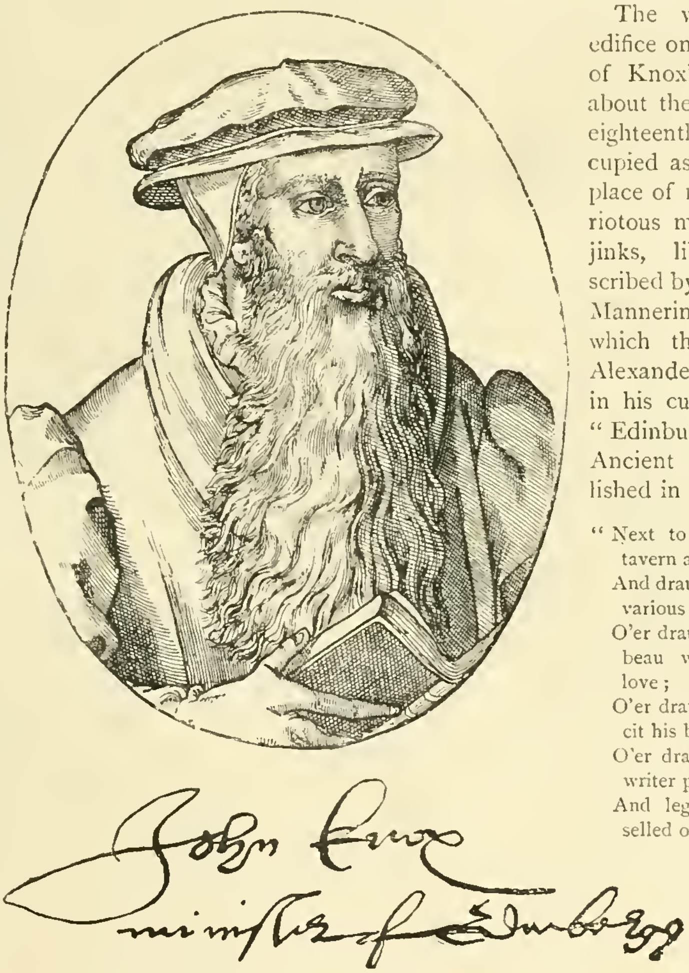
CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HIGH STREET (*continued*).

The Neighbourhood of Knox's House—Balmerino Mansion—Singular Accident—The Knox Memorial Church—Society Close—John Knox's House—The "Preaching Window"—His Wives—Attempted Assassination—Last Sermon—Death and Burial—James of Jerusalem—House of Archbishop Sharp—The Birthplace of William Falconer—Old Excise Office—The Nether Bow Port—The Earlier Gate—The Regent Morton's Surprise Party—The Last Gate—Its Demolition.

ONE of the chief "lions" of the High Street, if not of the old city itself, is the ancient manse of John Knox, which terminates it on the east, and is perhaps the oldest stone building of a private nature existing there, for it was inhabited long before his time by George Durie, Abbot of Dunfermline, who was also arch-dean of St. Andrews. He was promoted to the abbacy by James V. in 1539, and was canonised two years afterwards at Rome, according to Wilson; but no such name appears in Butler's "Lives of the Fathers."

Until within the last few years the whole of this portion of the High Street was remarkable for its ancient houses, all bearing unchanged the stamp of Mary's time—about 1562; some that had open booths below had been converted into closed shops, but the fore-stairs, from which the people had reviled her as she came in from Carberry, and from whence their descendants witnessed Montrose dragged to his doom, remained unaltered.



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF JOHN KNOX.
(*Fac-simile of the Engraving in Beza's "Icones."*)

Adjoining the house of Knox (which we shall describe presently) once stood a timber-fronted fabric, having a corbelled oriel, and flats projecting over each other in succession, and a roof furnished with picturesque dormer windows. Its lintel bore the date 1601, and it was said to have been the mansion of the early Lords Balmerino. On a Sunday morning in 1840 this entire edifice suddenly parted in two—the front half was precipitated into the street with a terrible crash, while the back part remained in its original position, thus giving a perfect longitudinal section through the edifice to the people without, presenting suddenly a scene as singular as some of those displayed by the *diable boiteux* to the gaze of the student Don Cleofas, when all the roofs of Madrid disappeared before him.

Some of the inmates were seen in bed, others were partaking of their humble morning meal, and high up in the airy attic storey was seen an old crone on the creepie stool, smoking at her ingle side. The whole inhabitants of the place were filled with consternation, but all escaped without injury. The ruins were removed, and on their site was built, in 1850, a very handsome Gothic church in connection with the Free Church body, and named after the Reformer. Its foundation-stone was laid on the 18th of May, being a day memorable in the annals of the great Non-intrusion movement in Scotland.

The wooden-fronted edifice on the other side of Knox's house was, about the middle of the eighteenth century, occupied as a tavern, the place of many scenes of riotous mirth and high jinks, like those described by Scott in "Guy Mannering," and to which the ill-fated Sir Alexander Boswell refers in his curious poem on "Edinburgh and the Ancient Royalty," published in 1810:—

"Next to a neighbouring tavern all retired,
And draughts of wine their various thoughts inspired.
O'er draughts of wine the beau would moan his love;
O'er draughts of wine the cit his bargain drove;
O'er draughts of wine the writer penned the will,
And legal wisdom counselled o'er a gill."

Behind where Knox's ancient manse and modern church stand, on the western side of Society Close, No. 21, High Street, is an ancient stone land, on which is inscribed—

R.H. . HODIE . MIHI . CRAS . TIBI . CVR . IGITVR . CVRAS

There was a date, now unknown. This was the property of Alison Bassandyne, daughter of Thomas the printer, and spouse of John Ker, and by her and others disposed of to John Binning in March, 1624; but the alley was long called Bassandyne's Close, till it took the name of Panmure, from the residence therein of John Maule of Inverkeilory, Baron of the Exchequer Court in 1748, and grandson of James of Balumby, fourth Earl of Panmure, who fought with much heroic valour at the battle of Dunblane, and was attainted in 1715.

The spacious stone mansion which he occupied at the foot of the close, and the north windows of which overlooked the steep slope towards the Trinity Church, and the then bare, bleak mass of the Calton Hill beyond, was afterwards acquired as an office and hall by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge and the Plantation of Schools in the Highlands "for the rooting out of the errors of popery and converting of foreign nations," a mighty undertaking, for which a charter was given it by Queen Anne in 1709. Thus the alley came to be called by its last name, Society Close.

Such were the immediate surroundings of that old manse, in which John Knox received the messengers of his queen, the fierce nobles of her turbulent Court, and the Lords of the Congregation. It is to the credit of the Free Church of Scotland, which has long since acquired it as a piece of property, that the progress of decay has been arrested, and some traces of its old magnificence restored. A wonderfully picturesque building of three storeys above the ground floor, it abuts on the narrowed street, and is of substantial ashlar, terminating in curious gables and masses of chimneys. A long admonitory inscription, extending over nearly the whole front, carved on a stone belt, bears these words in bold Roman letters:—LUFE GOD . ABOVE . AL . AND . YOVR . NICHTBOUR . AS . YI SELF. Perched upon the corner above the entrance door is a small and hideous effigy of the Reformer preaching in a pulpit, and pointing with his right hand above his head towards a rude sculpture of the sun bursting out from amid clouds, with the name of the Deity inscribed in three languages on its disc, thus:—

ΘΕΟΣ
DEUS
GOD

On the decoration of the effigy the pious care of successive generations of tenants has been expended with a zeal not always appreciated by people of taste. The house contains a hall, the stuccoed ceiling of which pertains to the time of Charles II., when perhaps the building was repaired.

M‘Crie, in his Life of Knox, tells us, that the latter, on commencing his duties in Edinburgh in 1559, when the struggles of the Reformation were well nigh over, was lodged in the house of David Forrest, a citizen, after which he removed permanently to the house previously occupied by the exiled abbot of Dunfermline. The magistrates gave him a salary of £200 Scots yearly, and in 1561 ordered the Dean of Guild to make him a warm study in the house built of "dailles"—*i.e.*, to be wainscoted or panelled.

This is supposed to be the small projection, lighted by one long window, looking westward up the entire length of the High Street; and adjoining it on the first floor is a window in an angle of the house, from which he is said to have held forth to the people in the street below, and which is still termed "the preaching window."

In this house he doubtless composed the "Confession of Faith" and the "First Book of Discipline," in which, at least, he had a principal hand, and which were duly ratified by Parliament; and it was during the first year of his abode in this house that he lost his first wife, Marjory Bowes (daughter of an English border family), whom he had married when an exile, a woman of amiable disposition and pious deportment, but whose portrait at Streatlam Castle, Northumberland, is remarkable chiefly for its intense ugliness. She was with him in all his wanderings at home and abroad, and regarding her John Calvin thus expresses himself in a letter to the widower:—"*Uxorem nactus eras cui non reperiuntur passim similes*"—"you had a wife the like of whom is not anywhere to be found." By her he had two sons.

Four years after her death, to this mansion, when in his fifty-ninth year, he brought his second wife, Margaret Stewart, the youngest daughter of Andrew, "the good" Lord Ochiltree, who, after his death, married Sir Andrew Kerr of Faudonside.

By his enemies it was now openly alleged that he must have gained the young girl's affections by the black art and the aid of the devil, whom he raised for that purpose in the yard behind his house. In that curious work entitled "The Disputation concerning the Controversit Headdis of Religion," Nicol Burne, the author, relates that Knox, on the occasion of his marriage, went to the Lord Ochiltree with many attendants, "on ane trim gelding, nocht lyk ane prophet or ane auld decrepit priest as he was, bot lyk as had been ane of the Blude Royal, with his bands of taffettie feschnit with golden ringis and precious stones; and, as is plainlie reportit in the countrey, be sorcerie and witchcraft did sua allure that puir gentilwoman, that scho could not leve without him." Another of Knox's traducers asserts, that not long after his marriage, "she (his wife) lying in bed and perceiving a blak, uglie ill-favoured man (the devil, of course) busily talking with him in the same chamber, was so sodainly amazed that she took sickness and dyed;" an absurd fabrication, as in the year after his death a pension was granted to her and her three daughters, and she is known to have been alive till about the end of the sixteenth century.

In that old house, the abode of plebeians now, have sat and debated again and again such men as the Regent Murray, the cruel and crafty Morton, the Lords Boyd, Ruthven, Ochiltree, and the half-savage Lindsay—

> "He whose iron eye
> Oft saw fair Mary weep in vain;"

Johnstone of Elphinstone, Fairlie, Campbell of Kinyeoncleugh, Douglas of Drumlanrig, and all who were the intimates of Knox; and its old walls have witnessed much and heard much that history may never unravel.

It was while resident here that Knox's enemies are said—for there is little proof of the statement—to have put a price upon his head, and that his most faithful friends were under the necessity of keeping watch around it during the night, and of appointing a guard for the protection of his person at times when he went abroad. When under danger of hostility from the queen's garrison in the Castle, in the spring of 1571, M'Crie tells us that "one evening a musket-ball was fired in at his window and lodged in the roof of the apartment in which he was sitting. It happened that he sat at the time in a different part of the room from that which he had been accustomed to occupy, otherwise the ball, from the direction it took, must have struck him."

It was probably after this that he retreated for a time to St. Andrews, but he returned to his manse in the end of August, 1572, while Kirkaldy was still vigorously defending the fortress for his exiled queen.

His bodily infirmities now increased daily, and on the 11th of November he was attacked with a cough which confined him to bed.

Two days before that he had conducted the services at the induction of his colleague, Mr. James Lawson, in St. Giles's, and though he was greatly debilitated, he performed the important duties that devolved upon him with something of his wonted fire and energy to those who heard him for the last time. He then came down from the pulpit, and leaning on his staff, and supported by his faithful secretary, Richard Bannatyne (one account says by his wife), he walked slowly down the street to his own house, accompanied by the whole congregation, watching, for the last time, his feeble steps.

During his last illness, which endured about a fortnight, he was visited by many of the principal nobles and reformed preachers, to all of whom he gave much advice; and on Monday, the 24th of November, 1572, he expired in his sixty-seventh year, having been born in 1505, during the reign of James IV.

From this house his body was conveyed to its last resting-place, on the south side of St. Giles's, accompanied by a mighty multitude of all ranks, where the newly-appointed Regent Morton pronounced over the closing grave his well-known eulogium.

That eastern nook of the old city, known as the Nether Bow has many associations connected with it besides the manse of Knox.

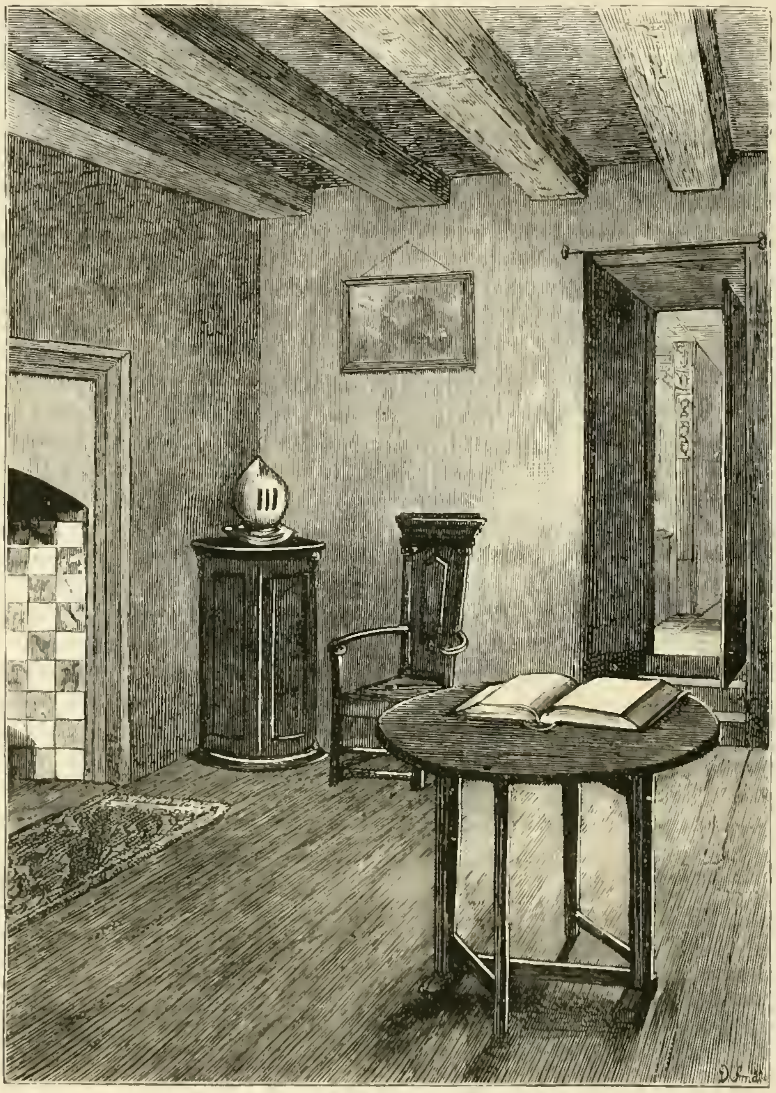
Therein was the abode of Robert Lekprevik, one of the earliest of Scottish printers, to whose business it is supposed Bassandyne succeeded on his removal to St. Andrews in 1570; and there, in 1613, the authorities discovered that a residenter named James Stewart, "commonly called James of Jerusalem, a noted Papist, and re-setter of seminary prints," was wont to have mass celebrated in his house by Robert Philip, a priest returned from Rome. Both men were arrested and tried on this charge, together with a third, John Logan, portioner, of Restalrig, who had formed one of the small and secret congregation in Stewart's house in the Nether Bow. "One cannot, in these days of tolerance," says Dr. Chambers, "read without a strange sense of uncouthness the solemn expressions of horror employed in the dittays of the king's advocates against the offenders, being precisely the same expressions that were used against heinous offences of a more tangible nature."

Logan was fined £1,000, and compelled to express public penitence; and Philip and Stewart were condemned to banishment from the realm of Scotland.

In the Nether Bow was the residence of James Sharp, who had been consecrated with great pomp at Westminster, as Archbishop of St. Andrews, on the 15th of November, 1661—a prelate famous for his unrelenting persecution of the faithful adherents of the Covenant which followed his elevation, and justly increased the general odium of his character, and who perished under the hands of pitiless assassins on Magus Muir, in 1679.

Nicoll, the diarist, tells us, that on the 8th of May, 1662, all the newly consecrated bishops were convened in their gowns at the house of the Archbishop, in the Nether Bow, from whence they proceeded in state to the Parliament House, conducted by two peers, the Earl of Kellie (who had been specially excepted out of Cromwell's act of indemnity for his loyalty), and David Earl of Wemyss.

In the *Edinburgh Courant* for October 16th, 1707 (then edited by Daniel Defoe), we have the following advertisement from a quack in this locality:—

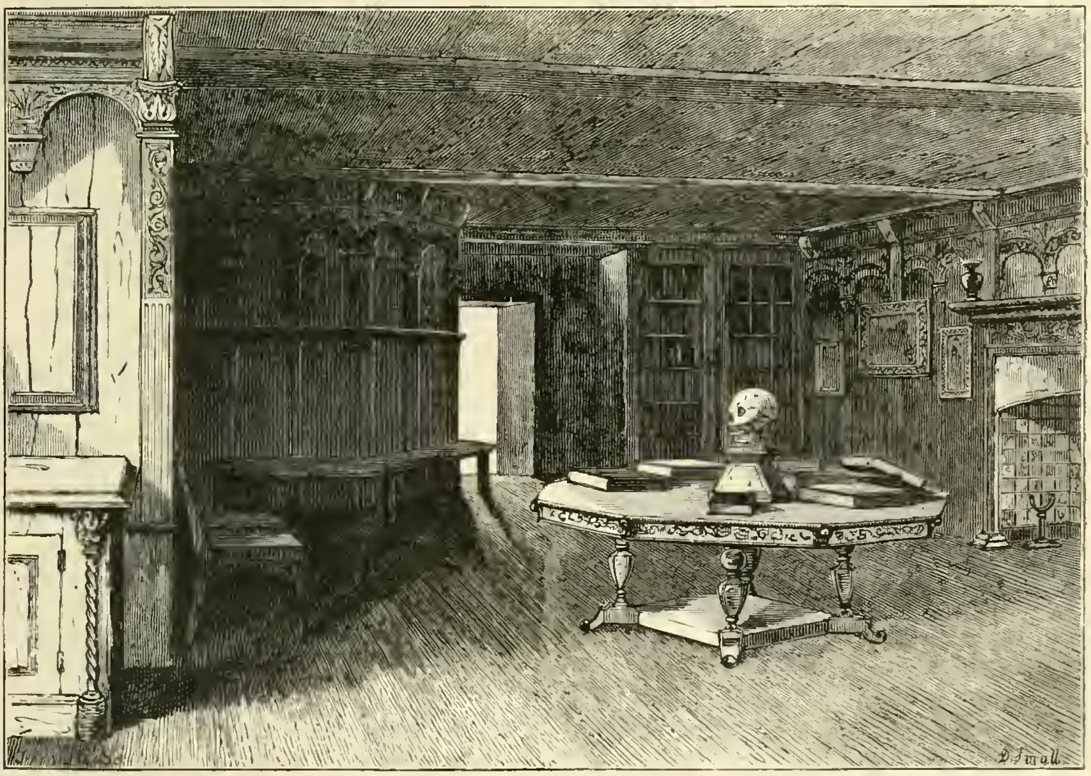


KNOX'S BED-ROOM.

"There is just now come to town the excellent Scarburay Water, good for all diseases whatsomever, except consumption; and this being the time of year for drinking the same, especially at the fall of leaf and the bud, the price of each chapin bottle is fivepence, the bottle never required, or three shillings (Scots, 3d. English) without the bottle. Any person who has a mind for the same may come to the Fountain Close within the Nether Bow ot Edinburgh, at William Muidies, where the Scarburay woman sells the same."

Here, in the Nether Bow, dwelt a humble wigmaker and barber, named Falconer, whose son William, author of the beautiful and classic poem, "The Shipwreck," was born in 1730. The Nether Bow was his playground in early years, and there—ere he became an apprentice on board a merchant vessel at Leith—with his deaf and dumb brother and sister, he shared in the sports and frolics of those who have all but himself long since passed into the realm of oblivion. As a poet, Falconer's fame rests entirely on "The Shipwreck," which is a didactic as well as descriptive poem, and may well be recommended to the young sailor, not only to inspire his enthusiasm, but improve his seamanship; and there was something prophetic in the poem, as the frigate *Aurora*, in which he served, perished at sea in 1769.

Eastward of Knox's manse is an old timber-fronted land, bearing the royal arms of Scotland on its first floor, and entered by a stone turnpike, the door of which has the legend *Deus Benedictat*, and long pointed out as the excise office of early times. "The situation," says Wilson, "was peculiarly convenient for guarding the principal gate of the city, and the direct avenue (Leith Wynd) to the neighbouring seaport. . . . . . Since George II.'s reign the excise office had as many rapid vicissitudes as might mark the career of a profligate spendthrift. In its earlier days, when a floor of the old land in the Nether Bow sufficed for its accommodation, it was regarded as foremost among the detested fruits of the Union. From thence it removed to more commodious chambers in the Cowgate, since demolished to make way for the southern piers of George IV. bridge. Its next resting place was the large tenement on the south side of Chessel's Court in the Canongate, the scene of the notorious Deacon Brodie's last robbery. From thence it was removed to Sir Lawrence Dundas's splendid mansion in St. Andrew's Square, now occupied by the Royal Bank. This may be considered its culminating point. It descended thereafter to Bellevue House, in Drummond Place, built by General Scott, the father-in-law of Mr. Canning, which house was demolished in 1846 in completing the tunnel of the Edinburgh and Leith Railway; and now we believe the exciseman no longer possesses a 'local habitation' within the Scottish capital."



KNOX'S SITTING-ROOM.

The interesting locality of the Nether Bow takes its name from the city gate, known as the Nether Bow Port, in contradistinction to the Upper Bow Port, which stood near the west end of the High Street. This barrier united the city wall from St. Mary's Wynd on the south to the steep street known as Leith Wynd on the north, at a time when, perhaps, only open fields lay eastward of the gate, stretching from the township to the abbey of Holyrood. The last gate was built in the time of James VI.; what was the character of its predecessor we have no means of ascertaining; but to repair it, in 1538, as the city cash had run low, the magistrates were compelled to mortgage its northern vault for 100 merks Scots; and this was the gate which the English, under Lord Hertford, blew open with cannon stone-shot in 1544, ere advancing against the Castle. "They hauled their cannons up the High Street by force of men to the Butter Tron, and above," says Calderwood, "and hazarded a shot against the fore entrie of the Castle (*i.e.*, the port of the Spur). But the wheel and axle of one of the English cannons was broken, and some of their men slain by shot of ordnance out of the Castle; so they left that rash enterprise."

In 1571, during the struggle between Kirkaldy and the Regent Morton, this barrier gate played a prominent part. According to the "Diurnal of Occurrents," upon the 22nd of August in that year, the Regent and the lords who adhered against the authority of the Queen, finding that they were totally excluded from the city, marched several bands of soldiers from Leith, their head-quarters, and concealed them under cloud of night in the closes and houses adjoining the Nether Bow Port. At five on the following morning, when it was supposed that the night watch would be withdrawn, six soldiers, disguised as millers, approached the gates, leading horses laden with sacks of meal, which were to be thrown down as they entered, so as to preclude the rapid closing of them, and while they attacked and cut down the warders, with those weapons which they wore under their disguise, the men in ambush were to rush out to storm the town, aided by a reserve, whom the sound of their trumpets was to summon from Holyrood. "But the eternal God," says the quaint old journalist we quote, "knowing the cruell murther that wold have beene done and committit vponn innocent poor personis of the said burgh, wold not thole this interpryse to tak successe; but evin quhen the said meill was almaist at the port, and the said men of war, stationed in clois headis, in readinesse to enter at the back of the samyne;" it chanced that a burgher of the Canongate, named Thomas Barrie, passed out towards his house in the then separate burgh, and perceiving soldiers concealed on every hand, he returned and gave the alarm, on which the gate was at once barricaded, and the design of the Regent and his adherents baffled.

This gate having become ruinous, the magistrates in 1606, three years after James VI. went to England, built a new one, of which many views are preserved. It was a handsome building, and quite enclosed the lower end of the High Street. The arch, an ellipse, was in the centre, strengthened by round towers and battlements on the eastern or external front, and in the southern tower there was a wicket for foot passengers. On the inside of the arch were the arms of the city. The whole building was crenelated, and consisted of two lofty storeys, having in the centre a handsome square tower, terminated by a pointed spire. It was adorned by a statue of James VI., which was thrown down and destroyed by order of Oliver Cromwell, and had on it a Latin inscription, which runs thus in English:—

> "Watch towers and thundr'ng walls vain fences prove
> No guards to monarchs like their people's love.
> Jacobus VI. Rex, Anna Regina, 1606."

This gate has been rendered remarkable in history by the extra-judicial bill that passed the House of Lords for razing it to the ground, in consequence of the Porteous mob. For a wonder, the Scottish members made a stand in the matter, and as the general Bill, when it came to the Commons, was shorn of all its objectionable clauses, the Nether Bow Port escaped.

In June, 1737, when the officials of Edinburgh, who had been taken to London for examination concerning the riot, were returning, to accord them a cordial reception the citizens rode out in great troops to meet them, while for miles eastward the road was lined by pedestrians. The Lord Provost, Alexander Wilson, a modest man, eluded the ovation by taking another route; but the rest came in triumph through the city, forming a procession of imposing length, while bonfires blazed, all the bells clanged and clashed as if a victory had been won over England, and the gates of the Nether Bow Port, which had been unhooked, were re-hung and closed amid the wildest acclamation.

In 1760 the Common Council of London having obtained an Act of Parliament to remove their city gates, the magistrates of Edinburgh followed suit without any Act, and in 1764 demolished the Nether Bow Port, then one of the chief ornaments of the city, and like the unoffending Market Cross, a peculiarly interesting relic of the past. The ancient clock of its spire was afterwards placed in that old Orphan's Hospital, near Shakespeare Square, where it remained till the rémoval of the latter edifice in 1845, when the North British Railway was in progress, and it is now in the pediment between the towers of the beautiful Tuscan edifice built for the orphans near the Dean cemetery.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HIGH STREET (*continued*).

The Ancient Markets—The House of Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney—The Bishop and Queen Mary—His Sister Anne—Sir William Dick of Braid—His Colossal Wealth—Hard Fortune—The "Lamentable State"—Advocates' Close—Sir James Stewart's House—Andrew Crosbie, "Counsellor Pleydell"—Scougal's House—His Picture Gallery—William Scott's Ball-room—Roxburghe Close—Warriston's Close—Lord Philiphaugh's House—Bruce of Binning's Mansion—Messrs. W. and R. Chambers's Printing and Publishing Establishment—History of the Firm—House of Sir Thomas Craig—Sir Archibald Johnston of Warriston.

PREVIOUS to 1477 there were no particular places assigned for holding the different markets in the city, and this often caused much personal strife among the citizens. To remedy this evil, James III., by letters patent, ordained that the markets for the various commodities should be held in the following parts of the city, viz.:—

In the Cowgate, the place for the sale of hay, straw, grass, and horse-meat, ran from the foot of Forester's Wynd to the foot of Peebles Wynd.

The flesh market was to be held in the High Street, on both sides, from Niddry's Wynd to the Blackfriars Wynd; the salt market to be held in the former Wynd.

The crames, or booths, for chapmen were to be set up between the Bell-house and the Tron on the north side of the street; the booths of the hatmakers and skinners to be on the opposite side of the way.

The wood and timber market extended from Dalrymple's Yard to the Greyfriars, and westward. The place for the sale of shoes, and of red barked leather, was between Forrester's Wynd and the west wall of Dalrymple's Yard.

The cattle-market, and that for the sale of slaughtered sheep, was to be about the Tron beam, and so "doun throuch to the Friar's Wynd; alsa, all pietricks, pluvars, capones, conyngs, chekins, and all other wyld foulis and tame, to be usit and sald about the Market Croce."

All living cattle were not to be brought into the town, but to be sold under the walls, westward of the royal stables, or lower end of the Grassmarket.

Meal, grain, and corn were to be retailed from the Tolbooth up to Liberton's Wynd.

The Upper Bow was the place ordained for the sale of all manner of cloths, cottons, and haberdashery; also for butter, cheese, and wool, "and sicklike gudis yat suld be weyit," at a tron set there, but not to be opened before nine A.M. Beneath the Nether Bow, and about St. Mary's Wynd, was the place set apart for cutlers, smiths, lorimers, lock-makers, "and sicklike workmen; and all armour, graith, gear," and so forth, were to be sold in the Friday market, before the Greyfriars'.

In Gordon of Rothiemay's map "the flesh-stocks" are shown as being in the Canongate, immediately below the Nether Bow Port.

Descending the High Street, after passing Bank Street, to which we have already referred, there might have been seen, until a very recent period, one of the most remarkable old edifices in the city—the mansion of Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney. It stood at the foot of Byres' Close, so named from the house of Sir John Byres of Coates, and was removed to make way for St. Giles's Street. A doorway on the east side of the close gave access to a handsome stone stair, guarded by a curved balustrade, leading to a garden terrace, that overlooked the waters of the loch. Above this, started abruptly up the north front of the house, semi-hexagonal in form, surmounted by three elegantly-carved dormer windows, having circular pediments, and surmounted by a finial.

On one was inscribed *Laus ubique Deo*; on another, *Feliciter, infelix.*

In this edifice (long used as a warehouse by Messrs. Clapperton and Co.) dwelt Adam, Bishop of Orkney, the same prelate who, at four in the morning of the 15th of May, 1567, performed in the chapel royal at Holyrood the fatal marriage ceremony which gave Bothwell possession of the unfortunate and then despairing Queen Mary.

He was a senator of the College of Justice, and the royal letter in his favour bears, "Providing always ye find him able and qualified for administration of justice, and conform to the acts and statutes of the College."

He married the unhappy queen after the new forms, "not with the mess, but with preachings," according to the "Diurnal of Occurrents," in the chapel; according to Keith and others, "in the great hall, where the Council usually met." But he seemed a pliable prelate where his own interests were concerned; he was one of the first to desert his royal mistress, and, after her enforced abdication, placed the crown upon the head of her infant son; and in 1568, according to the book of the "Universal Kirk," he bound himself to preach a sermon in Holyrood, and therein to confess publicly his offence in performing a marriage ceremony for Bothwell and Mary.

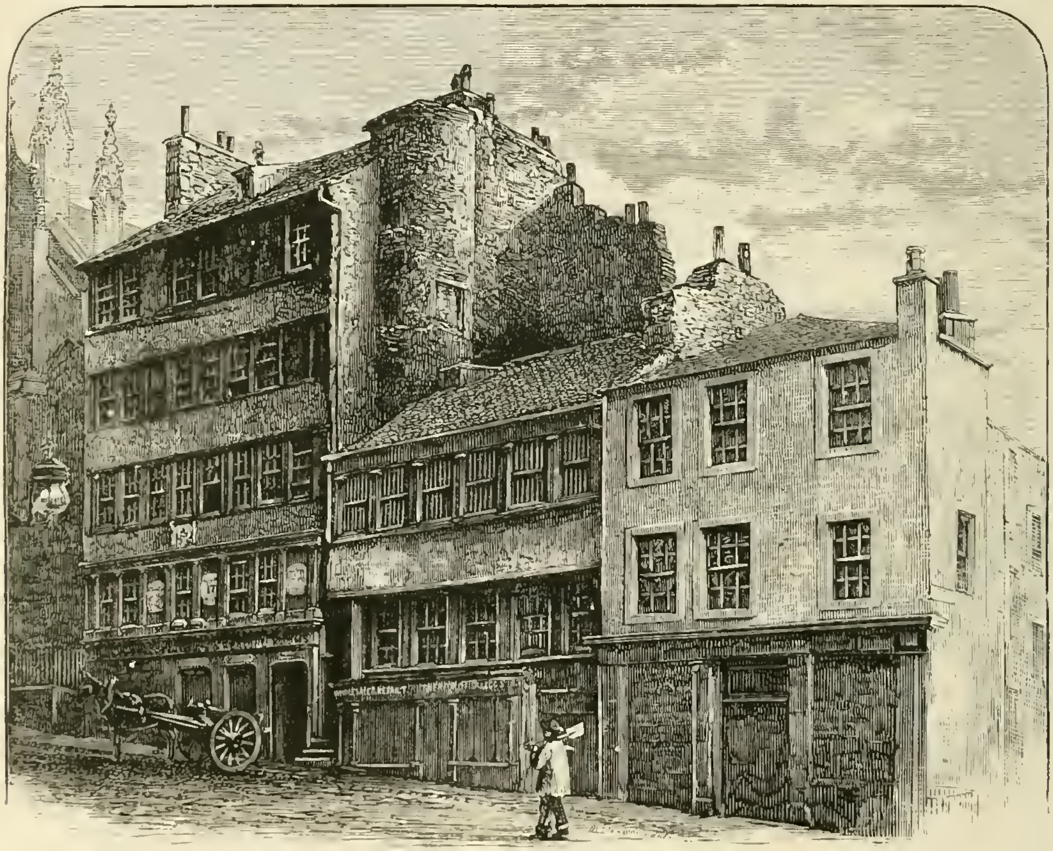
As the name of the bishop was appended to that infamous bond of adherence granted by the Scottish nobles to Bothwell, before the latter put in practice his ambitious schemes against his sovereign, it is very probable that the Earl may often have been a guest in that old mansion, and King James himself in later years. The bishop, who married Margaret Murray of Touchadam, died in 1593, and was succeeded in the old mansion by his son John Bothwell, designed of Auldhamer, who accompanied King James to England, and was created Lord Holyroodhouse, in the peerage of Scotland, in 1607.

Here dwelt his sister Anne, a woman of remarkable beauty, whose wrongs are so touchingly recorded in the sweet old ballad known as "Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament." She was betrayed in a disgraceful *liaison* by Sir Alexander Erskine (a son of John, 14th Earl of Mar), of whom a portrait by Jamieson is still extant, and represents him in the military dress of his time—a handsome man in a cuirass and scarf, with a face full of nobility of expression.

The lady's name does not appear in the Douglas peerage; but her cruel desertion by Sir Alexander was confidently believed at the time to have justly exposed him to the vengeance of heaven, for he perished with the Earl of Haddington and others in the Castle of Dunglas, which was blown up by gunpowder in 1640, through the instrumentality of "an English villain," according to Balfour—a servant boy, out of revenge against his master.

In the *Scots Magazine* for 1774 we have a notice of the death of Eleonora Bothwell, daughter of the deceased Henry, Lord Holyroodhouse.

Alexander, his son, Master of Holyroodhouse, who died about the middle of the last century, ended the line of the family, of whom no relic now remains save the tomb of Bishop Adam, which still exists in Holyrood chapel. On the front of the third pillar from the east is a tablet with his arms—a chevron, between three trefoils slipped, with a crescent, and a very long inscription, the first six lines of which run thus:—



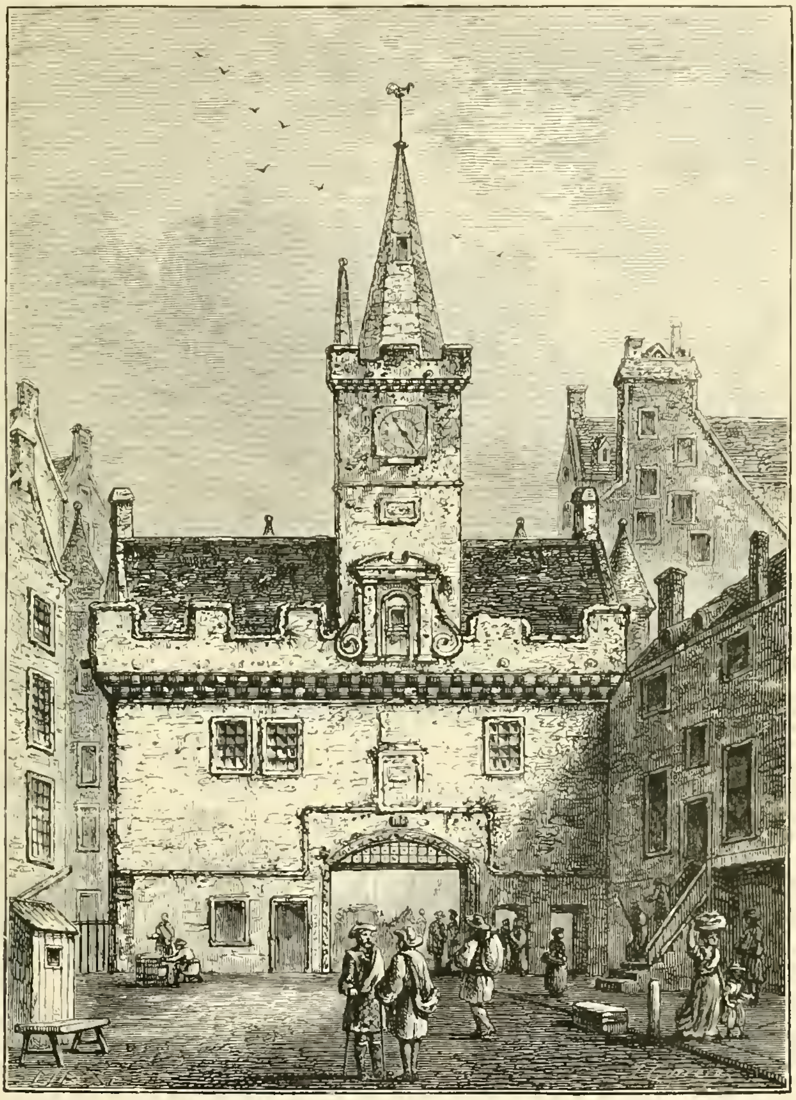
THE EXCISE OFFICE AT THE NETHERBOW. *(After a Photograph by Alexander A. Inglis.)*

> "Hic reconditus jacet nobilissimus vir
> Dominus Adamus Bothuelius, Episcopus,
> Orcadum et Zethlandiæ: Commendatorius Monasterii,
> Sancti Crucis; Senator et Consiliarius
> Regius: qui obiit anno ætatis suæ 67,
> 23 die Mensis Augusti, Anno Domini 1593."

The ancient edifice is associated with an eminent citizen, who lived in later but not less troublesome and warlike times, Sir William Dick, ancestor of the present baronets of Prestonfield. The south, and only remaining part of the bishop's house has been completely modernised, and faced with a new stone front; "but many citizens still (in 1847) remember when an ancient timber façade projected its lofty gables into the street, with tier above tier, far out beyond the lower storey, while below were the covered piazza and darkened entrances to the gloomy laigh shops, such as may still be seen in the few examples of old timber lands that have escaped demolition" (Wilson).

Here then abode Sir William Dick of Braid, provost of the city in 1638, whose wealth was so great that he was believed to have discovered the philosopher's stone, though his fortune only reached the then astonishing sum of £200,000 sterling, and whose chequered history presents one of the most striking examples of the instability of human affairs.

He came of Orkney people, and began life by farming the Crown rents of the northern isles at £3,000 sterling, after which he established an active trade with the Baltic and Mediterranean, and made, moreover, a profitable business by the negotiation of bills of exchange with Holland. "He had ships on every sea, and could ride on his own lands from North Berwick to near Linlithgow, his wealth centreing in a warehouse in the Luckenbooths, on the site of that now (in 1859) occupied by John Clapperton and Co."



THE NETHER BOW PORT, FROM THE HIGH STREET.
(From an Original Drawing among the King's Prints and Drawings, British Museum.)

On becoming provost, he was easily led by his religious persuasion to become a sort of voluntary exchequer for the friends of the National Covenant, and in 1641 he advanced to them 100,000 merks to save them from the necessity of disbanding their army; and when the Scottish Parliament in the same year levied 10,000 men for the protection of their colony in Ulster, they could not have embarked had they not been provisioned at the expense of Sir William Dick. Scott, in the "Heart of Midlothian," alludes to the loans of the Scottish Crœsus thus, when he makes Davie Deans say, "My father saw them toom the sacks of dollars out o' Provost Dick's window intil the carts that carried them to the army at Dunse Law; and if ye winna believe his testimony, there is the window itself still standing in the Luckenbooths, five doors aboon the Advocates' Close—I think it is a claith-merchant's the day."

And singular to say, a cloth merchant's "booth" it continued long to be.

In 1642 the Customs were let to Sir William Dick for 202,000 merks, and 5,000 merks of *grassum*, or "entrense siller;" but, as he had a horror of Cromwell and the Independents, he advanced £20,000 for the service of King Charles—a step by which he kindled the wrath of the prevailing party; and, after squandering his treasure in a failing cause, he was so heavily mulcted by extortion of £65,000 and other merciless penalties, that his vast fortune passed speedily away, and he died in 1655, a prisoner of Cromwell's, in a gaol at Westminster, under something painfully like a want of the common necessaries of life.

He and Sir William Gray were the first men of Edinburgh who really won the position of merchant princes. The changeful fortunes of the former are commemorated in a scarce folio pamphlet, entitled "The Lamentable State of the Deceased Sir William Dick," and containing several engravings. One represents him on horseback, escorted by halberdiers, as Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and superintending the unloading of a great vessel at Leith; a second represents him in the hands of bailiffs; and a third lying dead in prison. "The tract is highly esteemed by collectors of prints," says Sir Walter Scott, in a note to the "Heart of Midlothian." "The only copy I ever saw upon sale was rated at £30."

Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees (a place now called Moredun, in the parish of Liberton) who was Lord Advocate of Scotland from 1692 until his death in 1713, a few months only excepted, gave a name to the next narrow and gloomy alley, Advocates' Close, which bounded on the east the venerable mansion of the Lords Holyroodhouse.

His father was provost of the city when Cromwell paid his first peaceful visit thereto in 1648-9, and again in 1658-9, at the close of the Protectorate. The house in which he lived and died was at the foot of the close, on the west side, before descending a flight of steps that served to lessen the abruptness of the descent. He had returned from exile on the landing of the Prince of Orange, and, as an active revolutionist, was detested by the Jacobites, who ridiculed him as *Jamie Wylie* in many a bitter pasquil. He died in 1713, and Wodrow records that "so great was the crowd (at his funeral) that the magistrates were at the grave in the Greyfriars' Churchyard before the corpse was taken out of the house at the foot of the Advocates' Close."

In 1769 his grandson sold the house to David Dalrymple, afterwards Lord Westhall, who resided in it till nearly the time of his death in 1784. This close was a very fashionable one in the days of Queen Anne, and was ever a favourite locality with members of the bar. Among many others, there resided Andrew Crosbie, the famous original of Scott's "Counsellor Pleydell," an old lawyer who was one of the few that was able to stand his ground in any argument or war of words with Dr. Johnson during that visit when he made himself so obnoxious in Edinburgh. From this dark and steep alley, with its picturesque overhanging gables and timber projections, Mr. Crosbie afterwards removed to a handsome house erected by him in St. Andrew's Square, ornamented with lofty, half-sunk Ionic columns and a most ornate attic storey (on the north side of the present Royal Bank), afterwards a fashionable hotel, long known as Douglas's and then as Slaney's, where even royalty has more than once found quarters. By the failure of the Ayr Bank he was compelled to leave his new habitation, and died in 1784 in such poverty that his widow owed her whole support to a pension of £50 granted to her by the Faculty of Advocates.

The house lowest down the close, and immediately opposite that of Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees, was the residence of an artist of some note in his time, John Scougal, who painted the well-known portrait of George Heriot, which hangs in the council room of the hospital. He was a cousin of that eminent divine Patrick Scougal, parson of Saltoun in East Lothian and Bishop of Aberdeen in 1664.

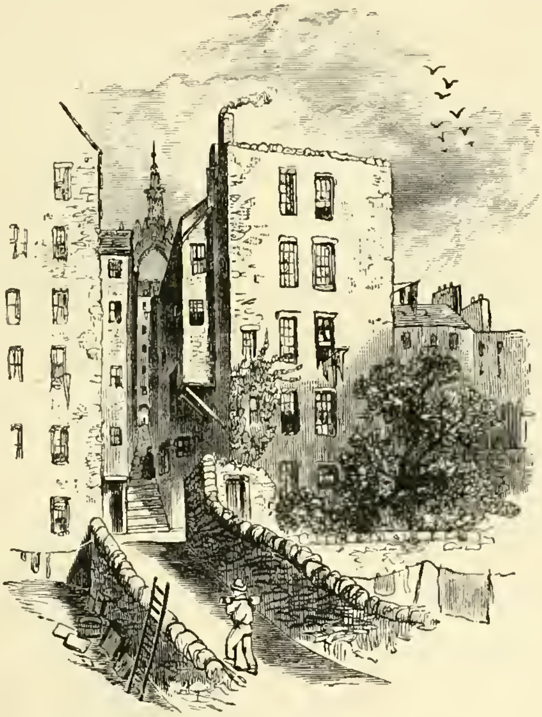
John Scougall added an upper storey to the old land in the Advocates' Close, and fitted up one of the floors as a picture gallery or exhibition, a new feature in the Edinburgh of the seventeenth century, and long before any such idea had been conceived in France, England, or any other country. Some of his best works were in possession of the late Andrew Bell, engraver, the originator of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," who married his granddaughter. "For some years after the Revolution," says Pinkerton, "he was the only painter in Scotland, and had a very great run of business. This brought him into a hasty and incorrect manner." So here, in the Advocates' Close, in the dull and morose Edinburgh of the seventeenth century, was the fashionable lounge of the dilettanti, the resort of rank and beauty—a quarter from which the *haut ton* of the present day would shrink with aversion.

He died at Prestonpans in the year 1730, in his eighty-fifth year, after having witnessed as startling a series of political changes as ever occurred in a long lifetime.

Taking the ancient alleys seriatim, Roxburghe Close comes next, numbered as 341, High Street, and so named, it may confidently be supposed (though it cannot be proved as a fact) from having contained the town residence of some ancient Earl of Roxburghe. All its ancient features have disappeared, save a door built up with a handsome cut legend in raised Roman letters:—"WHATEVER ME BEFALL I THANK THE LORD OF ALL. J. M., 1586." This is said to have been the dwelling-place of the Roxburghe family, but by tradition only. If true, it takes the antiquary back to the year in which Sir Walter Kerr of Cessford (ancestor of the Dukes of Roxburghe), "baron of Auld-Roxburghe, the castle thereof and the lands of Auldtonburn, &c.," died at a great age, the last survivor, perhaps, of the affray in which Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch perished at Edinburgh.

Warriston's Close (anciently called Bruce's), the next we come to in descending the north side of the street, remains only in name, the houses on both sides being entirely new, and its old steep descent broken at intervals by convenient flights of steps; but until 1868 it was nearly unchanged from its ancient state, some relics of which still remain.

It had handsome fronts of carefully-polished ashlar, with richly-decorated doorways with pious legends on their lintels, to exclude witches, fairies, and all manner of evil; there were ornate dormer windows on the roofs with steep crow-stepped gables, black with the smoke and storms of centuries.


HOUSE OF LORD ADVOCATE STEWART, AT THE FOOT OF ADVOCATES' CLOSE, WEST SIDE.

"QUI . ERIT . ILLE . MIHI . SEMPER . DEUS . 1583," was the legend which first caught the eye above a door of a tenement on the west side, long occupied by James Murray, Lord Philiphaugh, raised to the bench November 1st, 1689, without having any predecessor, being one of the set of judges nominated after the Revolution. After being chosen member of Parliament for Selkirk in 1681, he had become an object of special jealousy to the Scottish Cavalier Government. He was imprisoned in 1684, and under terror of being tortured in the iron boots, before the Privy Council in the Laigh Chamber below the Parliament House, he gave evidence against those who were concerned in the Rye House Plot.

Lord Philiphaugh had the character of being an upright judge, but the men of his time never forgot or forgave the weakness that made him stoop to save his life, though many of them might no doubt have acted in the same way, the Scottish Privy Council of that time being a species of Star Chamber that did not stand on trifles.

Farther down the close was another edifice, the lintel of which like some others that were in the same locality, has been with great good taste rebuilt, as a lintel, into the extensive printing and publishing premises of the Messrs. Chambers, a turreted edifice, that now forms the west side of Warriston's Close, and built in 1868. It bears the legend *Gracia . Dei . Robertus . Bruiss*, with a shield at each end, one having the arms of Bruce of Binning in Linlithgowshire, impaled with those of Preston—three unicorns' heads.

WILLIAM CHAMBERS.
(*From a Photograph by John Lamb.*)

The eminent publishers, whose extensive premises now occupy the west side of Warriston's Close, William and Robert Chambers—the great pioneers of the cheap literature movement—were born at Peebles, in 1800 and 1802 respectively. Their ancestors were woollen manufacturers, and their father carried on the business in cotton at Peebles, on so large a scale that he used sometimes to have a hundred looms at work.

He was thus enabled to give his sons a good education at the schools of their native town, where Robert passed through a classical course, with the view of taking orders in the church of Scotland; but monetary misfortunes having overtaken his parents, the family removed to Edinburgh, where the two brothers were thrown in a great measure on their own resources, but formed the noble resolution to try by stern industry to regain the ground their family had lost; and a love of reading led them gradually into the business of bookselling.

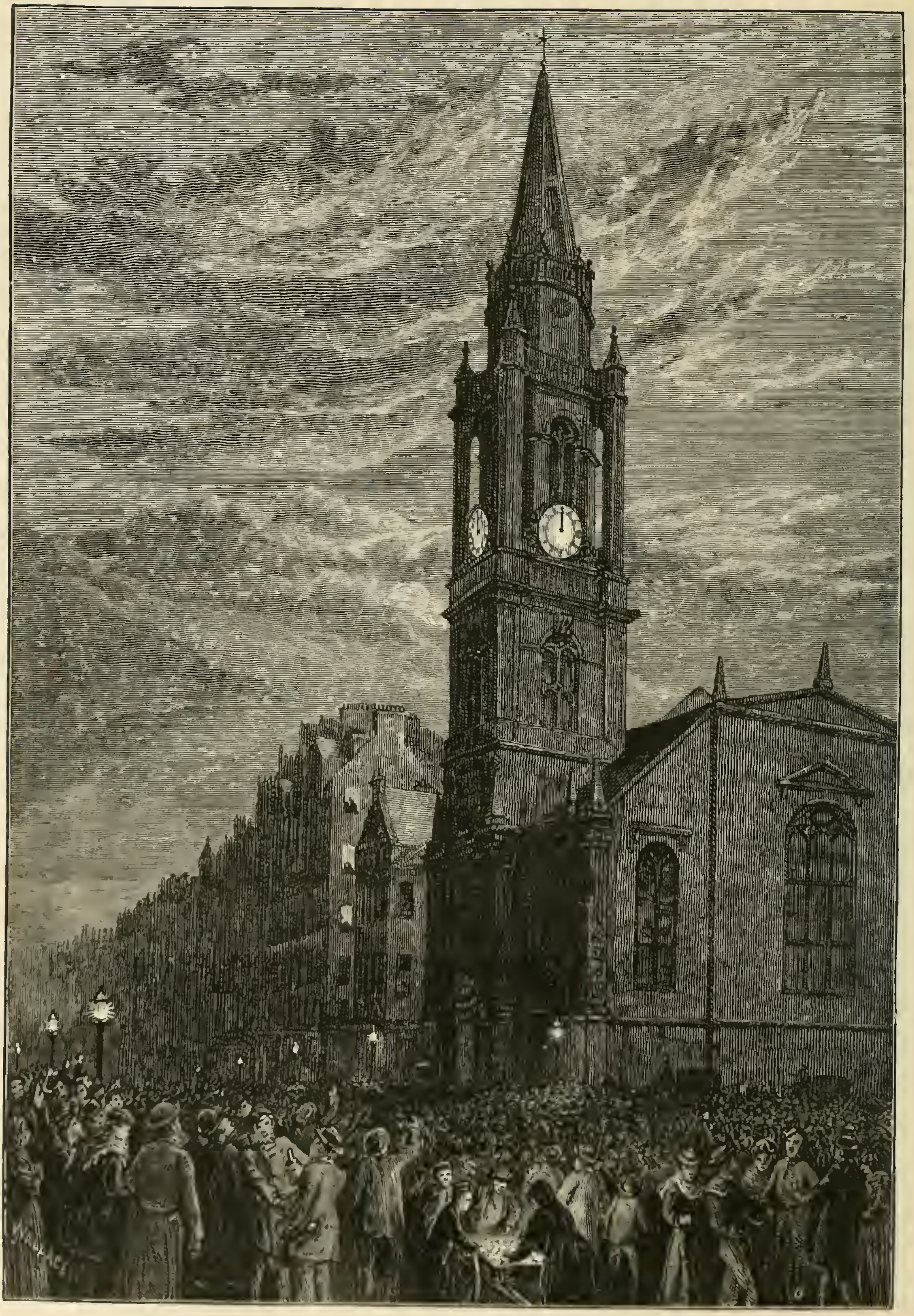
William served an apprenticeship, from 1814 to 1819, with Mr. Sutherland, Calton Street, who gave him four shillings weekly as wages, and on this small sum—shrinking from being a burden on his delicate and struggling mother—he took a lodging, at 1s. 6d. per week, in Boak's Land, West Port, a little bed closet, which he shared with a poor divinity student from the hills of Tweeddale. Out of these slender wages he contrived to save a few shillings, and began business, in a very small way, in 1819, and by the following year added printing thereto, having taught himself that craft, cutting with his own hand the larger types out of wood.

By 1818 Robert had begun business in a tiny shop as a bookstall-keeper, in Leith Walk, and having a strong literary turn, he made an essay as author, by starting a small periodical called the *Kalcidoscope*, the types of which were set up and printed off by William, in an old rickety press, which, he relates, "emitted a jangling, creaking noise, like a shriek of anguish," when worked. After a brief career this publication was dropped, to enable Robert, in 1822, to write a volume likely to be popular—"Illustrations of the Author of Waverley," referring to the supposed original characters of the novelist. Of this work William was printer, binder, and publisher, and a second edition appeared in 1824.

Immediately after its issue he began his "Traditions of Edinburgh" (in the plan and production of which the brothers anticipated a joint work, that was to have been written by Scott and Kirkpatrick Sharpe)—a book re-written and re-published in one volume by the firm in 1868, and in the preface to which Robert writes:—

ROBERT CHAMBERS.
(*From a private Photograph.*)

"I am about to do what very few could do without emotion—revise a book which I wrote



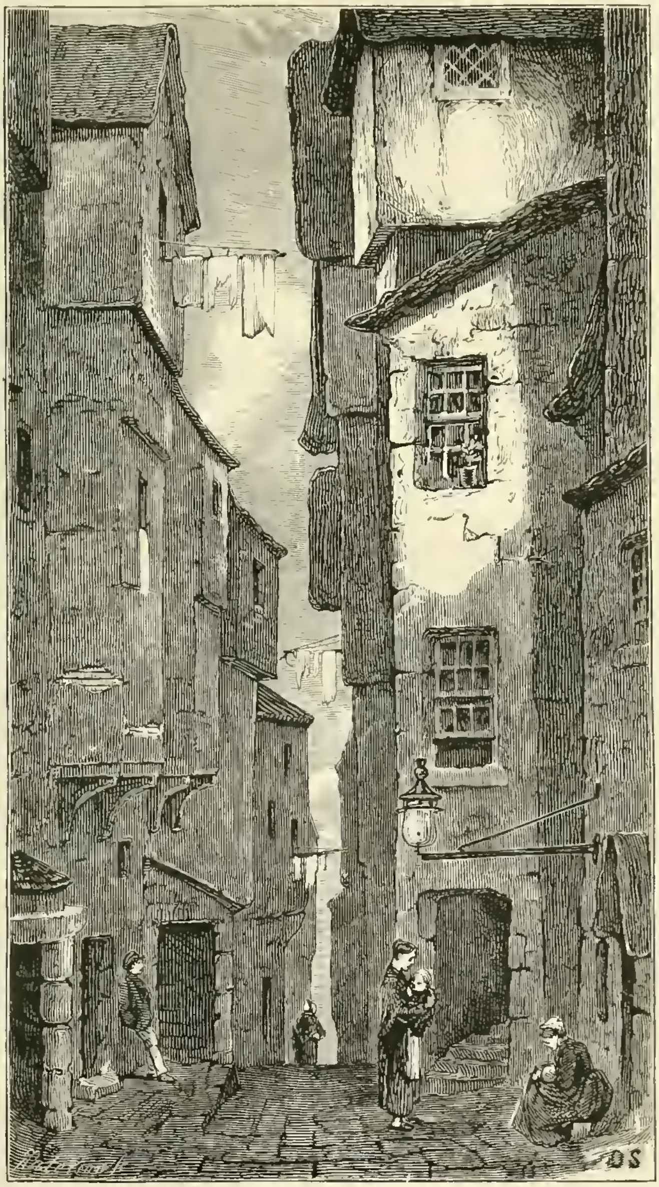
NEW YEAR'S EVE AT THE TRON CHURCH.

forty-five years ago. This little work came out in the Augustan days of Edinburgh, when Jeffrey and Scott, Wilson and the Ettrick Shepherd, Dugald Stewart and Alison, were daily giving the productions of their minds to the public, and while yet Archibald Constable acted as the unquestioned emperor of the publishing world."

In 1826 Robert published his "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," and the "Picture of Scotland," and shortly afterwards five volumes of Scottish history, for *Constable's Miscellany.* The brothers were now making money, and in tolerably prosperous circumstances, though they lost much of their hard-won savings by assisting their father in a piece of unsuccessful litigation.

About that time William produced the "Book of Scotland," a work describing the institutions of the country, for which he got £30, while Robert got £100 for preparing a "Gazetteer of Scotland;" and in 1832 William projected the great work which made the firm prosperous and famous wherever the English language is spoken—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal,* the vanguard of all that is wholesome, sensible, and unsectarian in cheap literature, as it appeared six weeks *before* the famous *Penny Magazine.*

The first weekly number appeared on the 4th February, 1832. Robert thought the speculation a hazardous one, but William's courage achieved a public victory, and in a few days the sale in Scotland alone was 50,000 copies, while No. 3 rose to 80,000 in the English market. Robert threw himself heart and soul into the successful periodical; and speaking of partnership with him, his brother writes: "Such was the degree of mutual confidence between us that not for the space of twenty-one years was it thought expedient to execute any deed of agreement." While constantly contributing to the *Journal,* Robert, in 1835, completed his "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen," in four volumes.



ADVOCATES' CLOSE.

The brothers issued, in the preceding year, their "Information for the People," and after this venture came a series of about a hundred school books—the "Chambers's Educational Course," still so familiar to many middle-class school-boys. While collecting information upon the subject of public education, William got together materials in 1839 for his "Tour in Holland and the Rhine Countries;" and about this time, twenty volumes of a series entitled "Chambers's Miscellany" were issued by the firm, which had an enormous circulation; but the great and crowning enterprise of Messrs. W. and R. Chambers was unquestionably their "Encyclopædia, or Dictionary of Universal Information for the People," a work begun in 1859 and completed in 1868—a work unrivalled by any in

Europe or America as a handy yet comprehensive book of ready reference, and of which the learned and ingenious Dr. Andrew Findlater acted as editor.

In 1849 William purchased the estate of Glenormiston, and ten years after made a valuable gift to his native town, in the form of a suite of buildings, including a public reading-room, a good library, lecture-hall, museum, and art gallery, designated the "Chambers Institution;" and in 1864 he issued his "History of Peeblesshire," an able example of local annals. In 1865 he was elected Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and inaugurated the great architectural improvements set afoot in the more ancient parts of the city; and in 1872 the University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

In 1860-1 the brothers projected that important work which gave Robert Chambers his death-blow —"The Book of Days: a Miscellany of Popular Antiquities in connection with the Calendar, including Anecdote, Biography, History, Curiosities of Literature, &c., &c.," a large work, in two volumes of 840 pages each. Disappointed in promised literary aid, Robert was compelled to perform the greater part of this work alone, and during the winter of 1861-2 "he might be seen every day in the British Museum, working hard at this fatal book. The mental strain broke him down; domestic bereavements aggravated the effects of ill-health, and with it, though he lived to finish his 'Life of Smollett,' his literary career closed. He died at St. Andrews in the beginning of the year 1870."

Still hale and healthy, and as full of intellectual vigour as when he handled the old printing press in his little shop in Leith Walk, William's pen was yet busy, and produced, in 1860, "The Youth's Companion and Counsellor;" in 1862, "Something of Italy;" in 1870, "Wintering at Mentone;" in 1871, "France, its History and Revolutions;" and, in 1872, an affectionate "Memoir" of his brother Robert, and "Ailie Gilroy," a simple and pathetic little story.

"In reviewing the life of this eminent publisher," says a writer in the *National Portrait Gallery*, "one may say that he has so lived as to teach the world how the good old-fashioned commonplace virtues can be exalted into the loftiest range of moral heroism; that he has left on record a grand and manly example of self-help which time can never obliterate from the admiring memory of succeeding generations. Life has to him been a sacred trust, to be used for helping on the advancement of humanity, and for aiding the diffusion of knowledge. The moral to be drawn from his biography is that, with manly self-trust, with high and noble aims, with fair education, and with diligence, a man may, no matter how poor he be at the outset of his career, struggle upwards and onwards to fill a high social position, and enjoy no ordinary share of earthly honours and possessions."

At the establishment of the Messrs. Chambers fully two hundred hands are constantly employed, and their premises in Warriston Close (which have also an entrance from the High Street) form one of the interesting sights in the city.

Lower down the Close stood a large and handsome house, having a Gothic niche at its entrance, which was covered with armorial bearings and many sorely obliterated inscriptions, of which only the fragment of one was traceable—*Gracia Dei Thomas T.* This was the town residence of Sir Thomas Craig of Riccarton, a man of eminent learning and great nobility of character, and who practised as a lawyer for fully forty years, during the stormy reigns of Mary and James VI. In 1564 he was made Justice Depute, and found time to give to the world some very able poems—one on the birth of James, and another on his departure for England, are preserved in the *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum.* He steadily refused the honour of knighthood, yet was always called Sir Thomas Craig, in conformity to a royal edict on the subject.

He wrote a treatise on the independent sovereignty of Scotland, which was rendered into wretched English by Ridpath, and published in 1675. He was Advocate for the Church, when he died at Edinburgh, on the 26th of February, 1608, and was succeeded in the old house, as well as his estate, by his eldest son, Sir Lewis Craig, born in 1569, and called to the bench in 1604, as Lord Wrightslands, while his father was still a pleader at the bar. After his time his house had as occupiers, first Sir George Urquhart of Cromarty, and next Sir Robert Baird, Bart., of Saughton Hall, who died in 1714.

But by far the most celebrated residenter in this venerable alley was he who gave it the name it bears, Sir Archibald Johnston Lord Warriston, whose estate, still so named, lies eastward of Inverleith Row. The son of Johnston of Beirholm (once a merchant in Edinburgh), by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Craig (above mentioned), this celebrated lawyer, subtle statesman, and somewhat juggling politician, was called to the bar in 1633, and would appear to have purchased from his cousin, Sir Lewis Craig, a house in the close, adjoining his own.

In 1637 he began to take a prominent part in the bitter disputes of the period, and Bishop Burnet tells us that he was a man of such unflagging zeal that he barely allowed himself three hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. On the renewal of the Covenant, in 1638, he and the celebrated Alexander Henderson were appointed to revise and adapt that national document to the circumstances of the times; and at the memorable assembly which met at Glasgow Johnston was unanimously elected clerk, and was constituted Procurator for the Church. He took a prominent share in resisting the unjust interference of Charles I. in Scottish affairs, and in 1638, on the royal edict being proclaimed from the Cross of Edinburgh, which set at defiance the popular opposition to Episcopacy, he boldly appeared on the scaffold erected near it, and read aloud the famous protest drawn up in the name of the Tables, while the mob compelled the six royal heralds to remain while this counter-defiance in the name of Scotland was being read.

In 1641, when Charles visited Edinburgh for the second time, Johnston was knighted and made a Lord of Session, and after sitting in the Parliament of Scotland in 1644, he attended, as one of the Commissioners, the assembly of divines at Westminster. In the following year he was Lord Advocate; and in 1649 he performed one of his last official duties, proclaiming Charles II. King of Scotland, on the 5th of February, 1650.

After the battle of Dunbar he was weak enough to accept office under the Protectorate, as Clerk Registrar; and after the death of Cromwell he acted as one of the Committee of Public Safety, when the feeble and timid Richard Cromwell withdrew from public life; and this last portion of his career, together with the mode in which he had prosecuted and persecuted the fallen Cavaliers, and refused to concur in the treaty of Breda, sealed his doom when the Restoration came. He was forfeited in exile and condemned to death on the 15th of May, 1651.

An emissary of the Scottish ministry discovered his retreat at Rouen, and, with the aid of the French authorities, he was sent to the Tower, and from thence to Edinburgh, where, with every mark of indignity, he was publicly executed on the same spot where, five-and-twenty years before, he had defied the proclamation of Charles I. This was on the 22nd of July, 1663, and he died with the utmost constancy and Christian fortitude. And now the busy establishment of one of the most enterprising of Scottish publishing firms occupies the site of the old mansion, in which he must many a time have entertained such men as Alexander Henderson, the Marquises Argyle, Rothes, and Callander, the gallant Sir Alexander Leslie, the somewhat double-dealing Monk, perhaps Cromwell too.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HIGH STREET (*continued*).

Mary King's Close—Who was Mary?—Scourged by the Plague of 1645—Its Mystery—Drummond's Epigram—Prof. Sinclair's "Satan's Invisible World Discovered"—Mr. and Mrs. Coltheart's Ghostly Visitors—The Close finally abandoned to Goblins—Craig's Close—Andro Hart, Bookseller and Printer—Andro's Spear—A Menagerie in Craig's Close—The Isle of Man Arms—The Cape Club—Its Mysteries and Officers—Installation of a Knight—Provincial Cape Clubs—The Poker Club—How it Originated—Members—Office-bearers—Old Stamp Office Court—Fortune's Tavern—The beautiful Countess of Eglinton—Her Patronage of Lettters—Her Family—Interview with Dr. Johnson—Murderous Riot in the Close—Removal of the Stamp Office.

MARY KING'S Close was long a place of terror to the superstitious, as one of the last retreats of the desolating plague of 1645. "Who Mary King was is now unknown, but though the alley is roofless and ruined," says one, writing of it in 1845, "with weeds, wall-flowers, grass, and even little trees, flourishing luxuriantly among the falling walls, her name may still be seen painted on the street corner."

For some generations after the plague—in which most of its inhabitants perished—its houses remained closed, and gradually it became a place of mystery and horror, the abode of a thousand spectres and nameless terrors, for superstition peopled it with inhabitants, whom all feared and none cared to succeed. "Those who had been foolhardy enough to peep through the windows after nightfall saw the spectres of the long-departed denizens engaged in their wonted occupations; headless forms danced through the moonlit apartments; on one occasion a godly minister and two pious elders were scared out of their senses by the terrible vision of a raw head and blood-dripping arm, which protruded from the wall in this terrible street, and flourished a sword above their heads; and many other terrors, which are duly chronicled in 'Satan's Invisible World;'" yet it was down this place that the wild young Master of Gray dragged the fair Mistress Carnegie, whom, sword in hand, he had abducted from her father's house at the head of twelve men-at-arms, and took her by boat across the loch that rippled at the foot of the slope.

In Drummond of Hawthornden's poems, published by the Maitland Club, there is an epigram on Mary King's "pest:"—

> "Turn, citizens, to God; repent, repent,
> And pray your bedlam frenzies may relent;
> Think not rebellion a trifling thing,
> This plague doth fight for *Marie* and the *King*."

An old gentleman, says Wilson, has often described to us his visits to Mary King's Close, along with his companions, when a schoolboy. The most courageous of them would approach these dread abodes of mystery, and after shouting through the keyhole or broken window-shutter, they would run off with palpitating hearts; the popular superstition being, that if these long-deserted abodes were opened, the deadly pest imprisoned there would once more burst forth and desolate the land.

Mr. George Sinclair, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, and afterwards minister of Eastwood in Renfrewshire, by the publication, in 1685, of his work, "Satan's Invisible World Discovered," did much to add to the terrors of Mary King's Close, by his account of apparitions seen therein, and recorded "by witnesses of undoubted veracity"—a work long hawked about the streets by the itinerant sellers of gingerbread. The last, or northern portion of the close, with its massive vaulted lower storeys, was an open ruin in 1845; the south, or upper, had fallen into ruin after a fire in 1750, and was in that condition when a portion of the site was required for the west side of the Royal Exchange, three years after.

It would appear from the Professor's narrative, that Mr. Thomas Coltheart, a respectable law agent, whose legal business had begun to flourish, took a better style of house in Mary King's Close. Their maid-servant was, of course, duly warned by obliging neighbours that the house was *haunted*, and in terror she gave up her situation and fled, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Coltheart, to face whatever they might see, alone.

Accordingly, it came to pass that, when the lady had seated herself by the bedside of her gudeman, who, being slightly indisposed on the Sunday afternoon, had lain down to rest, while she read the Scriptures, chancing to look up, she saw to her intense dismay a human head, apparently that of an old man, with a grey floating beard, suspended in mid-air, at a little distance, and gazing intently at her with elvish eyes. She swooned at this terrible sight, and remained insensible till the neighbours returned from church. Her husband strove to reason her out of her credulity, and the evening passed without further trouble; but they had not been long in bed when he himself espied the same phantom head by the fire-light, floating in mid-air, and eyeing him with ghostly eyes.

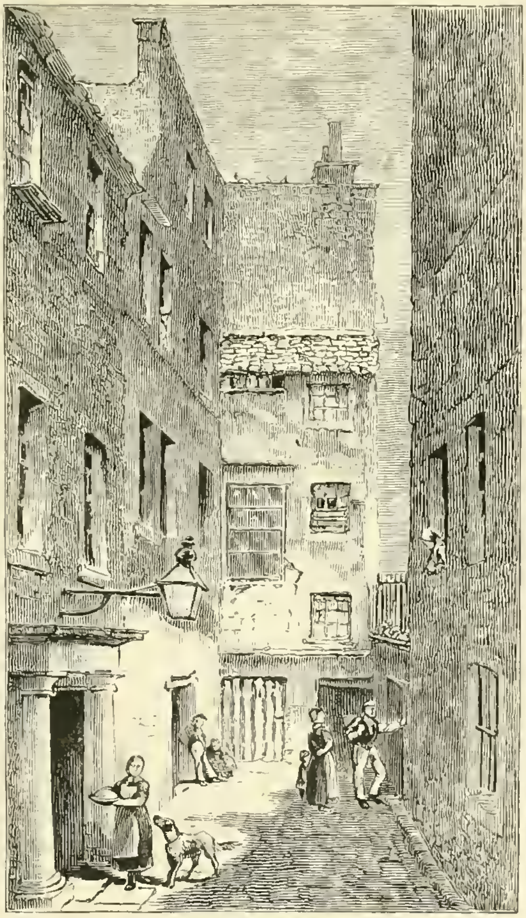
He lighted a candle, and betook him to prayer, but with little effect, for in about an hour the bodyless phantom was joined by that of a child, also suspended in mid-air, and this was followed by an arm, naked from the elbow, which, in defiance of all Coltheart's prayers and pious interjections, seemed bent on shaking hands with him and his wife!

In the most solemn way the luckless lawyer conjured these phantoms to entrust him with the story of any wrongs they wished righted; but all to no purpose. The old tenants evidently regarded the new as intruders, and others came to their aid, for the naked arm was joined by a spectral dog, which curled itself up in a chair, and went to sleep; and then came a cat, and many other creatures, but of grotesque and monstrous forms, till the whole room swarmed with them, so that the honest couple were compelled to kneel on their bed, there being no standing room on the floor; till suddenly, with a deep and awful groan, as of a strong man dying in agony, the whole vanished, and Mr. and Mrs. Coltheart found themselves alone.

In those days of superstition, Mr. Coltheart—if we are to believe Professor Sinclair—must have been a man of more than ordinary courage, for he continued to reside in this terrible house till the day of his death, without further molestation; but when that day came, it would seem not to have been unaccompanied by the supernatural. At the moment he expired, a gentleman, whose friend and law agent he was, while asleep in bed beside his wife, at Tranent, ten miles distant, was roused by the nurse, who had been terrified "by something like a cloud moving about the room."

Starting up with the first instinct of a Scot in those days, he seized his sword to defend himself, when "the something" gradually assumed the form and face of a man, who looked at him pale and ghastly, and in whom he recognised his friend Thomas Coltheart.

"Are you dead, and if so, what is your errand?" he demanded, despite his fears, on which the apparition shook its head twice and melted away. Proceeding at once to Edinburgh, the ghost-seer went direct to the house of his friend in Mary King's Close, and found the wife of the former in tears for the recent death of her husband. This account—a very common kind of ghost story—we are told, was related by the minister (of course) who was in the house on this occasion, to John Duke of Lauderdale (who died in 1682), in presence of many other nobles. After this the house was again deserted; yet another attempt was made to inhabit it—probably rent-free—by a courageous and drink-loving old soldier and his wife; but towards midnight the candle began to burn blue, and the grisly old head was seen to hover in mid-air, on which the terrified couple fled, and Mary King's Close was finally abandoned to desolation and decay. No record of its inmates in the flesh has ever been handed down, and thus the name of the place is associated with its goblins alone.



STAMP OFFICE CLOSE.

Professor Sinclair, who wrote the history of these, was author of several very learned works on astronomy, navigation, mathematics, and so forth; but he also favoured the world with a strange "Discourse concerning Coal"—a compound of science and superstition, containing an account of the witches of Glenluce, Sinclair being, like many other learned men of his time, a firm believer in the black art.

Passing Writers' Court and the Royal Exchange, both of which have been already described, we come to the once famous alley, Craig's Close, the lower end of which, like the rest of such thoroughfares in this quarter, has been removed to make way for Cockburn Street.

The old tenement which faces the High Street at the head of this close occupies the site of the open booth or shop of Andro Hart, the famous old Scottish printer; and therein was, of course, exposed for sale his well-known Bible, which has always been admired for its beautiful typography; his Barbour's "Bruce," his "Psalms in Scottish Meter," and other works that issued from his press. He flourished in the reign of James VI., and previous to 1600 he was in the habit of importing books from the Continent; but about 1601 he printed, at his own expense, several works in Holland; and subsequently commenced business as a printer in those premises in the High Street which, two centuries after his death in 1621, became the residence of the great bibliopole, Provost Creech, and of that still greater one, Archibald Constable.

A little way down the close on the east side was the printing-house of Andro Hart, a picturesque and substantial stone tenement, with finely moulded windows divided by mullions, and having the Sinclair arms on the bed-corbel of the crow-stepped gable.

Over the old doorway was the legend and date, "*My hoip is in Christ, A. S. M. K.*, 1593," under a label moulding. In 1828 there was presented to the Antiquarian Museum by Mr. Hutchison, printer, a very fine Scottish spear, which had been preserved from time immemorial in the old printing-house of Andro Hart, and is confidently believed to have been his—perhaps the same weapon with which he sallied forth to take part in the great tumult of 1596, when the king was besieged in the Tolbooth; for Calderwood and others distinctly tell us that the old printer was one of the foremost in the disturbance, and roused so much the indignation of the king, James VI., that he was sent prisoner to the Castle in February, 1597, together with two other booksellers, James and Edward Cathkin.

In 1759 a dromedary and camel were exhibited at the head of Craig's Close, where they seem to have been deemed two wonders of the world, and, according to the *Edinburgh Herald and Chronicle* for that year, it was doubted whether there were other "two such animals in the whole island of Great Britain."

Between the back and front tenements occupied of old by Andro Hart is a house, once a famous tavern, which formed the meeting-place of the Cape Club, one of the most noted of those wherein the leading men of "Auld Reekie" were wont to seek relaxation—one celebrated in Fergusson's poem on the city, and where a system of "high jinks" was kept up with an ardour that never abated.

In this tavern, then, the *Isle of Man Arms*, kept by James Mann, in Craig's Close, the "Cape Club" was nightly inaugurated, each member receiving on his election some grotesque name and character, which he was expected to retain and maintain for the future. From its minutes, which are preserved in the Antiquarian Museum, the club appears to have been formally constituted in 1764, though it had existed long before. Its insignia were a cape, or crown, worn by the *Sovereign of the Cape* on State occasions, when certain other members wore badges, or jewels of office, and two maces in the form of huge steel pokers, engraven with mottoes, and still preserved in Edinburgh, formed the sword and sceptre of the King in Cape Hall, when the jovial fraternity met for high jinks, and Tom Lancashire the comedian, Robert Fergusson the poet, David Herd, Alexander Runciman, Jacob More, Walter Ross the antiquary, Gavin Wilson the poetical shoemaker, the Laird of Cardrona a *bon vivant* of the last century, Sir Henry Raeburn, and, strange to say, the notorious Deacon Brodie, met round the "flowing bowl."

Tom Lancashire—on whom Fergusson wrote a witty epitaph—was the first sovereign of the club after 1764, as Sir Cape, while the title of Sir Poker belonged to its oldest member, James Aitken. David Herd, the ingenious collector of Scottish ballad poetry, succeeded Lancashire (who was a celebrated comedian in his day), under the sobriquet of Sir Scrape, having as secretary Jacob More, who attained fame as a landscape painter in Rome; and doubtless his pencil and that of Runciman, produced many of the illustrations and caricatures with which the old MS. books of the club abound.

When a knight of the Cape was inaugurated he was led forward by his sponsors, and kneeling before the sovereign, had to grasp the poker, and take an oath of fidelity, the knights standing by uncovered:—

> "I devoutly swear by this light,
> To be a true and faithful knight,
> With all my might,
> Both day and night,
> So help me Poker!"

The knights presented his Majesty with a contribution of 100 guineas to assist in raising troops in 1778. The entrance-fee to this amusing club was originally half-a-crown, and eventually it rose to a guinea; but so economical were the members, that among the last entries in their minutes was one to the effect that the suppers should be at "the old price" of 4½d. a head. Lancashire the comedian, leaving the stage, seems to have eked out a meagre subsistence by opening in the Canongate a tavern, where he was kindly patronised by the knights of the Cape, and they subsequently paid him visits at "Comedy Hut, New Edinburgh," a place of entertainment which he opened somewhere beyond the bank of the North Loch; and soon after this convivial club—one of the many wherein grave citizens and learned counsellors cast aside their powdered wigs, and betook them to what may now seem madcap revelry in very contrast to the rigid decorum of every-day life—passed completely away; but a foot-note to Wilson's "Memorials" informs us that "Provincial Cape Clubs, deriving their authority and diplomas from the parent body, were successively formed in Glasgow, Manchester, and London, and in Charleston, South Carolina, each of which was formally established in virtue of a royal commission granted by the Sovereign of the Cape. The American off-shoot of this old Edinburgh fraternity is said to be still flourishing in the Southern States."

In the "Life of Lord Kames," by Lord Woodhouselee, we have an account of the Poker Club, which held its meetings near this spot, at "our old landlord of the *Diversorium*, Tom Nicholson's, near the cross. The dinner was on the table at two o'clock; we drank the best claret and sherry; and the reckoning was punctually called at six o'clock. After the first fifteen, who were chosen by nomination, the members were elected by ballot, and two black balls excluded a candidate."

A political question—on the expediency of establishing a Scottish militia (while Charles Edward and Cardinal York were living in Rome)—divided the Scottish public mind greatly between 1760 and 1762, and gave rise to the club in the latter year, and it subsisted in vigour and celebrity till 1784, and continued its weekly meetings with great regularity, long after the object of its institution had ceased to engage attention; and it can scarcely be doubted that its influence was considerable in fostering talent and promoting elegant literature in Edinburgh, though the few publications of a literary nature that had been published under the auspices of the club were, like most of that nature, ephemeral, and are now utterly forgotten.

The only publication of sterling merit which enlivened the occasion that called it forth was "The History in the Proceedings of Margaret, commonly called Peg," written in imitation of Dr. Arbuthnot's "History of John Bull." In the memoirs of Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk an amusing account is given of the Poker Club, of which he was a zealous and constant attender. About the third or fourth meeting of the club, after 1762, he mentions that members were at a loss for a name for it, and wished one that should be of uncertain meaning, and not so directly offensive as that of Militia Club, whereupon Adam Fergusson, the eminent historian and moral philosopher, suggested the name of Poker, which the members understood, and which would "be an enigma to the public."

It comprehended all the *literati* of Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, most of whom—like Robertson, Blair, and Hume—had been members of the select society (those only excepted who were enemies to the Scottish militia scheme), together with a great many country gentlemen whose national and Jacobite proclivities led them to resent the invidious line drawn between Scotland and England.

Sir William Pulteney Johnston was secretary of the Poker Club, with two members, whom he was to consult anent its publications in a laughing hour. "Andrew Crosbie, advocate, was appointed *assassin* to the club, in case any service of that sort should be needed; but David Hume was named for his assistant, so that between the plus and minus there was no hazard of much bloodshed."

After a time the club removed its meetings to Fortune's Tavern, at the *Cross Keys*, in the Stamp Office Close, where the dinners became so showy and expensive that attendance began to decrease, and new members came in "who had no title to be there, and were not congenial" (the common fate of all clubs generally) "and so by death and desertion the Poker began to dwindle away, though a bold attempt was made to revive it in 1787 by some young men of talent and spirit." When Captain James Edgar, one of the original Pokers, was in Paris in 1773, during the flourishing time of the club, he was asked by D'Alembert to go with him to their club of literati, to which he replied with something of bluntness, "that the company of literati was no novelty to him, for he had a club at Edinburgh composed, he believed, of the ablest men in Europe. This" (adds Dr. Carlyle, whose original MS. Lord Kames quoted) "was no singular opinion; for the most enlightened foreigners had formed the same estimate of the literary society of Edinburgh at that time. The Princess Dashkoff, disputing with me one day at Buxton about the superiority of Edinburgh as a residence to most of the cities of Europe, when I had alleged various particulars, in which I thought we excelled, 'No,' said she, 'but I know *one* article you have not mentioned in which I must give you clearly the precedence, which is, that of all the societies of men of talent I have met with in my travels, yours is the first in point of abilities.'"

A few steps farther down the street bring us to the entrance of the Old Stamp Office Close, wherein was the tavern just referred to, Fortune's, one in the greatest vogue between 1760 and 1770. "The gay men of the city," we are told, "the scholarly and the philosophical, with the common citizens, all flocked hither; and here the Royal Commissioner for the General Assembly held his levées, and hence proceeded to church with his *cortége*, then additionally splendid from having ladies walking in it in their court dresses, as well as gentlemen."

The house occupied by this famous tavern had been in former times the residence of Alexander ninth Earl of Eglinton, and his Countess Susanna Kennedy of the house of Colzean, reputed the most beautiful woman of her time.

From the magnificent but privately printed "Memorials of the Montgomeries," we learn many interesting particulars of this noble couple, who dwelt in the Old Stamp Office Close. Whether their abode there was the same as that stated, of which we have an inventory, in the time of Hugh third Earl of Eglinton, "at his house in Edinburgh, 3rd March, 1563," given in the "Memorials," we have no means of determining. Earl Alexander was one of those patriarchal old Scottish lords who lived to a great age. He was thrice married, and left a progeny whose names are interspersed throughout the pages of the Douglas peerage. His last Countess, Susanna, was the daughter of Sir Archibald Kennedy, a sturdy old cavalier, who made himself conspicuous in the wars of Dundee. She was one of the co-heiresses of David Leslie Lord Newark, the Covenanting general whom Cromwell defeated at Dunbar. She was six feet in height, extremely handsome, with a brilliantly fair complexion, and a face of "the most bewitching loveliness." She had many admirers, Sir John Clerk of Penicuick among others; but her friends had always hoped she would marry the Earl of Eglinton, though he was more than old enough to have been her father, and when a stray hawk, with his lordship's name on its bells, alighted on her shoulder as she was one day walking in her father's garden at Colzean, it was deemed an infallible omen of her future.

The death of his second countess left the earl free to win the prize and fulfil the nursery predictions. "Admirers of a youthful, impassioned, and sonnet-making cast might have trembled at his approach to the shrine of their divinity, for his lordship was one of those titled suitors who, however old and horrible, are never rejected except in novels and romances;" and though Sir John Clerk had declared his passion, he did so in vain, and his lovely Susanna became Countess of Eglinton about the year of the Union.

To the charms of her personal appearance were added the more powerful attractions of genius and great accomplishments. Possessing these, in the elevated position which she occupied during a long lifetime, it is not surprising that many interesting particulars concerning her have been preserved and handed down to us. She had a grace and bearing all her own; hence the Eglinton *air* and the Eglinton manner were long proverbial in Edinburgh after she had passed away. Her seven daughters were all handsome women, and it was deemed indeed a goodly sight to see the long procession of eight gilded sedans issue from the Stamp Office Close, bearing her and her stately brood to the Assembly Room, amid a crowd that was hushed with respect and admiration, "to behold their lofty and graceful figures step from the chairs on the pavement. It could not fail to be a remarkable sight—eight singularly beautiful women, conspicuous

FLESHMARKET CLOSE. (*From a View pub.ished in* 1845.)

for their stature and carriage, all dressed in the splendid, though formal, fashions of that period, and inspired at once with dignity of birth and consciousness of beauty! Alas! such visions no longer illuminate the dark tortuosities of Auld Reekie!"

By his three countesses the Earl had twelve daughters, and he was beginning to despair of an heir to his title, when one was born to him. He died in 1729. Shortly before his death he wrote a letter to his son, the tenth Earl, in which he advised him never to marry an Englishwoman, and wherein the following passage occurs:—

"You came to live at a time, my chiefest care, when the right to these kingdoms comes to be a question betwixt the House of Hanover, in possession, and the descendants of King James. You are, in my poor opinion, not to intermeddle with either, but live abstractly at home, managing your affairs to the best advantage, and living in a good understanding with your friends; for since we are under the misery and slavery of being united to England, a Scotsman, without prostituting his honour, can obtain nothing by following a Court but bring his estate under debt, and consequently himself to necessity."

The Countess was a great patron of authors. Boyse dedicated his poems to her, as Allan Ramsay did his "Gentle Shepherd," and in doing so enlarged in glowing terms upon the virtues of his patroness.

SUSANNA, COUNTESS OF EGLINTON.

(*From the Portrait in the "Memoirs of the Montgomeries."*)

"If it were not for offending your ladyship here, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse, to delineate the finest of women by drawing your ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer, since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced."

William Hamilton of Bangour, an elegant poet and accomplished man, had recommended Allan Ramsay to her notice in an address, in which he eulogises her and her daughters. After referring to the evil passions indulged in by many, Hamilton draws the contrast thus:—

> "Unlike, O Eglintoun! thy happy breast,
> Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest;
> From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,
> Pure in thy thought and spotless in thy deed;
> In virtues rich, in goodness unconfined,
> Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;
> Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
> How swift to praise! how guiltless to defame!
> Bold in thy presence bashfulness appears,
> And backward merit loses all its fears.
> Supremely blest by Heaven—Heaven's richest grace
> Confest is thine, an early blooming race;
> Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,
> Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm;
> What transports shall they to thy soul impart
> (The conscious transports of a parent's heart),
> When thou behold'st them of each grace possest,
> And sighing youths imploring to be blest;
> After thy image formed, with charms like thine,
> Or in the visit, or the dance to shine!
> Thrice happy who succeed their mother's praise,
> The lovely Eglintounes of other days."

Save Lady Frances, all her daughters were well married; but her eldest son, Earl Alexander, was her especial favourite. In his youth, she said, she preserved the goodness of his nature by keeping his mind pure and untainted, and giving him just ideas of moral life. She is said never to have refused him a request but once. On the accession of George III. to the throne, the young earl was appointed one of the lords of the bedchamber. Proud of his stately mother and of her noble figure, he begged that she would walk in the procession at his Majesty's coronation; but the Countess—a true Jacobite—excused herself, that she was too old to wear robes now. His melancholy death at the hands of Mungo Campbell, in 1769, well nigh overwhelmed her. Indeed, she never entirely recovered from the shock of seeing her beloved son borne home mortally wounded.

During Dr. Johnson's visit to her, it came out that she was married before he was born; upon which she smartly and graciously said to him that she might have been his mother, and now adopted him; and at parting she embraced him, a mark of affection and condescension which made a lasting impression upon the mind of the great literary bear. In 1780 she died at Auchans, at the age of ninety-one, preserving to the last her grandeur of mien and her marvellous purity of complexion, a mystery to all the women of her time, and the secret of which was said to be that she periodically bathed her face with *sow's milk!* "I have seen a portrait," says Chambers, "taken in her eighty-first year, in which it is observable that her skin is of exquisite delicacy and tint. Altogether the Countess was a woman of ten thousand! . . . . One last trait may now be recorded: in her ladyship's bedroom was hung a portrait of her sovereign *de jure*, the ill-starred Charles Edward, so situated as to be the first object which met her sight on awaking in the morning."

With the state levées of the old Earl of Leven as High Commissioner at Fortune's tavern the ancient glories of the Stamp Office Close faded away; but an unwonted spectacle was exhibited at the head thereof in 1812—a public execution.

On the night of the 31st December, 1811, a band of young artisans and idlers, most of them under twenty years of age, but so numerous and so well organised as to set the regular police of the city at defiance, sallied forth, about eleven o'clock, into the streets, then crowded as usual at that festive season, and proceeded with bludgeons to knock down and rob every person of decent appearance who fell in their way—the least symptom on the part of the victims to resist, or protect their property, proving only a provocation to fresh outrages. These desperadoes had full possession of the streets till two in the morning, for the police, who at that period were wretchedly insufficient, were routed and dispersed from the commencement of the murderous riot.

One watchman, who did his duty in a resolute manner, was killed on the spot; a great number of persons were robbed, and a greater number dangerously, some mortally, wounded. When the police recovered from their surprise, assisted by several gentlemen, a number of the rioters were arrested, some with stolen articles in their possession, and the chief ringleaders were soon after discovered and taken into custody.

Four were tried and convicted; and three of these young lads were sentenced to be hanged. The magistrates had them executed on the 22nd of April, 1812, on a gallows erected at the head of the Stamp Office Close, in order to mark more impressively the detestation of their crimes, and because that place had been the chief scene of the bloodshed during the riot.

A small work entitled "Notes of Conversations," with these young desperadoes, was afterwards published by the Reverend W. Innes.

In 1821 the Stamp Office was removed from this close to the new buildings erected at Waterloo Place.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE HIGH STREET (*continued*).

The Anchor Close—Dawney Douglas's Tavern—The "Crown Room"—The Crochallan Club—Members—Burns among the Crochallan Fencibles—Smellie's Printing Office—Dundas's House, Fleshmarket Close—Mylne's Square—Lord Alva's House—The Countess of Sutherland and Lady Glenorchy—Birthplace of Fergusson—Halkerston's Wynd Port—Kinloch's Close—Carrubber's Close—The Episcopal Chapel—Clam Shell Land—Capt. Matthew Henderson—Allan Ramsay's Theatre—Its later Tenants—The Tailor's Hall—Bailie Fyfe's Close—"Heave awa,' lads, I'm no deid yet"—Chalmers' Close—Hope's House—Sandiland's Close—Bishop Kennedy's House—Grant's Close—Baron Grant's House.

One of the most interesting of the many old alleys of the High Street (continuing still on the north side thereof) is the Anchor Close.

A few yards down this dark and narrow thoroughfare bring us to the entrance of a scale-stair, having the legend, *The Lord is only my svport;* adjoining it is another and older door, inscribed *O . Lord . in . the . is . al . my . traist;* while an architrave bears a line from a psalm, *Be mercifvl to me*, under which we enter what was of old the famous festive and hospitable tavern of Daniel, or, as he was familiarly named by the Hays, Erskines, Pleydells, and Crosbies, who were his customers, Dawney Douglas, an establishment second to none in its time for convivial meetings, and noted for suppers of tripe, mince collops, rizzared haddocks, and fragrant hashes, that never cost more than sixpence a-head; yet on charges so moderate Dawney Douglas and his gudewife contrived to grow extremely rich before they died. Who caused the three holy legends to be carved, as in many other instances, no man knows, nor can one tell who resided here of old, except that it was in the seventeenth century the house of a senator entitled Lord Forglen. "The frequenter of Douglas's," we are told, "after ascending a few steps, found himself in a pretty large kitchen, through which numerous ineffable ministers of flame were continually flying about, while beside the door sat the landlady, a large, fat woman, in a towering head-dress and large-flowered silk gown, who bowed to every one passing. Most likely, on emerging from this igneous region, the party would fall into the hands of Dawney himself, and be conducted to an apartment."

He was a little, thin, weak, quiet, and submissive man; in all things a contrast to his wife.

Here met the famous club called the Crochallan Fencibles, which Burns has celebrated both in prose and verse, and to which he was introduced in 1787 by William Smellie, when in the city superintending the printing of his poems, and when, according to custom, one of the club was pitted against him in a contest of wit and humour. Burns bore the assault with perfect equanimity, and entered fully into the spirit of the meeting.

Dawney Douglas knew a sweet old Gaelic song, called "Cro Chalien," or, Colin's cattle, which he was wont to sing to his customers, and this led to the establishment of the club, which, with jocular reference to the many Scottish corps then raising, was named the Crochallan Fencibles, composed entirely of men of original character and talent. Each member took some military title or ludicrous office. Amongst them was Smellie, the famous printer, and author of the "Philosophy of Natural History." Individuals committing an alleged fault were subjected to mock trials, in which those members who were advocates could display their wit; and as one member was the *depute hangman* of the club, a little horse-play, with much mirth, at times prevailed.

The song of "Cro Chalien" had a legend connected therewith. Colin's wife died very young, but some months after he had buried her she was occasionally seen in the gloaming, when spirits are supposed to appear, milking her cows as usual, and singing the plaintive song to which Burns must often have listened amid the orgies in the Anchor Close.

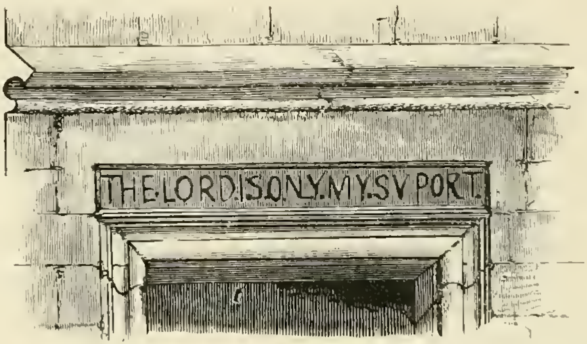
In Dawney's tavern the chief room was rather elegant and well-sized, having an access by the second of the doors described, and was reserved for large companies or important guests. *Par excellence*, it was named the "Crown Room," and was thus distinguished to guests on their bill tops, from some foolish and unwarrantable tradition that Queen Mary had once been there, when the crown was deposited in a niche in the wall. It was handsomely panelled, with a decorated fireplace and two lofty windows that opened to the close; but all this has disappeared now, and new buildings erected in 1869 have replaced the old.

Here, then, was Burns introduced to the jovial Crochallans, among whom were such men as Erskine, Lords Newton and Gillies, by Smellie the philosopher and printer who contested with Dr. Walker the chair of natural history in the University; and of one member, William Dunbar, W.S., "Colonel" of the club, a predominant wit, he has left us a characteristic picture:—

> "Oh, rattlin' roarin' Willie,
> Oh, he held to the fair,
> An' for to sell his fiddle,
> And buy some other ware;
> But parting wi' his fiddle,
> The saut tear blin't his ee;
> And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
> Ye're welcome hame to me!

"O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
Oh sell your fiddle sae fine;
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine.
If I should sell my fiddle,
The warl' would think I was mad,
For mony a rantin' day
My fiddle and I hae had.

"As I came by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben—
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Was sitting at yon board en'—
Sitting at yon board en',
And amang guid companie;
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
You're welcome hame to me!"

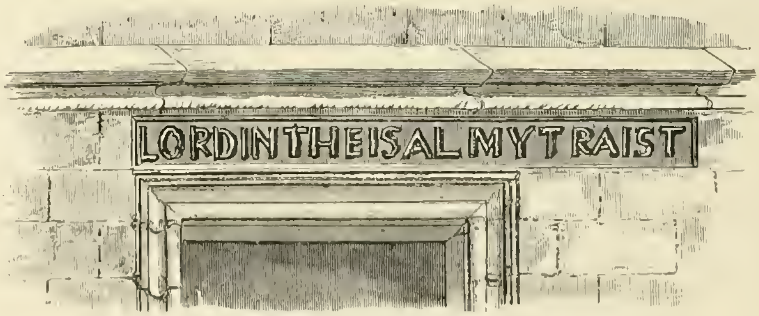


LINTEL OF DOORWAY IN DAWNEY DOUGLAS'S TAVERN.
(*From a Sketch by the Author.*)

In verse elsewhere Burns notes the peculiarities of his introducer, who had become, in middle life, careless of his costume and appearance:—

"To Crochallan came,
The old cocked hat, the brown surtout the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might;
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night."

At the foot of the close there stood, till 1859, the printing office of this strange genius (who died in 1795), "and there the most eminent literary men of that period visited and superintended the printing of works that have made the press of the Scottish capital celebrated throughout Europe. There was the haunt of Dr. Blair, Beattie, Black, Robertson, Adam Fergusson, Adam Smith, Lords Monboddo, Hailes, Kames, Henry Mackenzie, Arnot, Hume, and foremost among the host, the poet Burns."


LORD IN THE IS AL MY TRAIST

LINTEL OF DOORWAY, DAWNEY DOUGLAS'S TAVERN.
(*From a Sketch by the Author.*)

Here was long shown an old time-blackened desk, at which these, and other men such as these, revised their proofs, and a stool on which Burns sat while correcting the proofs of his poems published between December, 1786, and April, 1787.

Lower down the close, over the doorway of a house where the Bill Chamber stood for several generations, were carved the date, 1616, and the initials W.R.—C.M.; and the house immediately below it contained the only instance known to exist in Edinburgh of a legend over an interior doorway:

AUGUSTA. AD. VSVM. AVGVSTA.
W. F. B. G.

These were the initials of William Fowler, a merchant burgess of Edinburgh, supposed to be the author of "The Triumph of Death," and the others are, of course, those of his wife. As to what this house was originally nothing is known, and the peculiarity of the legend has been a puzzle to many.

Later it was the residence of Sir George Drummond, who in 1683 and 1684 was Lord Provost of the city. In those days the lower ground that sloped down to the North Loch appears to have been all laid out in pleasant gardens, wherein stood a summer-house belonging to Lord Forglen, who was Sir Alexander Ogilvie, Bart., a commissioner for the Treaty of Union, and who was accused by Sir Alexander Forbes of Tolquhoun of stealing a gilded drinking-cup out of his house, a mistake, as it proved, in the end.

Eastward of this were, in succession, Geddes's, Jackson's, and the Fleshmarket Closes. At the head of the latter, in the third flat of an old land, Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, began to practise as an advocate.

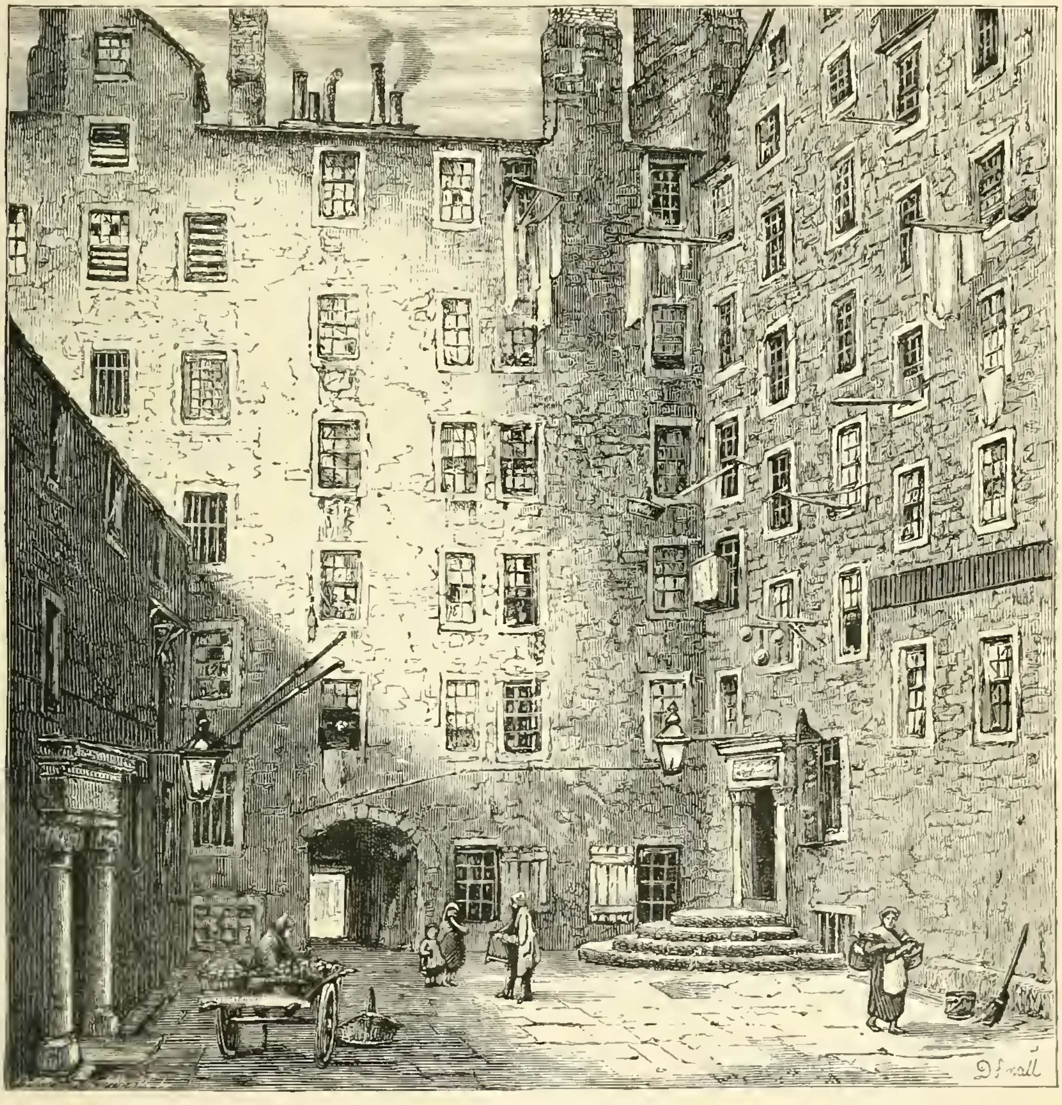
Adjoining this is Mylne's Square, the entrance to which bears the date of 1689, a lofty and gloomy court, having on its side a flight of steps to the North Bridge. This—the project of one of the famous masonic family of Mylne—was among the first improvements effected in the old town, before its contented burgesses became aspiring, and dreamt of raising a New Edinburgh, beyond the oozy bed of the bordering loch. Many distinguished people lived here of old.

Among them was Charles Erskine of Alva, Lord

Justice Clerk in 1748, who long occupied two flats on the west side of the square, the back windows of which overlook the picturesque vista of Cockburn Street, and the door of which was among the last that displayed the ancient *risp*.

This cadet of the loyal and ancient house of Mar was born in 1680, and died in 1763. Before the rise of the new city, it affords us a curious glimpse of the contented life that such a legal dignitary led in those days, when we find him happy during winter in a double flat, in this obscure place, and in summer at the little villa of Drumsheugh, swept away in 1877, and of which no relic now remains, save the rookery with its old trees in Randolph Crescent.

Wily old Simon Lord Lovat, of the '45, who was perpetually involved in law pleas, frequently visited Lord Alva at his house in Mylne's Square; and the late Mrs. Campbell of Monzie, his daughter, was wont to tell that when Lord Lovat caught her in the stair "he always took her up in his arms and kissed her, to her horror—he was so ugly."



MYLNE'S SQUARE.

In this mansion in Mylne's Square Lord Alva's two step-daughters, the Misses Maxwell of Reston, were married; one, Mary, became the Countess of William Earl of Sutherland, a captain in the 56th Foot, who, when France threatened invasion in 1759, raised, in two months, a regiment among his own clan and followers; the other, Willielmina, became the wife of John Lord Glenorchy.

The fate of the Earl of Sutherland, and of his countess, whose beauty excited the admiration of all at the coronation of George III., was a very cloudy one. In frolicking with their first-born, a daughter, the earl let the infant drop, and it sustained injuries from which it never recovered, and the event had so serious an effect on his mind, that he resorted to Bath, where he died of a malignant fever. For twenty-one days the countess, then about to have a babe again, attended him unremittingly, till she too caught the distemper, and pre-deceased him by a few days, in her twenty-sixth year. Her death was sedulously concealed from him, yet the day before he expired, when delirium passed away, he said, "I am going to join my dear wife," as if his mind had already begun to penetrate the veil that hangs between this world and the next.

In one grave in Holyrood, near the north-east corner of the ruined chapel, the remains of this ill-fated couple were laid, on the 9th of August, 1766.

Lady Glenorchy, a woman remarkable for the piety of her disposition, was far from happy in her marriage; but we are told that "she met with her rich reward, even in this world, for she enjoyed the applause of the wealthy and the blessings of the poor, with that supreme of all pleasures—the conviction that the eternal welfare of those in whose fate she was chiefly interested was forwarded by her precepts and example."

In after years, the Earl of Hopetoun, when acting as Royal Commissioner to the General Assembly, was wont to hold his state levees in the house that had been Lord Alva's.

To the east of Mylne's Square stood some old alleys which were demolished to make way for the North Bridge, one of the greatest local undertakings of the eighteenth century. One of these alleys was known as the Cap and Feather Close, immediately above Halkerston's Wynd. The lands that formed the east side of the latter were remaining in some places almost intact till about 1850.

In one of these, but which it was impossible to say, was born on the 5th of September, 1750, that luckless but gifted child of genius, Robert Fergusson, the poet, whose father was then a clerk in the British Linen Company; but even the site of his house, which has peculiar claims on the interest of every lover of Scottish poetry, cannot be indicated.

How Halkerston's Wynd obtained its name we have already told. Here was an outlet from the ancient city by way of a dam or dyke across the loch, to which Lord Fountainhall refers in a case dated 21st February, 1708. About twenty years before that time it would appear that the Town Council "had opened a new port at the foot of Halkerston's Wynd for the convenience of those who went on foot to Leith; and that Robert Malloch, having acquired some lands on the other side of the North Loch, and made yards and built houses thereon, and also having invited sundry weavers and other good tradesmen to set up on Moutree's Hill [site of the Register House], and the deacons of crafts finding this prejudicial to them, and contrary to the 154th Act of Parliament, 1592," evading which, these craftsmen paid neither "scot, lot, nor stent," the magistrates closed up the port, and a law plea ensued between them and the enterprising Robert Malloch, who was accused of filling up a portion of the bank of the loch with soil from a quarry. "The town, on the other hand, did stop the vent and passage over the loch, which made it overflow and drown Robert's new acquired ground, of which he complained as an act of oppression."

Eventually the magistrates asserted that the loch was wholly theirs, and "that therefore he could drain no part of it, especially to make it regorge and inundate on their side. The Lords were going to take trial by examining the witnesses, but the magistrates prevented it, by opening the said port of their own accord, without abiding an order, and let the sluice run," by which, of course, the access by the gate was rendered useless.

Kinloch's Close adjoined Halkerston's Wynd, and therein, till about 1830, stood a handsome old substantial tenement, the origin and early occupants of which were all unknown. A mass of curious and abutting projections, the result of its peculiar site, it had a finely-carved entrance door, with the legend, *Feir. God. in. Luif.*, 1595, and the initials I. W., and the arms of the surname of Williamson, together with a remarkable device, a saltire, from the centre of which rose a cross—symbol of passion.

Passing Allan Ramsay's old shop, a narrow bend gives us access to Carrubber's Close, the last stronghold of the faithful Jacobites after 1688. Episcopacy was abolished in 1689, and although from that period episcopal clergymen had no legal provision or settlement, they were permitted, without molestation, to preach in meeting-houses till 1746; but as they derived no emolument from Government, and no provision from the State, they did not, says Arnot, perplex their consciences with voluminous and unnecessary oaths, but merely excluded the name of "the Hanoverian usurpers" from all their devotions. But the humble chapels with which these old Scottish Episcopalians contented themselves in Carrubber's Close, Skinner's Close, and elsewhere, present a wonderful contrast to their St. Paul's and St. Mary's in the Edinburgh of to-day.

In this close was the house of Robert Ainslie's master, during Burns's visit to Edinburgh, Mr. Samuel Mitchelson, a great musical amateur; and here it was that occurred the famous "Haggis Scene," described by Smollett in "Humphrey Clinker." At the table of Mitchelson the poet was a frequent guest, while on another floor of the old Clam Shell Land, as it was named, dwelt another friend of Burns's, the elder Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, prior to his removal to the New Town. On the second floor of an ancient stone land at the head of the close dwelt Captain Matthew Henderson, a well-known antiquary, a gentleman of agreeable and dignified manners, who was a hero of Minden, and a member of the Crochallan Club, and dined constantly at Fortune's tavern.

He died in 1789, and Burns wrote a powerful elegy on him as "a gentleman who held the patent for his honours immediately from Almighty God." "I loved the man much, and have not flattered his memory," said Burns in a note to the elegy, which contains sixteen verses. The old captain was one whom all men liked. "In our travelling party," says Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglas in his (suppressed) Memoirs, "was Matthew Henderson, then (1759) and afterwards well known and much esteemed in the town of Edinburgh, at that time an officer in the 25th Regiment of Foot, and, like myself, on his way to join the army; and I may say with truth, that in the course of a long life I have never known a more estimable character than Matthew Henderson."

This close was the scene of the unsuccessful speculation of another poet, for here Allan Ramsay made a bold attempt to establish his theatre, which was roughly closed by the magistrates in 1737, after it had been barely opened, for which he took a poet's vengeance in rhyme in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The edifice, which stood at the foot of the close, was quizzically named St. Andrew's Chapel, and in 1773 was the arena for the debates of a famous speculative club named the Pantheon.

Five years subsequently *blind* Dr. Moyes, the clever lecturer on natural philosophy, held forth therein to audiences both fashionable and select, on optics, the property of light, and so forth. It was afterwards occupied by Mr. John Barclay, founder of the Bereans, whose chief tenet was, that the knowledge of the existence of God is derived from revelation and not from Scripture.

From him and his followers Ramsay's luckless theatre passed to the Rev. Mr. Tait and other founders of the Rowites, during whose occupancy the pulpit was frequently filled by the celebrated Edward Irving. The Relief and Secession congregations have also had it in succession; the Catholics have used it as a schoolroom; and till its demolition to make way for Jeffrey Street, it has been the arena of a strange *olla podrida* of personages and purposes.

In Carrubber's Close stood the ancient Tailor's Hall, the meeting-place of a corporation whose charter, granted to them by the Town Council, is dated 20th October, 1531, and with their original one, was further confirmed by charters from James V. and James VI. They had an altar in St. Giles's Church dedicated to their patron St. Ann, and the date of their seal of cause is 1500. They had also an altar dedicated to St. Ann in the Abbey church, erected in 1554 by permission of Robert Commendator of Holyrood.

The fine old hall in the Cowgate has long since been abandoned by the Corporation, which still exists; and in their other place of meeting in Carrubber's Close an autograph letter of King James VI., which hung framed and glazed over the old fireplace, was long one of its chief features.

It was dated in 1594, and ran thus; but a few lines will suffice for a specimen:—

> "Dekin and remanent Maisters and Brethren of the Tailyer Craft within oure burgh of Edinburgh, we gret zow weill.
>
> "Forsaemeikle as, respecting the gude service of *Alexander Miller*, in making and working the abulzements of our awn person, minding to continue him in oure service, as ain maist fit and meit persone. We laitlie recommendit him into zow be oure letter of requiest, desiring you to receive and admit him *gratis* to the libertie and fredom of the said craft, as a thing maist requisite for him, having the cair of our awin wark, notwithstanding that he was not prenteis amongis zow, according to your ancient liberties and priviliges had in the contraie. Willing zow at this our requiest to dispense him thereanent, &c., JAMES R."

The king's request was no doubt granted, and the Alexander Miller to whom it referred died in 1616, a reputable burgess, whose tomb in the Greyfriars' churchyard was inscribed thus by his heirs:—

> "*Alexandro Millero, Jacobi Mag. Brit. Franciæ, &c., Regis Sartori, ad finem vitæ, primario, hæredes. F. C. vixit annis* 57, *obiit Principis et Civium lucta decoratus, Anno* 1616. *Maii* 2."

When the Company of Merchant Tailors in London requested James to become a member of their guild, he declined, on the plea that he "was already free of another company," and referred to the similar corporation in his native capital, but added that his son Henry, the Prince of Wales, would avail himself of the honour, and that he himself would be present at the ceremony.

From "Guthrie's Memoirs" we learn that in 1643 a solemn and important meeting was held in the Tailor's Hall between the conservators of peace with England and commission of the General Assembly.

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL, CARRUBBER'S CLOSE.

St. Magdalene's Chapel, and the modern Mary's Chapel in Bell's Wynd, form the chief halls of the remaining corporations of Edinburgh that have long survived the purposes for which they were originally incorporated.

In August, 1758, there occurred a dreadful fire in Carrubber's Close, on which occasion four tenements containing fifteen families were burned down, and many persons were severely injured.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century gentility was still lingering here, for in the *Edinburgh Advertiser* for 1783 we read of the house of Stuart Barclay of Collairnie—having a drawing-room measuring 19ft. by 14ft.—being for sale; and also that belonging to Neil Campbell of Duntroon, at the foot of the close.

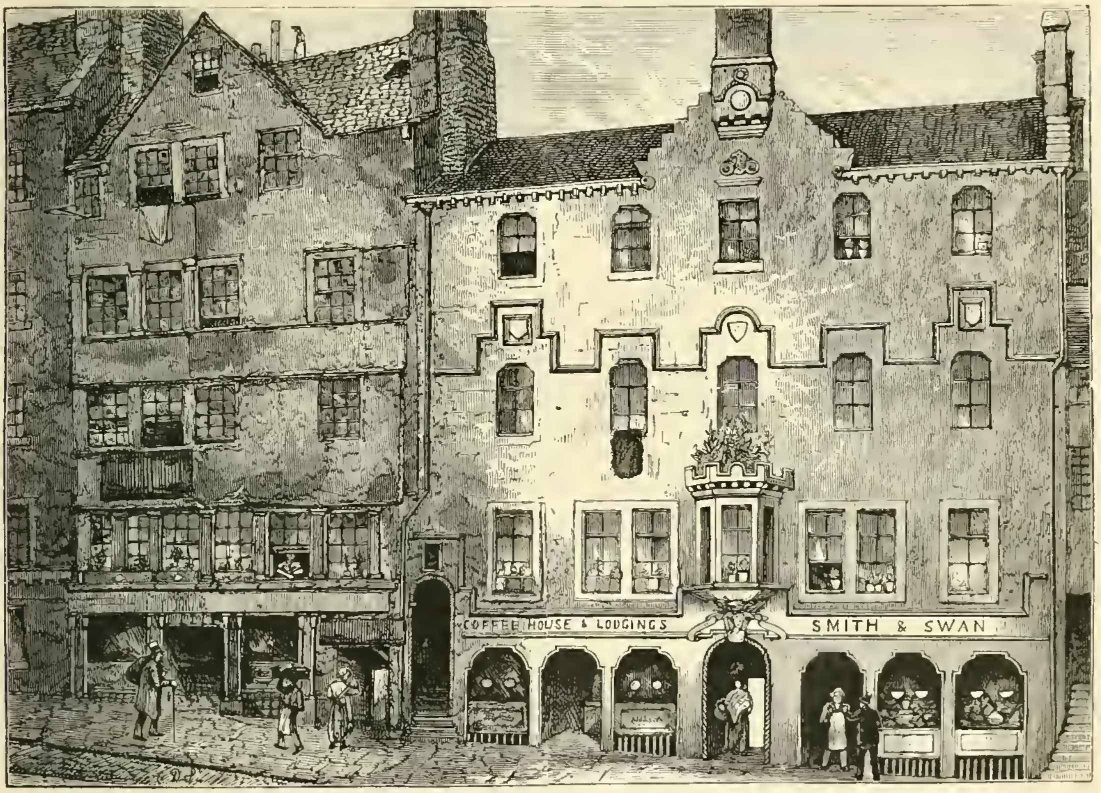
At the head of Bailie Fyfe's Close, No. 107, High Street, there stood a stately old stone tenement, having carved above one of its upper windows a shield bearing two mullets in chief, with a crescent in base—the arms of Trotter, with the initials I. T. I. M., and the date 1612. Elsewhere there was another shield, having the arms of the Parleys of Yorkshire impaled with those of Hay, and the legend *Be. Pasient. in. the. Lord*, and to this edifice a peculiar interest is attached.

After standing for close on 250 years, it sank suddenly—and without any premonitory symptoms or warning—to the ground with a terrible crash at midnight on the 10th of November, 1863, burying in its ruins thirty-five persons, and shooting out into the broad street a mighty heap of rubbish. A few of the inmates almost miraculously escaped destruction from the peculiar way in which some of the strong oak beams and fragments of flooring fell over them; and among those who did so was a lad, whose sculptured effigy, as a memorial of the event, now decorates a window of the new edifice, with a scroll, whereon are carved the words he was heard uttering piteously to those who were digging out the killed and wounded: "Heave awa, lads, I'm no deid yet!"

In Chalmer's Close an old house was connected in a remote way with the famous Lord Francis Jeffrey, whose grandfather dwelt there when in the trade as a barber and periwig maker, and the old close is said to have been in his boyhood a favourite haunt of the future judge and critic.

In large old English letters the name **JOHN HOPE** appears cut over the doorway of an adjacent turnpike stair, with a coat of arms, now completely obliterated, and on the bed-corbel of the crowstepped gable is another shield, sculptured with a coat armorial and the initials I. H. Moulded mullions and transoms divided the large windows, a rather uncommon feature in Scottish domestic architecture; and from the general remains of decayed magnificence, the name, initials, and arms, this is supposed—but cannot be absolutely declared—to be the mansion of the founder of the noble family of Hopetoun, John de Hope, who came from France in the retinue of Magdalene of Valois, the first queen of James V., and who, with his son Edward, had two booths eastward of the old Kirk Style. But the name of Hope was known in Scotland in the days of Alexander III.; and James III., in 1488, gave to Thomas Hope a grant of some land near Leith.

No. 71 is Sandiland's Close, where tradition, but tradition only, avers there dwelt that learned and munificent prelate, James Kennedy, Bishop of Dunkeld, Lord High Chancellor, and the upright counsellor of James II. and James III. The building indicated as having been his residence is a large stone tenement of great antiquity on the east side, having thereon a coat of arms and a mitre, which were removed a few years ago; and our best antiquary asserts that "the whole appearance of the building is perfectly consistent with the supposition" that it had been Bishop Kennedy's abode. "The form and decorations of the doorways all prove an early date; while the large and elegant mouldings of the windows, and the massive appearance of the whole building, indicate such magnificence as would well consort with the dignity of the primacy at that early period."



HOUSE IN HIGH STREET WITH MEMORIAL WINDOW, "HEAVE AWA, LADS, I'M NO DEID YET!"

Bishop Kennedy, author of a history of his own times, now lost, died in 1466, and was interred at St. Andrews.

Baron Grant's and Bailie Grant's Closes were among the last alleys on this side, adjoining the Nether Bow Port. An advertisement in the *Edinburgh Courant* for 1761, in describing the house of Mr. Grant (who was a Baron of the Exchequer Court) as offered for sale, gives us a pretty accurate idea of what a mansion in the Old Town was in those days:—

"A large and convenient house, entering by a close mostly paved with flagstones, on the north side of the street near the Nether Bow, consisting of eight rooms, painted last year, or papered, some with Chinese paper; a marble chimney-piece from the ceiling in one, concaves and slabes (*sic*) two other of the rooms; the drawing-room elegantly fitted up, painted, gilded, and carved in the newest style, with light closets to all the bed-rooms and other conveniences to the dining-room and parlour; wine cellar and large kitchen, a coal-fauld, fire-room for servants, and larder; a hen-house and cribbs, for feeding all sorts of fowls; a house for a sedan-chair; a rack to contain 10 gross of bottles, all built and slated; a garden extending down the greatest part of Leith Wynd, planted with flowering shrubs, and servitude for a separate entry to it, passing by the gate of Lord Edgefield's house."

The garden referred to must have been bounded by the massive portion of the eastern wall of the city, which fell down about twenty years ago; and the Lord Edgefield, whose neighbour the Baron had been, was Mr. Robert Pringle, who was raised to the Bench in 1754, and, dying ten years after, was succeeded by the well-known Lord Pitfour.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE HIGH STREET—(*continued*).

"The Salamander Land"—The Old Fishmarket Close—Heriot's Mansion—The Deemster's House—Borthwick's Close—Lord Durie's House—Old Assembly Rooms—Edinburgh Assemblies, 1720–53—Miss Nicky Murray—Formalities of the Balls—Ladies' Fashions—Assemblies Removed to Bell's Wynd—Blair Street and Hunter's Square—Kennedy's Close—George Buchanan's Death—Niddry's Wynd—Nicol Edwards' House—A Case of Homicide in 1597—A Quack Doctor—Livingstone's Liberty.

In describing the closes and wynds which diverge from the great central street of the old city on the south we must resume at the point where the great fire of 1824 ceased, a conflagration witnessed by Sir Walter Scott, who says of it :—

"I can conceive no sight more grand or terrible than to see those lofty buildings on fire from top to bottom, vomiting out flames like a volcano from every aperture, and finally crashing down one after another into an abyss of fire, which resembled nothing but hell; for there were vaults of wine and spirits, which sent up huge jets of flames wherever they were called into activity by the fall of these massive fragments."

"The Salamander Land," an enormous black tenement, so named from its having survived or escaped the fires that raged eastward and westward of it, and named also from that curious propensity, which is so peculiarly Scottish, for inventive and appropriate sobriquets, was removed to make way for the Police Chambers and the *Courant* office, in the latter of which James Hannay, the author of "Satire and Satirists" and several other works, and Joseph Robertson, the well-known Scottish antiquary, conducted the editorial duties of that paper, the first editor of which was Daniel Defoe. "We have been told," says Wilson, writing of the old tenement in question, "that this land was said to have been the residence of Daniel Defoe while in Edinburgh; the tradition, however, is entirely unsupported by other testimony."

Descending the street on the south, as we have done on the north, we shall peep into each of the picturesque alleys that remain, and recall those which are no more, with all the notables who once dwelt therein, and summon back the years, the men, and the events that have passed away.

Through "the Salamander Land" a spacious archway led into the Old Fishmarket Close, where, previous to the great fire, an enormous pile of buildings reared their colossal front, with that majestic effect produced now by the back of the Royal Exchange and of James's Court, and where now the lofty tenements of the new police office stand.

To this alley, wherein the cannon shot of Kirkaldy fell with such dire effect during the great siege of 1573, Moyse tells us the plague was brought, on the 7th of May, 1588, by a servant woman from St. Johnston.

Within the Fishmarket Close was the mansion of George Heriot, the royal goldsmith, wherein more recently resided President Dundas, "father of Lord Melville, a thorough *bon vivant* of the old claret-drinking school of lawyers."

Here, too, dwelt, we learn from Chambers's "Traditions," the Deemster, a finisher of the law's last sentence, a grim official, who annually drew his fee from the adjacent Royal Bank; and one of the last of whom, when not officiating at the west end of the Tolbooth or the east end of the Grassmarket, eked out his subsistence by cobbling shoes.

Borthwick's Close takes its name from the noble and baronial family of Borthwick of that ilk, whose castle, a few miles south from the city, is one of the largest and grandest examples of the square tower in Scotland. In the division of the city in October, 1514, the third quarter is to be—according to the Burgh records—"frae the Lopelie Stane with the Cowgaitt, till Lord Borthwick's Close," assigned to "Bailie Bansun," with his sergeant Thomas Arnott, and his quartermaster Thomas Fowler.

The property on the middle of the east side of the close belonged to one of the Lords Napier of Merchiston, but to which there is no record to show; and it is not referred to in the minute will of the inventor of logarithms, who died in 1617.

A new school belonging to Heriot's Hospital occupies the ground that intervenes between this alley and the old Assembly Close.

On that site stood the town mansion of Lord Durie, President of the Court of Session in 1642, the hero of the ballad of "Christie's Will," and according thereto the alleged victim of the Earl of Traquair, as given in a very patched ballad of the Border Minstrelsy, beginning :—

> "Traquair he has ridden up Chapelhope,
> And sae has he doon by the Greymare's Tail;
> But he never stinted his light gallop,
> Till he spiered for Christie's Will."

And hence for a time the alley bore the name of Lord Durie's Close.

On the site of his mansion, till its destruction by the fire of 1824, stood the Old Assembly Rooms of Edinburgh, to which the directors of *haut ton* removed their fashionable *réunions* about the year 1720 from the West Bow; and which in a "sasine" in the charter room of the burgh, dated 1723, is described as being "that big hall, or great room, now known by the name of the Assembly House, being part of that new great stone tenement of land, lately built."

There it was that the Honourable Miss Nicky Murray reigned supreme as lady-directress and goddess of fashion, for many years during the middle of the eighteenth century. She was a sister of the Earl of Mansfield, and was a woman possessed of much good sense, firmness, knowledge of the world, and of the characters of those by whom she was surrounded. With her sisters she lived long in one of the tenements at the head of Bailie Fyfe's Close, where she annually received whole broods of fair country cousins, who came to town to receive the finishing touches of a girl's education, and be introduced to society—the starched and stately society of old Edinburgh.

The Assembly Room was in the close to which it gave its name. It had a spacious lobby, lighted by sconces, where the gilded sedans set down their powdered, hooped, and wigged occupants, while links flared, liveried valets jostled, and swords were sometimes drawn; and where a reduced gentleman—a claimant to the ancient peerage of Kirkcudbright—sold gloves, for which he was rather ungenerously sneered at by Oliver Goldsmith.

From this lobby the dancing-hall opened at once, and up-stairs was a tea-room. The former had in its centre a railed space, within which were the dancers; while the spectators, we are told, sat on the outside, and no communication was permitted between the different sides of this sacred pale. Here it was that in 1753 Goldsmith first saw, with some astonishment, the formalities of the old Scottish balls. He relates that on entering the dancing-room he saw one end of it taken up by the ladies, who sat dismally in a group by themselves. "On the other end stand their pensive partners that are to be, but no more intercourse between the sexes than between two countries at war. The ladies, indeed, may ogle, and the gentlemen sigh, but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce."

The lady directress occupied a high chair, or species of throne, upon a dais at one end, and thereon sat Miss Nicky Murray in state. Her immediate predecessors there had been Mrs. Browne of Colstoun, and Lady Minto, daughter of Sir Robert Stuart of Allanbank.

The whole arrangements were of a rigid character, with a general tending to the promotion of dulness, there being but one set at a time permitted to occupy the floor; it was seldom that any one was twice upon it in one night, and often the most beautiful girls in the city passed it, as mere spectators, which threw serious duties on the gentlemen in the way of conversation.

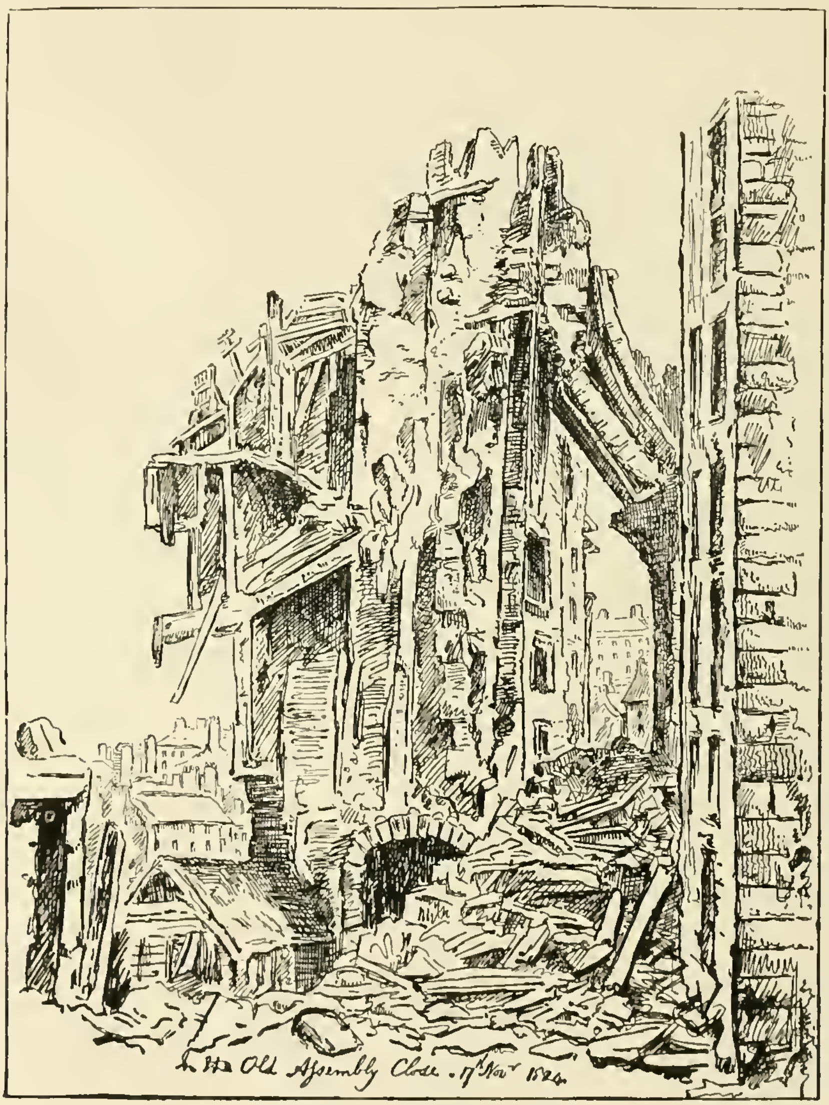
The latter usually sorted themselves with one partner for the whole year! The arrangements were generally made at some preliminary ball or other gathering, when a gentleman's cocked hat was unflapped and the ladies' fans were placed therein, and, as in a species of ballot, the beaux drew forth the latter, and to whomsoever the fan belonged he was to be the partner for the season, a system often productive of absurd combinations and many a petty awkwardness. "Then," as Sir Alexander Boswell wrote—

> "The Assembly Close received the fair—
> Order and elegance presided there—
> Each gay Right Honourable had her place,
> To walk a minuet with becoming grace.
> No racing to the dance, with rival hurry—
> Such was thy sway, O famed Miss Nicky Murray!
> Each lady's fan a chosen Damon bore,
> With care selected many a day before;
> For, unprovided with a favourite beau,
> The nymph, chagrined, the ball must needs forego,
> But previous matters to her taste arranged,
> Certes, the constant couple never changed;
> Through a long night, to watch fair Delia's will,
> The same dull swain was at her elbow still."

With sword at side, and often hat in hand, the gallants of those days escorted the chairs of their partners home to many a close and wynd now the abode of squalor and sordid poverty; for much of stately and genuine old-fashioned gallantry prevailed, as if it were part of the costume, referred to by the poet:—

> "Shades of my fathers! in your pasteboard skirts,
> Your broidered waistcoats and your plaited shirts,
> Your formal bag-wigs, wide extended cuffs,
> Your five-inch chitterlings and nine-inch ruffs.
> Gods! how ye strut at times in all your state,
> Amid the visions of my thoughtful pate!"

Those who attended the assemblies belonged exclusively to the upper circle of society that then existed in Edinburgh; and Miss Murray, on hearing a young lady's name mentioned to her for approval, was wont to ask, "Miss—of *what?*" and if no territorial or family name followed, she might dismiss the matter by a wave of her fan, for, according to her views, it was necessary to be "a lady o' that ilk;" and it is well known, that "upon one occasion, seeing at an assembly a man who had been raised to wealth in some humble trade, she went up to him, and without the least deference to his fine laced coat, taxed him with presumption in coming there, and turned him out of the room."


In the Old Assembly Close. 17th Novr 1824.

RUINS IN THE OLD ASSEMBLY CLOSE, AFTER THE GREAT FIRE, NOV., 1824.

(Reduced Fac-simile of a Print of the Period.)

The hours kept were early in those days, and the moderate time was never protracted. When the hour of departure came even the most winning young couples would crowd about her throne, petitioning for "one dance more," but the inexorable Miss Nicky vacated her seat, and by a wave of her fan silenced the musicians and summoned the candle-snuffers.

The evening was then the fashionable time for receiving company in Edinburgh, when people were all abroad upon the streets, after dinner calling and shopping, just as people perform these duties before that meal now.

Then gentlemen wore the Ramillies wig or tied hair, small three-cornered hats laced with gold or silver, large skirted, collarless coats with square cuffs, and square-toed shoes; and the dresses of the ladies, if quaint, gave them dignity and grace. "How fine it must have been to see, as an old gentleman told me he had seen," says Dr. Chambers, "two hooped ladies moving along the Lawnmarket in a summer evening, and filling up the whole footway with their stately and voluminous persons!"

Ladies in Edinburgh then wore the calash, a kind of hood formed of cane covered with silk, to protect the powdered head of loftily-dressed hair, when walking or driving, and it could be folded back flat like the hood of a carriage; they also wore the capuchin or short cloak tippet, reaching to the elbows, usually of silk trimmed with velvet or lace. In walking, they carried the skirt of the long gown over one arm, a necessary precaution in the wynds and closes of 1750, as well as to display the rich petticoat below; but on entering a room, the full train swept majestically behind them; and their stays were so long, as to touch the chair before and behind when seated.

The vast hoops proved a serious inconvenience in the turnpike stairs of the Old Town, when, as ladies had to tilt them up, it was absolutely necessary to have a fine show petticoat beneath; and we are told that such "care was taken of appearances, that even the garters were worn fine, being either embroidered, or having gold or silver fringes and tassels. . . . Plaids were worn by ladies to cover their heads and muffle their faces when they went into the street;" and we have already shown how vain were the fulminations of magistrates against the latter fashion.

In 1733 the silk stockings worn by ladies and gentlemen were so thick, and so heavily adorned with gold and silver, that they could rarely be washed perhaps more than once. The Scottish ladies used enormous Dutch fans; and all women high and low wore prodigious busks.

Below the Old Assembly Close is one named from the Covenant, that great national document and solemn protest against interference with the religion of a free people having been placed for signature at a period after 1638 in an old mansion long afterwards used as a tavern at the foot of the alley.

Lower down we come to Bell's Wynd, 146, High Street, which contained another Assembly Room, for the Edinburgh fashionables, removed thither, in 1758, to a more commodious hall, and there the weekly reunions and other balls were held in the seasòn, until the erection of the new hall in George Street.

Blair Street, and Hunter's Square, which was built in 1788, occasioned the removal of more than one old alley that led down southward to the Cowgate, among them were Marlin's and Peebles' Wynds, to which we shall refer when treating of the North and South Bridges. The first tenement of the former at the right corner, descending, marks the site of Kennedy's Close, on the first floor of the first turnpike on the left hand, wherein George Buchanan, the historian and poet, died in his 76th year, on the morning of Friday the 28th of September, 1582, and from whence he was borne to his last home in the Greyfriars' churchyard. The last weeks of his life were spent, it is alleged, in the final correction of the proofs of his history, equally remarkable for its pure Latinity and for its partisan spirit. He survived its appearance only a month.

When on his death-bed, finding that all the money he had about him was insufficient to defray the expense of his funeral, he ordered his servant to divide it among the poor, adding "that if the city did not choose to bury him they might let him lie where he was."

The site of his grave is now unknown, though a "throchstone" would seem to have marked it so lately as 1710. A skull, believed to be that of Buchanan, is preserved in the Museum of the University, and is so remarkably thin as to be transparent; but the evidence in favour of the tradition, though not conclusive, does not render its truth improbable. From the Council Records in 1701, it would seem that Buchanan's gravestone had sunk into the earth, and had gradually been covered up.

In the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1788 we are told that the areas of some of the demolished closes westward of the Tron Church and facing Blair Street, were exposed for sale in April, and that "the first lot immediately west of the new opening sold for £2,000, and that to the southward for £1,500, being the upset price of both."

Niddry's Street, which opens eastward of the South Bridge, occupies the site of Niddry's Wynd, an ancient thoroughfare, which bore an important part in the history of the city. "It is well known," says Wilson, "that King James VI. was very condescending in his favours to his loyal citizens of Edinburgh, making no scruple, when the larder of Holyrood grew lean, and the privy purse was exhausted, to give up housekeeping for a time, and honour one or other of the substantial burghers of his capital with a visit of himself and household; or when the straitened mansions within the closes of old Edinburgh proved insufficient singly to accommodate the hungry train of courtiers, he would very considerately distribute his favours through the whole length of the close!"

Thus from Moyse's (or Moyses') Memoirs, page 182, we learn that when James was troubled by the Earl of Bothwell in January, 1591, and ordered Sir James Sandilands to apprehend him, he, with the Queen and Chancellor (and their suite of course), "withdrew themselves within the town of Edinburgh, and lodged themselves in Nicol Edward's house, in Niddry's Wynd, and the Chancellor in

Alexander Clark's house, at the same wynd head." In after years the lintel of this house was built in to Ross's Tower, at the Dean. It bore this legend :—

"The Lord is my Protector,
Alexandrus Clark."

Nicol Edward was Provost of Edinburgh in 1591, and his house was a large and substantial building of quadrangular form and elegant proportions.

The Chancellor at this time was Sir John Maitland of Lethington, Lord Thirlestane.

Moyses next tells us that on the 7th of February, George Earl of Huntly (the same fiery peer who fought the battle of Glenlivat), "with his friends, to the number of five or six score horse, passed from his Majesty's said house in Edinburgh, as intending to pass to a horse-race in Leith; but after they came, they passed forward to the Queensferry, where they caused to stop the passing of all boats over the water," and crossing to Fife, attacked the Castle of Donnibristle, and slew "the bonnie Earl of Murray."

From this passage it would seem that if Huntly's six score horse were not lodged in Nicol Edward's house, they were probably billeted over all the adjacent wynd, which six years after was the scene of a homicide, that affords a remarkable illustration of the exclusive rule of master over man which then prevailed.

On the first day of the sitting of Parliament, the 7th December, 1597, Archibald Jardine, master-stabler and servitor to the Earl of Angus, was slain, through some negligence, by Andrew Stalker, a goldsmith at Niddry's Wynd head, for which he was put in prison.

Then the cry of "Armour!" went through the streets, and all the young men of Edinburgh rose in arms, under James Williamson, their captain, "and desirit grace," as Birrel records, "for the young man who had done ane reckless deed. The King's majesty desirit them to go to my Lord of Angus, the man's master, and satisfy and pacify his wrath, and he should be contentit to save his life."

James Williamson thereupon went to the Earl of Angus, and offered, in the name of the young men of the city, "their manreid," or bond of man-rent, to be ready to serve him in war and feud, upon which he pardoned the said Andrew Stalker, who was immediately released from prison.

In December, 1665, Nicoll mentions that a doctor of physic named Joanna Baptista, acting under a warrant from his Majesty Charles II., erected a stage between the head of Niddry's Wynd and Blackfriars' Wynd, whereon "he vended his drugs, powder, and medicaments, for the whilk he received a great abundance of money."

In May, 1692, we read that William Livingstone, brother of the Viscount Kilsyth, a cavalier, and husband of the widow of Viscount Dundee, had been a prisoner in the Tolbooth from June, 1689, to November, 1690—seventeen months; thereafter, that he had lived in a chamber in the city under a guard for a year, and that he was permitted to go forth for a walk daily, but still under the eye of a guard. In consequence of his being thus treated, and his rents being sequestrated by the Revolutionary Government, his fortune was entirely ruined. On his petition, the Privy Council now permitted him "to go abroad under a sentinel each day from morning to evening furth of the house of Andrew Smith, periwig-maker, at the head of Niddry's Wynd," he finding caution under £1,500 sterling to remain a prisoner.

Under an escort of dragoons he was permitted to leave the periwig-maker's, and visit Kilsyth, after which he was confined in two royal castles and the Tolbooth till 1693, so that, as a writer remarks, "in the course of the first five years of British liberty, Mr. Livingstone must have acquired a tolerably extensive acquaintance with the various forms and modes of imprisonment, so far as these existed in the northern section of the island."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HIGH STREET—(*continued*).

Niddry's Wynd—Provost Edward's House—Lockhart's Court—St. Mary's Chapel—Masonic Lodge Meetings—Viscountess Glenorchy—The Story of Lady Grange—St. Cecilia's Hall—Its Old fashioned Concerts—The Belles of the Eighteenth Century—The Name Niddry.

Of the house of Provost Nicol Edward (or Udward, to which we have referred) a very elaborate description is given in the work entitled "Minor Antiquities." On a mantelpiece within it were carved his arms, with an anagram upon his name thus :—

"Va d'un Vol à Christ"—

"Go with one flight to Christ," which only can be made out by Latinising his name into *Nicholaus Edwartus.* It occupied the western side of Lockhart's Court, and was accessible only by a deep archway.

In an Act passed in 1581, "Anent the Cuinzie," Alexander Clark of Balbirnie, Provost of Edinburgh, and Nicol Edward, whose houses were both in this wynd, are mentioned with others. The latter appears in 1585 in the Parliament as Commissary for Edinburgh, together with Michael Gilbert; and in 1587 he appears again in an Act of Parliament in favour of the Flemish craftsmen, whom James VI. was desirous of encouraging; but, lest they should produce inferior work at Scottish prices, his Majesty, with the advice of Council, "hes appointit, constitute, and ordainit, ane honest and discreit man, Nicolas Uduart, burgess of Edinburgh, to be visitor and overseer of the said craftsmen's hail warks, steiks, and pieces . . . the said Nicolas sal have sic dueties as is contenit within the buke, as is commonly usit to be payit therfore in Flanderis, Holland, or Ingland;" in virtue of all of which Nicholas was freed from all watching, warding, and all charges and impositions.

In that court dwelt, in 1753–1761, George Lockhart of Carnwath. One of the thirteen rooms in his house contained a mantelpiece of singular magnificence, that reached the lofty ceiling; but the house had a peculiar accessory, in the shape of "a profound dungeon, which was only accessible by a secret trap-door, opening through the floor of a small closet, the most remote of a suite of rooms extending along the south and west sides of the court. Perhaps at a time when to be rich was neither so common nor so safe as now, Provost Edward might conceal his hoards in this *massy more.*"

The north side of Lockhart's Court was long occupied by the family of Bruce of Kinnaird, the celebrated traveller.

In Niddry's Wynd, a little below Provost Edward's house on the opposite side, stood St. Mary's Chapel, dedicated to God and the Blessed Virgin Mary, according to Arnot, in 1505. Its foundress was Elizabeth, daughter of James, Lord Livingstone, Great Chamberlain of Scotland, and Countess of Ross—then widow of John Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, who, undeterred by the miserable fate of his father, drew on him, by his treasonable practices, the just vengeance of James III., and died in 1498.

Colville of Easter Wemyss, and afterwards Richardson of Smeaton, became proprietors and patrons of this religious foundation; and about the year 1600, James Chalmers, a macer before the Court of Session, acquired a right to the chapel, and in 1618 the Corporations of Wrights and Masons, known by the name of the United Incorporations of Mary's Chapel, purchased this subject, "where they still possess, and where they hold meetings," says Arnot, writing in 1779.

In the *Caledonian Mercury* for 1736 we read that on St. Andrew's Day the masters and wardens of forty masonic lodges met in St. Mary's Chapel, and unanimously elected as their grand-master William Sinclair of Roslin, the representative of an ancient though reduced family, connected for several generations with Scottish freemasonry.

For this ancient chapel a modern edifice was substituted, long before the demolition of Niddry's Wynd; but the masonic lodge of Mary's Chapel still exists, and we believe holds its meetings there.

Religious services were last conducted in the new edifice when Viscountess Glenorchy hired it. She was zealous in the cause of religion, and conceived a plan of having a place of worship in which ministers of every orthodox denomination might preach; and for this purpose she had St. Mary's Chapel opened on Wednesday, the 7th March, 1770, by the Rev. Mr. Middleton, the minister of a small Episcopal chapel at Dalkeith; but she failed to secure the ministrations of any clergyman of the Established Church, though in 1779 the Rev. William Logan, of South Leith, a poet of some eminence in his time, gave his course of lectures on the philosophy of history in the chapel, prior to offering himself as a candidate for the chair of civil history in the University.

On the east side of Niddry's Wynd, nearly opposite to Lockhart's Court, was a handsome house, which early in the eighteenth century was inhabited by the Hon. James Erskine, a senator, better known by his legal and territorial appellation of Lord Grange, brother of John Earl of Mar, who led the great rising in 1715 on behalf of the Stuarts. He was born in 1679, and was called to the Scottish bar in 1705. He took no share in the Jacobite enterprise which led to the forfeiture of his brother, and the loss, ultimately of the last remains of the once great inheritance in the north from which the ancient family took its name.

He affected to be a zealous Presbyterian and adherent of the House of Hanover, and as such he figures prominently in the "Diary" of the industrious Wodrow, supplying that writer with many shreds of the Court gossip, which he loved so dearly; but Lord Grange is chiefly remembered for the romantic story of his wife, which has long filled an interesting page in popular literature, and been the theme of more than one work of fiction.

She was Rachel Chiesley, the daughter of that Chiesley of Dalry who, in a gust of passionate resentment, shot down the Lord President Lockhart, and she inherited from him a temper prompt to ire. She and her husband had been married upwards of twenty years, and had several children, when a separation was determined upon between them. "Some portion of her father's violent temper appears to have descended to the daughter," says the editor of Lord Grange's Letters, "and aggravated by drunkenness, rendered her marriage for many years miserable, and led at last, in the year 1730, to her formal separation from her husband."

According to Lady Grange's account there had been love and peace for twenty years between her and Lord Grange, when he conceived a sudden dislike, and would live with her no longer; while he, on the other hand, asserted that he had long been tortured by her "unsubduable rage and madness," and had failed in every effort to soothe or bring her to reason. She was a woman of more than common beauty. Another account has it that in her girlhood Grange had seduced her, and she compelled him to marry her by threatening to pistol him, and reminding him that she was Chiesley's daughter.

GEORGE BUCHANAN.
(From a Print that belonged to the late David Laing.)

In effecting the separation, he allowed her £100 a year so long as she lived peacefully apart from him; but his frequent journeys to London, and rumours of certain amours there, inflamed her jealousy, and after being for some time in the country, she returned and took a lodging near her husband's house in Niddry's Wynd, as she herself touchingly relates, "that I might have the pleasure to see the house he was in, and to see him and my children when going out; and I made his relations and my own speak to him, and was always in hopes that God would show him his sin of putting away his wife contrary to the laws of God and man; and this was no secret, for the President of the Session, and some of the Lords, the Solicitor-General, and some of the advocates and ministers of Edinburgh, know all this to be truth. When I lost all hopes, then I resolved to go to London."

Lord Grange's account is somewhat different. She tormented him and the children by reproachful cries from her windows; and he states, that "in his house, at the bottom of Niddry's Wynd, where there is a court, through which one enters the house, one time among others, when it was full of chairs, chairmen, and footmen, who attended the company that were with himself, or his sister Lady Jane Paterson (wife of Sir Hugh Paterson of Bannockburn), then keeping house together, she came into this court, and among that mob shamelessly cried up to the windows injurious reproaches, and would not go away, though intreated, till hearing the late Lord Lovat's voice" she would seem then to have retired. He also asserts that one day she assailed him in church; on another, she compelled him to take refuge in a tavern, and threatened even to assault him on the Bench.

Tradition asserts that Lord Grange was dissipated, restless, intriguing, and was concerned in some Jacobite plots subsequently to the battle of Sheriffmuir; that in revenge his wife threatened to inform the Government; and there is proof, from one of his own letters, that she had actually taken her seat in one of the occasional stages which then ran between Edinburgh and London, and he bribed her to give her seat to another traveller, after which he would seem to have resolved upon "sequestrating her," as he phrased it; and in a long letter written by herself, and dated January 26th, 1741, she gives an ample detail of how this was effected.

The plot was concerted between Lord Grange and some west Highland chiefs, among whom was the unscrupulous old Lord Lovat. A party of Highlanders, wearing the livery of the latter, made their way into her lodgings in Niddry's Wynd on the evening of the 22nd January, 1730, seized her with violence, knocking out some of her teeth, and, tying a cloth over her head, bore her forth, as if she had been a corpse.

"I heard voices about me," she relates; "but being blindfolded I could not discover who they were. They had a [sedan] chair at the stair-foot, which they put me in; and there was a man in the chair who took me on his knee, and I made all the struggle I could; but he held me fast in his arms, and hindered me to put my hands to my mouth, which I attempted to do, being tied down. The chair carried me off very fast, and took me without the ports; and when they had opened the chair and taken the cloth off my head to let me get air, I perceived, it being clear moonlight, that I was a little way from the Multer's Hill,* and the man on whose knee I sat was Alexander Foster, of Carsebonny, who had there six or seven horses and men with him, who said all these were his servants, though I knew some of them to be my Lord Lovat's servants, who rode along. One of them was called Alexander Frazer, and the other James Frazer, and his groom, whose name I know not."

From that night Niddry's Wynd knew her no more. She had two sons grown to manhood at the time she was so mysteriously spirited away; her daughter was married to John Earl of Kintore; yet none of her relations ever made the slightest stir in the matter, though the Aberdeenshire seat of the Earl was once suggested as a place of residence for her.

Leaving the vicinity of Edinburgh by the Lang Gate, a ride of twenty miles brought her, with her captors, to Muiravonside, where she was secured, under guard, in the house of John Macleod, advocate; but a man being posted near her bed, she could neither enter it nor take repose. Next night she was secured farther off, in an old solitary tower, at Wester Polmaise, where for fourteen weeks she was kept in a room, the windows of which were boarded over, access to the garden even being denied her.

On the 12th of August a Highlander named Alexander Grant suddenly appeared, and announced that she must prepare for the road again; and by her captors, who gave out that she was insane, she was conveyed by rough and secluded ways, where she could neither ride nor walk, but had to be borne in their arms, sleeping at night in a bothy, till she found herself on the shore of Loch Hourn, an arm of the sea, in the land of Glengarry. Then "bitterly did she weep and implore compassion, but the Highlanders understood not her language, and though they had done so, a departure from the orders which had been given them was not to be expected from men of their character," and she was hurried on board of a ship.

There she learned that she was now in the custody of Alexander Macdonald, tacksman of Heiskar, a small island three leagues westward of North Uist, belonging to Sir Alexander Macdonald of

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* Where now the Register House stands.

Sleat, and so named probably from the vast resort and slaughter of seals formerly made on its bleak and desolate rocks. Few or none, we are told, who have not seen the black deep bosom of Loch Hourn, its terrific rampart of mountain turrets, and the long, narrow gulf in which it sleeps in the cradle of its abyss, can conceive its profound and breathless stillness when undisturbed by the wild gusts of the coires, or gales, that sweep through its narrow gorge. It was in such an interval of peace that Lady Grange embarked, and for nine days her vessel lay becalmed. Two miserable years she abode in Heiskar.

In June, 1734, a sloop, commanded by a Macleod, came to Heiskar to convey the victim of all these strange precautions to the most remote portion of the British Isles, St. Kilda, "far amid the melancholy main," where she was placed in a cottage composed of two small apartments, with a girl to wait upon her, and where, except for a short time in the case of Roderick Maclennan, a Highland clergyman, there was not a human being who understood the language she spoke.

No newspapers, letters, or intelligence, came hither from the world in which she had once dwelt, save once yearly, when a steward came to collect, in kind, birds' feathers and so forth, the rent of the poor islanders. In St. Kilda she spent seven years, and how she spent them will never be known, yet they were not passed without several mad and futile efforts to escape.

Meanwhile all Edinburgh knew that she had been forcibly abducted from Niddry's Wynd by order of her husband, but the secret of her whereabouts was sedulously kept from all; but now the latter had resigned his seat on the bench, and entered political life, as a friend of the Prince of Wales and opponent of Sir Robert Walpole.

At length, in the gloomy winter of 1740–1, a communication from Lady Grange for the first time reached those in Edinburgh, who had begun to wonder and denounce the singular means her husband had taken to ensure domestic quiet. It was brought by the minister Maclennan and his wife Katharine MacInnon, both of whom had quitted St. Kilda in consequence of a quarrel with the steward of Macleod of that ilk. Maclennan was provided with letters for Lady Grange's law-agent, Mr. Hope, of Rankeillor, who made all the necessary precognitions, including those of people at Polmaise and elsewhere; after which he made application to the Lord Justice-Clerk for warrants empowering a search to be made, and the Laird of Macleod and others to be arrested; and when Mr. John Macleod, advocate, was cited, he declared that he had no authority to appear for Lord Grange, "but repelled the charges against his chief and clansmen, claiming that no warrant should be granted upon the evidence of such scandalous and disreputable persons as Maclennan and his wife;" and Rankeillor was ordered to produce letters of evidence that those shown were actually written by Lady Grange, and being found to be in the writing of Maclennan, they were dismissed as insufficient, and warrants were refused.

Undeterred by this, Hope, on the 12th of February, fitted out a sloop, commanded by William Gregory, with twenty-five well-armed men, and sent him, with Mr. Maclennan on board, "to search for and rescue Lady Grange wherever she could be found;" but Macleod, on hearing of the departure of the sloop—which got no farther than Horse Shoe Harbour, in Lorn (where the master quarrelled with his guide, Mrs. Maclennan, and put her ashore)—had Lady Grange removed, and secluded in Assynt, at a farm-house, closely watched. There she became enfeebled in mind and body, the result of violent passions, intoxication, and latterly sea-sickness, which produced settled imbecility; and the unhappy lady thus treated was the wife of a man who, "not to speak of his office of a judge in Scotland, moved in English society of the highest character. He must have been the friend of Lyttelton, Pope, Thomson, and other ornaments of Frederick's Court; and, as the brother-in-law of the Countess of Mar, who was sister of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, he would figure in the brilliant circle which surrounded that star of the age of the second George. Yet he does not appear to have ever felt a moment's compunction at leaving the mother of his children to fret herself to death in a half-savage wilderness."

In a letter of his, dated Westminster, in June, 1749, in answer to an intimation of her death, he wrote thus callously:—"I most heartily thank you, my dear friend, for the timely notice you gave me of the death of that person. It would be a ridiculous untruth to pretend grief for it; but as it brings to my mind a train of various things for many years back, it gives me concern. . . . I long for the particulars of her death, which you are pleased to tell me I am to have by the next post."

After her removal to Skye her mind sunk to idiocy. She exhibited a restless desire to ramble, and no motive now remaining for restraint, she was allowed entire freedom, and the poor wanderer strolled from place to place, supported by the hospitality and tenderness which, in the Highlands, have ever given a sacred claim to the idiot poor. In this state she lingered for seven years, and in June, 1749, died in a cottar's humble dwelling at Idragal, seventeen years after her abduction on that evening of January from her house in Niddry's Wynd.

On the east side of Niddry's Wynd, at the foot thereof, and resting on the Cowgate, was St. Cecilia's Hall, an oval edifice, having a concave ceiling, and built in 1762 by Robert Mylne, the architect of Blackfriars Bridge (lineal descendant of the royal master-masons) "after the model of the opera at Parma," says Kincaid. The orchestra was placed over the north end, and therein was placed a fine organ. It was seated for 500 persons.

The Musical Society of Edinburgh, whose weekly concerts formed one of the most delightful entertainments in the old city, dated back to the otherwise gloomy era of 1728. Yet from "Fountainhall's Decisions" we learn that so far back as 1694 an enterprising citizen named Beck "erected a concert of music" somewhere in the city, which involved him in a lawsuit with the Master of the Revels. Even before 1728 several gentlemen, who were performers on the harpsichord and violin, had taken courage, and formed a weekly club at the *Cross Keys* tavern, "kept," says Arnot, "by one Steil, a great lover of musick, and a good singer of Scots songs." Steil is mentioned in the Latin lyrics of Dr. Pitcairn, who refers to a subject of which he was fully master—the old Edinburgh taverns of Queen Anne's time. At Pate Steil's the common entertainment consisted in playing the concertos and sonatas of Corelli, then just published, and the overtures of Handel. A governor, deputy-governor, treasurer, and five directors, were annually chosen to direct the affairs of this society, which consisted of seventy members. They met in St. Mary's Chapel from 1728 till 1762, when this hall was built for them.

For some years the celebrated Tenducci, who is mentioned in O'Keefe's "Recollections" in 1766 as a famous singer of Scottish songs, was at the head of the band; and one great concert was given yearly in honour of St. Cecilia, when Scottish songs were among those chiefly sung. When the Prince of Hesse came over, in 1745, with his 6,000 mercenaries, to fight against the Jacobites, he was specially entertained here by the then governor of the Musical Society, Lord Drummore, Hugh Dalrymple. The prince was not only a dilettante, but a good performer on an enormous violoncello. "Few persons now living," says Dr. Chambers in 1847, "recollect the elegant concerts that were given many years ago in what is now an obscure part of our ancient city, known by the name of St. Cecilia's Hall," and still fewer may remember them now.

On the death of Lord Drummore, in 1755, the society performed a grand concert in honour of his memory, when the numerous company were all dressed in the deepest mourning.

In 1763 the concerts began at six in the evening; in 1783 an hour later.

To the concertos of Corelli and Handel in the new hall, were added the overtures of Stamitz, Bach, Abel, and latterly those of Haydn, Pleyel, and the magnificent symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven. The vocal department of these old concerts consisted of the songs of Handel, Arne, Gluck, and Guglielmi, with a great infusion of Scottish songs, for as yet the fashionables of Edinburgh were too national to ignore their own stirring music, and among the amateurs who took the lead as choristers were the wealthy Gilbert Innes of Stow, Mr. Alexander Wight, advocate, Mr. John Russell, W.S., and the Earl of Kellie, who on one occasion acted as leader of the band when performing one of six overtures of his own composition; and though last, not least, Mr. George Thomson, the well-known editor of the "Melodies of Scotland."

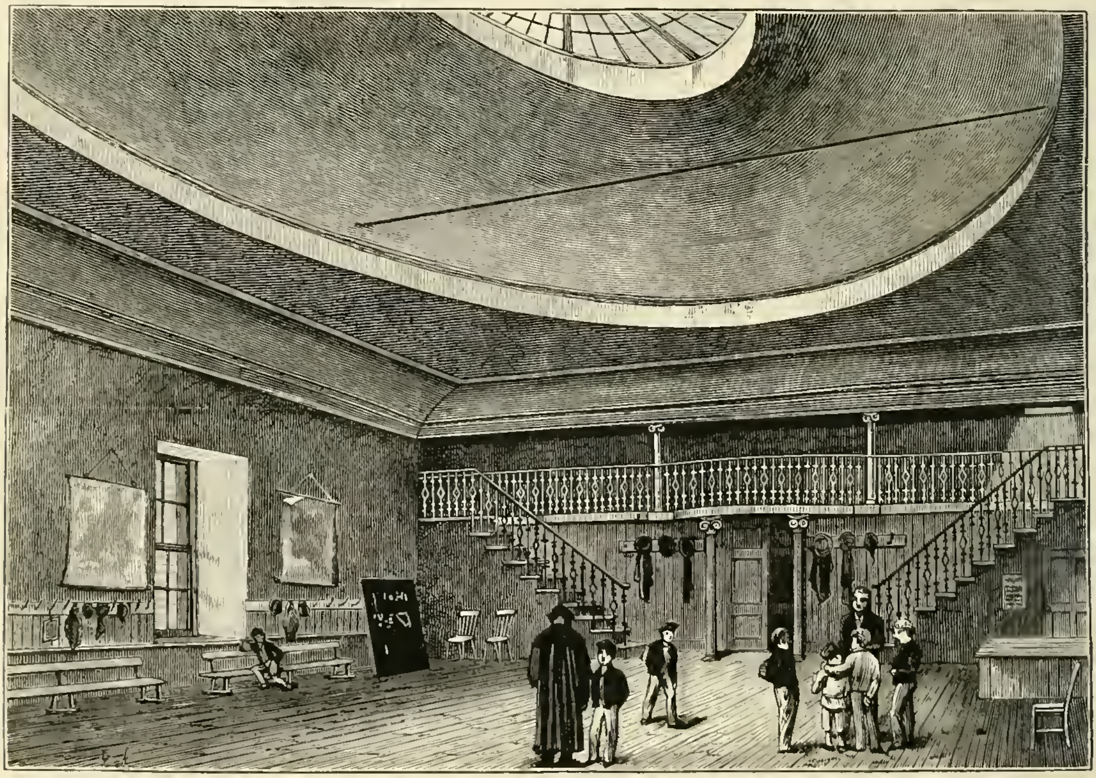
A supper to the directors and their friends at Fortune's tavern always followed an oratorio, where the names of the chief beauties who had graced the hall were toasted in bumpers from glasses of vast length, for exuberant loyalty to beauty was a leading feature in the convivial meetings of those days.

"Let me call to mind a few of those whose lovely faces at the concerts gave us the sweetest zest for music," wrote George Thomson, who died in 1851, in his ninety-fourth year:—"Miss Cleghorn of Edinburgh, still living in single blessedness; Miss Chalmers of Pittencrief, who married Sir William Miller of Glenlee, Bart.; Miss Jessie Chalmers of Edinburgh, who married Mr. Pringle of Haining; Miss Hay of Hayston, who married Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Bart.; Miss Murray of Lintrose, who was called the *Flower of Strathmore*, and upon whom Burns wrote the song,

'Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben;
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.'

She married David Smith, Esq., of Methven, one of the Lords of Session; Miss Jardine of Edinburgh, who married Home Drummond of Blairdrummond, their daughter, if I mistake not, is now Duchess of Athole; Miss Kinloch of Gilmerton, who married Sir Foster Cunliffe of Acton

Bart.; Miss Lucy Johnston of East Lothian, who married Mr. Oswald of Auchincruive; Miss Halket of Pitfirran, who became the wife of the celebrated Count Lally-Tollendal; and Jane, Duchess of Gordon, celebrated for her wit and spirit as well as her beauty. These, with Miss Burnet and Miss Home, and many others whose names I do not distinctly recollect, were indisputably worthy of all the honours conferred upon them."



ST. CECILIA'S HALL.

These and other Edinburgh belles of the past all shed the light of their beauty on the old hall in Niddry's Wynd, now devoted to scholastic uses.

We first hear of a "Teacher of *English*" in 1750, when a Mr. Philp opened an educational establishment in the wynd in that year. In widening the wynd into a street, there was swept away Dalgleish's Close, which is referred to in the "Diurnal of Occurrents" in 1572, and which occupied the site of the present east side of Niddry Street.

From whom this old thoroughfare took its name we know not; but it is an old one in Lothian, and, with various adjuncts, designates several places near the city. In the charters of David II. Henry Niddry is mentioned in connection with Niddry-Marshal, and Walter, son of Augustine, burgess of Edynbourgh, has the lands of Niddry in that county, *quam Johannes de Bennachtyne de le Corrokys resignavit*, 19*th Sept. an. reg.* 33; and under Robert III. John Niddry held lands in Cramond and also Pentland Muir.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE HIGH STREET (*continued*).

Dickson's and Cant's Closes—The House of the "Scottish Hogarth" and the Knight of Tillybole—Rosehaugh's, or Strichen's, Close—House of the Abbots of Melrose—Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh—Lady Anne Dick—Lord Strichen—The Manners of 1730—Provost Grieve—John Dhu, Corporal of the City Guard—Lady Lovat's Land—Walter Chapman, Printer—Lady Lovat.

Dickson's Close, numbered as 118, below the modern Niddry Street, gave access to a handsome and substantial edifice, supposed to be the work of that excellent artificer Robert Mylne, who built the modern portion of Holyrood and so many houses of an improved character in the city about the time of the Revolution. Its earlier occupants are unknown, but herein dwelt David Allan, known as the "Scottish Hogarth," a historical painter of undoubted genius, who, on the death of Alexander Runciman, in 1786, was appointed director and master of the academy established by the board of trustees for manufacturers in Scotland.

While resident in Dickson's Close he published, in 1788, an edition of the "Gentle Shepherd," with characteristic etchings, and, some time after, a collection of the most humorous old Scottish songs with similar drawings; these, with his illustrations of "The Cottar's Saturday Night" and the satire, humour, and spirit of his other etchings in aquatinta, won him a high reputation as a successful delineator of character and nature. His drawing classes met in the old college, but he received private pupils at his house in Dickson's Close after his marriage, on the 15th November, 1788. His terms were, as advertised in the *Mercury*, one guinea per month for three lessons in the week, which in those simple days would restrict his pupils to the wealthy and fashionable class of society. He died at Edinburgh on the 6th of August, 1796.

Lower down the close, on the same side, a quaint old tenement, doomed to destruction by the Improvements Act, 1867, showed on the coved bed-corbel of its crowstepped gable the arms of Haliburton, impaled with another coat armorial, with the peculiar feature of a double window corbelled out; and in a deed extant, dated 1582, its first proprietor is named Master James Haliburton. Afterwards it was the residence of Sir John Haliday, of Tillybole, and formed a part of Cant's Close.

Its appearance in 1868 has been preserved to us by R. Chambers, in a brief description in his "Traditions." According to this authority, it was two storeys in height, the second storey being reached by an outside stair, within a small court-yard, which had originally been shut by a gate. The stone pillars of the gateway were decorated with balls at the top, after the fashion of entrances to the grounds of a country mansion. It was a picturesque building in the style of the sixteenth century in Scotland. As it resembled a neat old-fashioned country house, it was odd to find it jammed up amid the tall edifices of this confined alley. Ascending the stair, the interior consisted of three or four apartments, with elaborately-carved stucco ceilings. The principal room had a double window on the west to Dickson's Close.

In 1735 this mansion was the abode of Robert Geddes, Laird of Scotstoun in Peeblesshire, who sold it to George Wight, a burgess of Edinburgh, after which it became deteriorated, and its stuccoed apartments, from the attics to the ground floor, became each the dwelling of a separate family, and a scene of squalor and wretchedness.

A considerable portion of the edifices in Cant's Close were once ecclesiastical, and belonged to the prebendaries of the collegiate church, founded at Crichton in 1449, by Sir William Crichton of that ilk, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland.

In Rosehaugh's Close, now called Strichen's, the next alley on the east, was the town-house of the princely mitred abbots of Melrose. In Catholic times the great dignitaries of the church had all their houses in Edinburgh; the Archbishop of St. Andrews resided at the foot of Blackfriars Wynd; the Bishop of Dunkeld in the Cowgate; the Abbot of Dunfermline at the Netherbow; the Abbot of Cambuskenneth in the Lawnmarket; and the Abbot of Melrose in the close we have named, and his "lodging" had a garden which extended down to the Cowgate, and up the opposite slope on the west side of the Pleasance, within the city wall.

The house of the abbot, a large and massive building enclosing a small square or court in the centre of it, was entered from Strichen's Close. "The whole building has evidently undergone great alterations," says the description of it written in 1847; "a carved stone bears a large and very boldly-cut shield, with two coats of arms impaled, and the date 1600. There seems no reason to doubt, however, that the main portion of the abbot's residence still remains. The lower storey is strongly vaulted, and is evidently the work of an early date. The small quadrangle also is quite in character with the period assumed for the building; and at its north-west angle is Cant's Close, where a curiously-carved fleur-de-lis surmounts the gable, a grotesque gurgoyle of antique form serves as a gutter to the roof."

Abbot Andrew Durie, who was nominated to the abbacy of Melrose in 1526 by James V., resided here; and Knox assures us that his death was hastened by dismay and horror occasioned by the terrible uproar on St. Giles's day, in 1558.

The Close in earlier time took its name from the abbots of Melrose; but at a later period was called Rosehaugh's Close, from Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, King's Advocate during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., author of many able works on Scottish law, and also a successful cultivator of general literature.

He obtained a charter of the property from Provost Francis Kinloch and the magistrates in 1677, and the house he occupied still exists, and seems to have been a stately-enough edifice for its age. Sir George has still an unpleasant place in the local imagination of the Edinburgh people as "The Bluidy Mackenzie," the persecutor of the Covenanters; and though the friend of Dryden, and the founder of the first and greatest national library in Scotland, he is regarded as a species of ogre in his native capital.

The mausoleum in which he lies in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, a domed edifice with ornate Corinthian columns and niches, is believed by the urchins of the city to be haunted still, as it was commonly believed that his body could never rest in its grave. Hence it used to be deemed a "brag" or feat, for a boy more courageous than his fellows to shout through the keyhole into the dark and echoing tomb—

"Bluidy Mackenzie, come out if ye daur,
Lift the sneck, and draw the bar!"

after which defiance all fled, lest the summoned spirit might appear, and follow them.

He had a country house, ten miles south of Edinburgh, called Shank, now in ruins. His granddaughter was Lady Anne Dick, of Corstorphine, whose eccentricities were wont to excite much attention in Edinburgh society, and who was the authoress of many droll pasquils, and personal pasquinades in verse, which created many enemies, who exulted in the follies of which she was guilty.

Among the latter was a fancy for dressing herself like a gallant of the day, and going about the town at night in search of adventures and frolics, one of which ended unpleasantly in her being consigned to the City Guard House. In many of her verses she half-banteringly deplores the coldness of Sir Peter Murray of Balmanno, in Kincardineshire, but more, it is believed, from whim than actual fancy or regard. One begins thus:—

"Oh, wherefore did I cross the Forth,
And leave my love behind me?
Why did I venture to the north
With one that did not mind me?
Had I but visited Carin,
It would have been much better,
Than pique the prudes and make a din
For careless, cold Sir Peter!

"I'm sure I've seen a better limb,
And twenty better faces;
But still my mind it ran on him
When I was at the races;
At night when we were at the ball
Were many there discreeter;
The well-bred duke, and lively Maule,
Panmure behaved much better."

In conclusion, she expresses an opinion that she must be mad "to follow cold Sir Peter." She died in 1741.

During a great part of the eighteenth century the ancient mansion in Rosehaugh's Close was occupied by Alexander Fraser of Strichen, who was connected by marriage with the descendants of Sir George Mackenzie, and who gave to the alley the name it now bears, Strichen's Close. He was raised to the bench as Lord Strichen, in 1730, and occupied a seat there and his residence in the close for forty-five years subsequent to that date, and was the direct ancestor of the present Lord Lovat in the peerage of Great Britain.

The manners and habits of the people of Edinburgh in those days—say about 1730—were as different from those of their successors as if they had been the natives of a foreign country. From Carlyle's Memoirs we learn that when gentlemen were invited to dine, each brought his own knife, fork, and spoon with him in a case (just as gentlemen did in France prior to the first Revolution), and a marked peculiarity of the period was a combination of showy and elegant costume with much simplicity, coarseness of thought, and roughness of speech, occasional courtesy, and great promptness to ire. Intercourse with France, and the service of so many Scottish gentlemen in the French army, led to a somewhat incongruous ingrafting of French politeness on the homely manners of the Scottish aristocracy; yet it was no uncommon thing for a lady to receive gentlemen, together with lady visitors, in her bed-room, for then, within the walled city, the houses had few rooms without a bed, either openly or screened; while the seemliness and delicacy now attendant on marriages and births were almost unknown.

The slender house accommodation in the turnpike stairs compelled the use of taverns more than now. There the high-class advocate received his clients, and the physician his patients—each practitioner having his peculiar *howff.* There, too, gentlemen met in the evening for supper and conversation without much expense, a reckoning of a shilling being deemed a high one, so different then were the value of money and the price of viands. In 1720 an Edinburgh dealer advertises his liquors at the following prices:—"Neat claret wine at 11d., strong at 15d.; white wine at 12d.; Rhenish at 16d.; old hock at 20d., all per bottle; cherry-sack at 28d. per pint; English ale at 4d. per bottle."

In those days it was not deemed derogatory for ladies of rank and position to join oyster parties in some of those ancient taverns; and while there was this freedom of manner on one hand, we are told there was much of gloom and moroseness on the other; a dread of the Deity with a fear of hell, and of the power of the devil, were the predominant feelings of religious people in the age subsequent to the Revolution; while it was thought, so says the author of "Domestic Annals" (quoting Miss Mure's invaluable Memoirs), a mark of atheistic tendencies to doubt witchcraft, or the reality of apparitions and the occasional vaticinative character of dreams.

A country gentleman, writing in 1729, remarks on "the increase in the expense of housekeeping which he had seen going on during the past twenty years. While deeming it indisputable that Edinburgh was now much less populous than before the Union, yet I am informed," says he, "that there is a greater consumption since than before the Union of all provisions, especially fleshes and wheat-bread. The butcher owns that he now kills three of every species for one he killed before the Union. . . . . Tea in the morning and tea in the evening had now become established. There were more livery servants, and better dressed, and more horses than formerly."

Lord Strichen did not die in the house in the close wherein he had dwelt so long, but at Strichen in Aberdeenshire, on the 15th January, 1775, in his seventy-sixth year, leaving behind him the reputation of an upright judge. "Lord Strichen was a man not only honest, but highly generous; for, after his succession to the family estates, he paid a large sum of debts contracted by his predecessor, which he was not under any obligation to pay."

One of the last residents of note in Strichen's Close was Mr. John Grieve, a merchant in the Royal Exchange, who held the office of Lord Provost in 1782–3, and again in 1786–7, and who was first a Town Councillor in 1765. When a magistrate he was publicly horsewhipped by some "Edinburgh bucks" of the day, for placing some females of doubtful repute in the City Guard House, under the care of the terrible Corporal Shon Dhu—an assault for which they were arrested and severely fined.

The house he occupied had an entrance from Strichen's Close; but was in reality one that belonged to the Regent Morton, having an entrance from the next street, named the Blackfriars Wynd. He afterwards removed to a house in Princes Street, where he became one of the projectors of the Earthen Mound, which was long—as a mistake in the picturesque—justly stigmatised as the "Mud Brig," the east side of which was commenced a little to the eastward of the line of Hanover Street, opposite to the door of Provost Grieve's house, long ago turned into a shop. He died in 1803.

John Dhu, the personage referred to, was a well-known soldier of the City Guard, mentioned by Sir Walter Scott as one of the fiercest-looking men he had ever seen. "That such an image of military violence should have been necessary at the close of the eighteenth century to protect the peace of a British city," says the editor of "Kay's Portraits," "presents us with a strange contrast of what we lately were and what we have now become. On one occasion, about the time of the French Revolution, when the Town Guard had been signalising the King's birthday by firing in the Parliament Square, being unusually pressed and insulted by the populace, this undaunted warrior turned upon one peculiarly outrageous member of the democracy, and, by one blow of his battle-axe, laid him lifeless on the causeway."

The old tenement, which occupied the ground between Strichen's Close and the Blackfriars Wynd (prior to its destruction in the fire of 22nd February, 1825), and was at the head of the latter, was known as "Lady Lovat's Land." It was seven storeys in height. There lived Primrose Campbell of Mamore, widow of Simon Lord Lovat, who was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1747, and there, 240 years before her time, dwelt Walter Chepman of Ewirland, who, with Miller, in 1507, under the munificent auspices of James IV., introduced the first printing press into Scotland, and on the basement of whose edifice a house of the Revolution period had been engrafted.

Though his abode was here in the High Street, his printing-house was in the Cowgate, from whence, in 1508, "The Knightly Tale of Golagras and Gawane" was issued; and this latter is supposed to be the same tenement with which he endowed an altar in the chapel of the Holyrood, at the south or lower end of St. Giles's churchyard.

From the trial in 1514, the year after Flodden, of "ane quit for slauchter in his awin defence," we learn that Walter Chepman was Dean of Guild for the City.

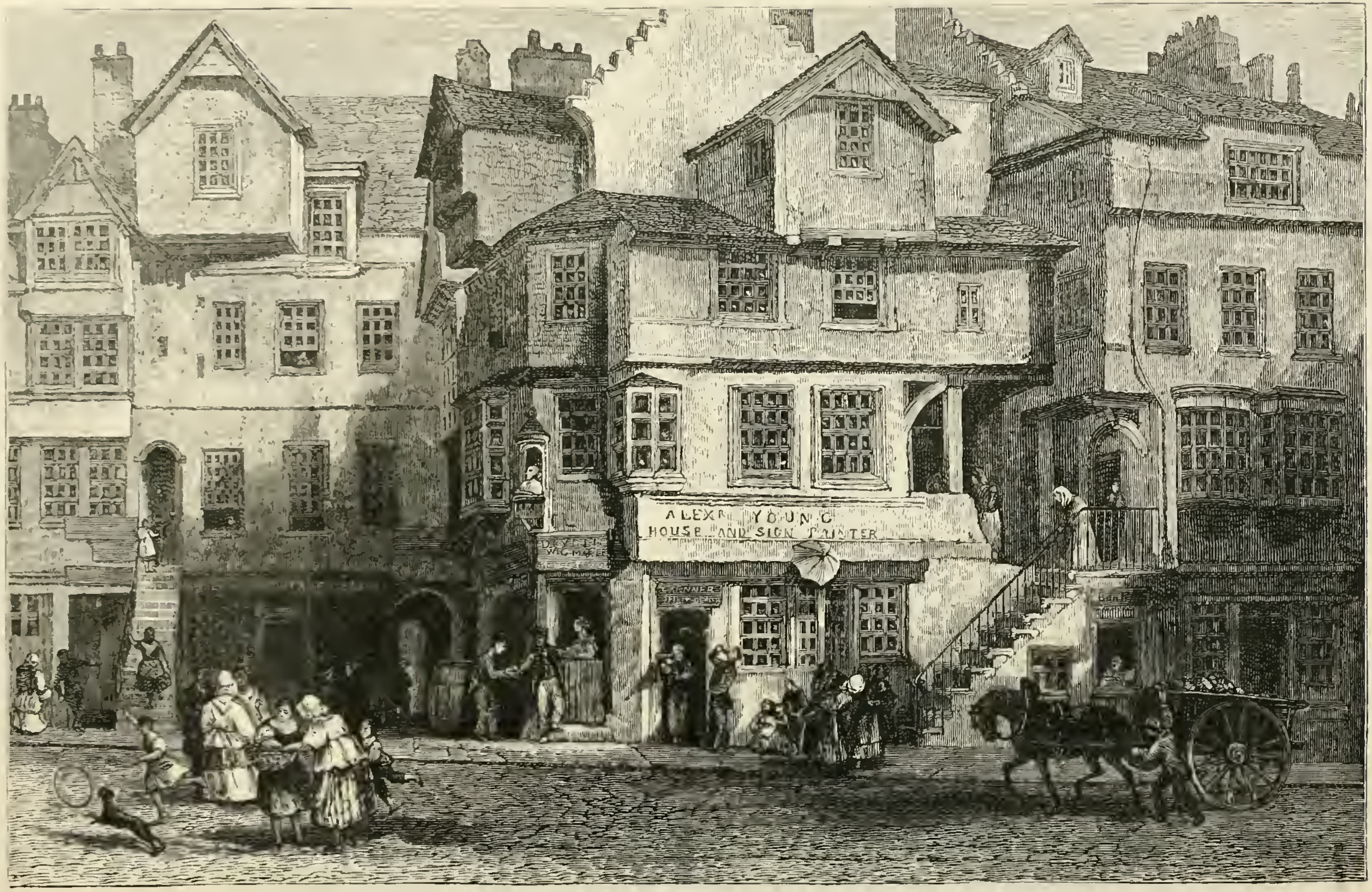
"The 24th day of October, anno suprascript, Alexander Livingstone indytit and accusit for the art and pairt of the creuall slauchter of umquhile Jak, upoun the Burrowmuir of Edinburgh in this month of September by-past. Thai beand removit furth of court, and again in enterit, they fand and deliverit the said Alexander quit and innocent of ye said slauchter, because thai clearlie knew it was in his pure defence. John Livingstoune petiit instrumenta. Testibus Patricio Barroun et Johanne Irland, Ballivis, Magistro Jacobo Wischeart de Pitgarro, clerico Justiciario S.D.N. Regis, Waltero Chepman Decano Gild, Johanne Adamson juniore, Jacobo Barroun, Patricio Flemyng, *et multis aliis.*"

This, says Arnot, is the earliest trial to be found in the records of the city of Edinburgh.

HOUSE OF THE ABBOTS OF MELROSE, STRICHEN'S CLOSE.

(From an Engraving in the Roxburgh Edition of Sir Walter Scott's "Monastery.")

Lady Lovat—niece of the first Duke of Argyll—was born in 1710, and, under great domestic pressure, became the wife of that cunning and politic old lord, who was thirty years her senior, and by no means famous for his tenderness to her predecessor, Janet Grant of that ilk. She passed years of seclusion at Castle Downey, where, while treated with outward decorum, she was secretly treated with a barbarity that might have broken another woman's heart. Confined to one apartment, she was seldom permitted to leave it, even for meals, and was supplied for these with coarse scraps from his lordship's table. They had one son, Archibald Fraser, afterwards a merchant in London, and before his birth the old lord swore that if she brought forth a girl he would roast it to death on the back of the fire ; and he often threatened her, that if aught befel the two boys of his first marriage in his absence, he would shoot her through the head. "A lady, the intimate friend of her youth," says Sir Walter Scott, "was instructed to visit Lady Lovat, as if by accident, to ascertain the truth of those rumours concerning her husband's conduct which had reached the ears of her family.



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE. (*From a Drawing by T. Allom, published in "Caledonia Illustrated,"* 1838.)

She was received by Lord Lovat with an extravagant affectation of welcome, and with many assurances of the happiness his lady would receive from seeing her. The chief then went to the lonely tower in which Lady Lovat was secluded, without decent clothes, and even without sufficient nourishment. He laid a dress before her becoming her rank, commanded her to put it on, to appear and to receive her friend as if she were the mistress of the house in which she was, in fact, a half-starved prisoner. And such was the strict watch he maintained, and the terror which his character inspired, that the visitor durst not ask, nor Lady Lovat communicate, anything respecting her real situation."

Long after, by a closely-written letter, concealed in a clue of yarn dropped over a window of the Castle to a confidant below, she was enabled to let her relations know how she was treated, and means were taken to separate her judicially from her husband.

When, years after, his share in the Jacobite rising in 1745 brought him to the Tower of London, Lady Lovat thought only of her duties as a wife, and offered to attend him there; but he declined the proposal, and the letter in which he did so contained the only expressions of kindness he had bestowed upon her since their marriage day; but he made no reference to her in the farewell letter which he sent to his son Simon, the Master of Lovat, to whose care he specially commended his other children.

After his execution some demur arose about the jointure of his unfortunate widow—only £190 per annum—and for years she was left destitute, till some of her friends, among others Lord Strichen, offered money on loan, which, being of an independent spirit, she declined. At length the dispute was settled, and she received a pretty large sum of arrears, £500 of which she spent in furnishing her house at the head of the Blackfriars Wynd; and small though her income she was long famous in Edinburgh for her charity and goodness to the poor.

BLACKFRIARS WYND.

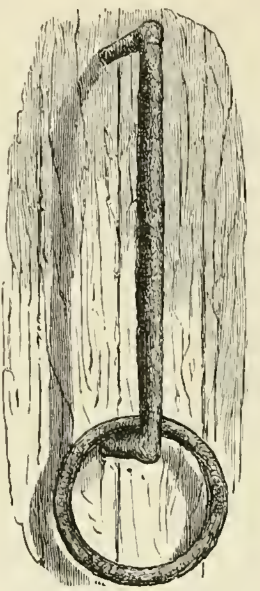
In her gloomy house, on the first floor of the turnpike stair, with a cook, maid, and page, she not only maintained herself in the style of a gentlewoman of the period, but could give a warm welcome to many a poor Highland cousin whose all was lost on the field of Culloden.

Lady Dorothea Primrose, who was her niece, and third daughter of Archibald first Earl of Rosebery, lived with her for many years, and to her, in the goodness of her heart, she assigned the brightest rooms, that overlooked the broad High Street, contenting herself with the gloomier, that faced the wynd. There, too, she supported for years another broken-down old lady, the Mistress of Elphinstone, whose nightly supper of porridge was on one occasion fatally poisoned by a half-idiot grandson of her ladyship.

She was small in stature, and retained much of her beauty and singular delicacy of feature and complexion even in old age. "When at home her dress was a red silk gown, with ruffled cuffs, and sleeves puckered like a man's shirt, a fly-cap encircling the head, with a mob-cap laid across it, falling over the cheeks and tied under the chin; her hair dressed and powdered; a double muslin handkerchief round the neck and bosom; *lammer-beads:* a white lawn apron edged with lace; black stockings with red gushets, and high-heeled shoes. . . . . As her chair emerged from the head of the Blackfriars Wynd, any one who saw her sitting in it, so neat and fresh and clean, would have taken her for a queen in wax-work pasted up in a glass case."

One of her chief intimates was the unfortunate Lady Jane Douglas of Grantully, the heroine of the long-contested Douglas cause. She contemplated the approach of her own death with perfect calmness, and in anticipation of her coming demise had all her grave-clothes ready, and the turnpike stair whitewashed. When asked by her only son, Archibald (before mentioned), if she wished to be put in the family burial vault at Beaufort, in Kilmorack, she replied, "Indeed, Archie, ye needna put yoursel' to any fash aboot me, for I carena' though ye lay me aneath that hearthstane."

She died in her house at the Wynd head, in 1796, in the eighty-sixth year of her age. The old Scottish tirling-pin of her house door is now preserved in the Museum of the Scottish Antiquarian Society.



TIRLING-PIN, FROM LADY LOVAT'S HOUSE, BLACKFRIARS WYND.

(*From the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.*)

Her stepson, Simon, Master of Lovat, who died a Lieutenant-General in 1782, was a man of irreproachable character, who inherited nothing of old Lovat's nature but a genius for making fine speeches. He raised the Fraser Highlanders, or old 71st regiment, which was disbanded in 1783, after a career of brilliant service in America. The rapidity with which the ranks of previous Highland regiments, raised by him in 1757, were filled by Frasers, so pleased George III., that on the embodiment of the 71st he received from the king a free grant of his family estates of Lovat, which had been forfeited by his father's attainder after Culloden.

At the first muster of the 71st in Glasgow, an old Highlander, who had brought a son to enlist, and was looking on, shook the general's hand with that familiarity so common among clansmen, and said, "Simon, you are a good soldier, and speak like a man! While you live old Simon of Lovat will never die"—alluding to his close resemblance personally to his father, the wily old lord of the memorable "Forty-five."

Blackfriars Wynd, which has now become a broad street, has many a stirring memory of the great and powerful, who dwelt there in ages past; hence it is that Sir Alexander Boswell wrote—

> "What recollections rush upon my mind,
> Of Lady Stair's Close and *Blackfriars Wynd!*
> There once our nobles, and here judges dwelt."

CHAPTER XXXI.

ALLEYS OF THE HIGH STREET (*continued*).

Blackfriars Wynd—The Grant of Alexander II.—Bothwell slays Sir William Stewart—Escape of Archbishop Sharpe—Cameronian Meeting-house—The House of the Regent Morton—Catholic Chapels of the Eighteenth Century—Bishop Hay—"No Popery" Riots—Baron Smith's Chapel—Scottish Episcopalians—House of the Prince of Orkney—Magnificence of Earl William Sinclair—Cardinal Beaton's House—The Cardinal's Armorial Bearings—Historical Associations of his House—Its Ultimate Occupants—The United Industrial School.

A BROAD *pend* (*Anglicè* archway), leading through the successor to the tenement in which Lady Lovat dwelt, gave access to the Blackfriars Wynd, which, without doubt, was one of the largest, most important, and ancient of the thoroughfares diverging from the High Street, and which of old was named the Preaching Friar's Vennel, as it led towards the Dominican monastery, or Black Friary, founded by Alexander II., in 1230, on the high ground beyond the Cowgate, near where the Old Infirmary stands. The king gave the friars—among whom he resided for some time—with many other endowments, a grant of the whole ground now occupied by the old wynd and modern street, to erect houses, and for five centuries these edifices formed the dwelling-places of some of the most aristocratic families in Scotland, and of many ecclesiastics of the highest rank.

Many a fierce struggle between armed men has taken place here, among them the most important being that of "Cleanse the Causeway," when the victorious Douglases under the fiery Angus, swept the Hamiltons before them, and rushed in mad *mêlée* to assail the palace of the Archbishop of Glasgow at the Wynd foot, from whence he fled for shelter to the Dominican church, on the opposite slope. And here, in July, 1588, occurred the bloody brawl between the Earl of Bothwell and Sir William Stewart of Monkton.

Between these two a quarrel had taken place in the king's chamber; the lie was given, and a somewhat ribald altercation followed, but nothing occurred for nearly three weeks after, till Sir William Stewart, when coming down the High Street with a party of his friends, met Bothwell, accompanied by the Master of Gray and others, going up.

A collision between two such parties was inevitable, and, in the spirit of the times, unavoidable. Sword and dagger were instantly resorted to, and in the general fight Sir William Stewart slew a friend of Bothwell's, but in doing so lost his sword, and, being defenceless, was compelled to fly into Blackfriars Wynd. Thither the vengeful Bothwell pursued him; and as he stood unarmed against a wall, "strake him in at the back and out at the belly, and killed him."

For this Bothwell found it necessary to keep out of the way only for a few days; and such events so commonly occurred, that it is not curious to find the General Assembly, exactly a week after this combat, proceeding quietly with the usual work of choosing a Moderator, providing for ministers, and denouncing Popery, exactly as they do in the reign of Queen Victoria.

The next most remarkable event was in 1668, when, on Saturday the 9th of July, James Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrews, whose residence was then in the Wynd, so narrowly escaped assassination.

His apostacy from the Covenant, and unrelenting persecution of his former compatriots, its adherents, had roused the bitterness of the people against him. He was seated in his coach, at the head of the Wynd, waiting for Andrew Honeyman, Bishop of Orkney, when Mitchell, a fanatical assassin and preacher, and bosom friend of the infamous Major Weir, with whom he was then boarding in the house of Mrs. Grisel Whiteford in the Cowgate, fired a pistol at the primate, but, missing him, dangerously wounded the Bishop of Orkney. He was immediately seized, and, with little regard to morality or justice, put to the torture, without eliciting any confession; and after two years seclusion on the Bass Rock, he was brought to Edinburgh in 1676, and executed in the Grassmarket, to strike terror into the Covenanters; but history has shown that their hearts never knew what terror was.

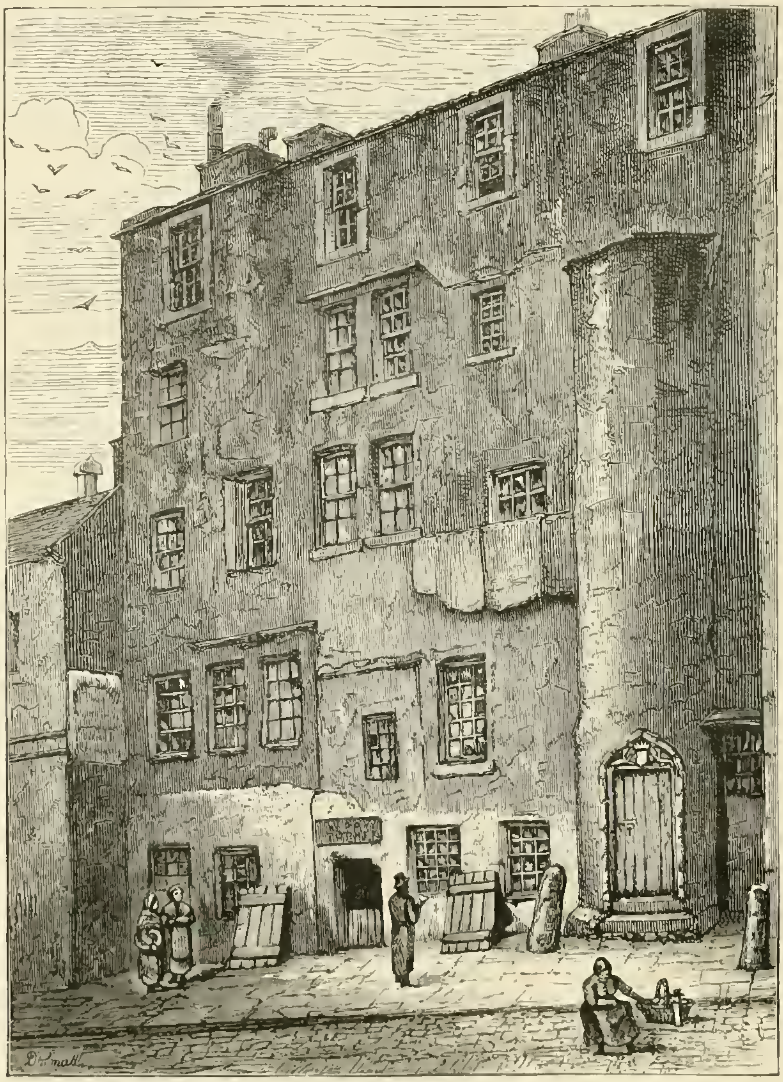
Sir William Honeyman, Bart., Lord Armadale in 1797, was the fourth in descent from the bishop who was wounded on this occasion by a poisoned bullet, as it is affirmed.

While much of the west side of Blackfriars Wynd was left standing, the east, in the city improvements, was completely swept away. On the latter side, near the head of the wynd, was a house with a decorated lintel, inscribed—IN . THE. LORD . IS . MY . HOPE . 1564. The ground floor of it consisted of one great apartment, the roof or ceiling of which was upheld by a massive stone column. This hall formed the meeting-place of those who adhered to the Covenanted Kirk, after the Revolution of 1688, and was long known as "The Auld Cameronian Meeting-house," and in the upper storey thereof tradition alleges that Nicol Muschat, the murderer, lived, when a student attending the university.

On the west side of the Wynd was the ancient residence of the Earls of Morton, with a handsome ogee door-head and elaborate mouldings, shafted jambs, and in the tympanum of the lintel a coroneted shield supported by unicorns, though the arms of the family have always had two savages, or wild men, hence the edifice is supposed to be of a date anterior to the days of the Regent. Yet it is distinctly described, in a disposition by Archibald Douglas younger of Whittinghame, as "that tenement which was sometime the Earl of Morton's," from which, according to Wilson, it may be inferred to have been the residence of his direct ancestor, John second Earl of Morton, who sat in the Parliament of James IV. in 1504, and whose grandson, William Douglas of Whittinghame, was created a senator of the College of Justice in 1575.

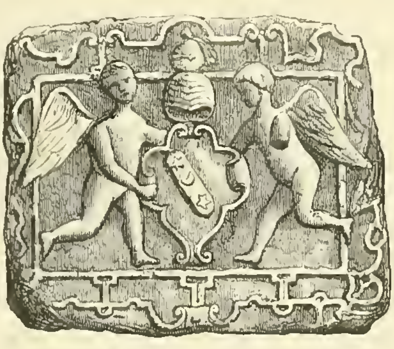
Tradition has unvaryingly alleged this house to have been that of the Regent Morton, in those days when the king's men and queen's men were fighting all over the city, and Kirkaldy of Grange was bent upon driving him out of it; and here no doubt it was that he had his body-guard, which was commanded by Alexander Montgomery the poet, whom Melvil in his diary mentions as "Captain Montgomery, a good honest man, and the Regent's domestic;" and the house is often referred to, during the civil wars of that period, before he attained the Regency.

While Lennox was in office, Morton projected the assassination of the Laird of Drumquhasel, whom the former confined to his residence in Leith as a protection. This Morton deemed an affront to himself, and prepared to leave Leith and the king's standard together. "Alarmed by the probable loss of the most influential earl of the house of Douglas, the weak Regent, affecting to be ignorant of his wrathful intentions, sent a servant to acquaint him that 'he meant to dine with him that day,' 'I am sorry I cannot have the high honour of his lordship's company,' replied the haughty earl; 'my business is pressing, and obliges me to leave Leith without even bidding him adieu.' Lennox was equally irritated and alarmed on hearing of this flat refusal, and, starting from his chair exclaimed, 'Then, by the holy name of God, he shall eat his dinner with *me?*' and repairing instantly to the house of Morton, brought about a reconciliation, by making two very humbling concessions :—First, by dismissing Drumquhasel, who was banished from court, which he was not to approach within ten miles under a heavy penalty ; second, the life of Captain James Cullayne, that Morton might have more peaceable possession of his wife. Mistress Cullayne, a woman of great beauty, filled with pity by the danger impending over her husband (then a prisoner), and touched with remorse for her former inconstancy, had come to Leith to beg his life as a boon at the hands of Lennox and her seducer. But the latter, inflamed anew by her charms and tears, was inflexible ; the Regent was his tool, and the prayers and tears of the wretched wife were poured forth at their feet in vain. The poor captain, who had seen many a hot battle in the fields of the Dane and Swede, and in the wars of his native country, was ignominiously hanged on a gibbet, as a peace-offering to Morton's wickedness."



HOUSE OF THE EARLS OF MORTON, BLACKFRIARS STREET.

In the contemporary life of Queen Mary, printed for the Bannatyne Club in 1834, we have the following strange anecdote of Morton. We are told that he "had credite at the court, being left there by the traitoures to give intelligence of all maters past there, and how to betray his mistres; for they could not chuse a more fitte man than him to do such an act, who, from his very youth had been renouned for his treacherie, and of whom his oune father had no good opinion in his very infance; for, at a certain time, his coming foorth with him in a garden where his father was, with some one that had come to visit him, busy in talk, the nurse setting down the childe on the green grass, and not much mindinge him, *the boy seeth a toade*, which he snatched up and had eaten it all till a little of the legges, which when shee saw, shee cried out, thinking he should have been poisoned, and shee taking the legges of the toade that he had left as yet oneaten, he cried out so loud and shrill, that his father and the other gentleman heard the outcries, who went to see what should be the cause, and when the messinger returned and told the mater as it happened, in all haste he come to where his son was, and, save the legges, which he greedilie ate up also; which the father seeing, said, 'The deville chew thee, or burste thee! there will never come good of thee!' As he prognosticated so it happened, for he was beheaded at Edinburgh, attainted and found guiltie of heigh treason for the murder of the king his maister."


STONE, SHOWING THE ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF CARDINAL BEATON, FROM HIS HOUSE, BLACKFRIARS WYND.

(*From the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.*)

William Douglas of Whittinghame, grandson of Archibald who made a disposition of the house in Blackfriars Wynd, was a contemporary of Morton's, and was closely associated with him in the murder of Darnley. His name appears as one of the judges, in the act "touching the proceedings of the Gordons and Forbesses," and he resigned his seat as senator in 1590.

Lower down, on the east side of the wynd, was a most picturesque building, part of which was long used as a Catholic chapel. It was dated 1619, and had carved above its door the motto of the city, together with the words, *In te Domine speravi—Pax intrantibus—Salvus exeuntibus—Blissit be God in all his giftis.*

On the fifth floor of this tenement was a large room, which during the greater part of the eighteenth century was used as a place of worship by the Scottish Catholics, and, until its demolition lately, there still remained painted on the door the name of the old bishop—*Mr. Hay*—for, in those days he dared designate himself nothing more. He was celebrated in theological literature as the opponent of Bishop William Abernethy Drummond of the Scottish Episcopal Church, one of the few clergymen who paid his respects to Charles Edward when he kept his court at Holyrood. By his energy Dr. Hay constructed a chapel in Chalmer's Close, which was destroyed in 1779, when an attempt to repeal the penal statutes against Catholics roused a "No Popery" cry in Edinburgh. On the 2nd of February a mob, including 500 sailors from Leith, burned this chapel and plundered another, while the bishop was living in the Blackfriars Wynd, and the house of every Catholic in Edinburgh was sacked and destroyed.

Principal Robertson, who was supposed to be friendly to Catholics, and defended them in the ensuing General Assembly, had his house attacked, his library nearly destroyed, and was obliged to take shelter among the troops in the castle. Dr. Hay, who now lies interred in an obscure churchyard, without a stone to mark his grave, was the last of the bishops in Blackfriars Wynd. The upper portion of the tenement he occupied was destroyed by fire in 1791. It was seven storeys in height, as appears by an account of the conflagration in the *Scots Magazine* for that year, which adds, "many poor families have lost their all. An old respectable citizen, above 80, was carried out during the fire. Happily, no lives were lost."

Nearly opposite to it was another large tenement, the upper storey of which was also long used as a Catholic chapel, and as such was dedicated to St. Andrew the Apostle of Scotland, until it was quitted, in 1813, for a more complete and ornate church, St. Mary's in Broughton Street. After it was abandoned, "the interior of the chapel retained much of its original state till its demolition. The framework of the simple altar-piece still remained, though the rude painting of the patron saint of Scotland which originally filled it had disappeared. Humble as must have been the appearance of this chapel—even when furnished with every adjunct of Catholic ceremonial for Christmas or Easter festivals, aided by the imposing habits of the officiating priests that gathered round its little altar—yet men of high rank and ancient lineage were wont to assemble among the worshippers."

With others, here came constantly to mass and other services, Charles Philip Count d'Artois, brother of the ill-fated Louis XVI., and his son the Duc d'Angoulême, while, in the earlier years of their exile, they resided at Holyrood, by permission of the British Government, though the people of Scotland liked to view it as in virtue of the ancient Alliance; and a most humble place of worship it must have seemed to the count, who is described as having been "the most gay, gaudy, fluttering, accomplished, luxurious, and expensive prince in Europe." A doorway inscribed in antique characters of the 16th century, *Miserere mei Deus*, gave access to this chapel. It bore a shield in the centre with three mullets in chief, a plain cross, and two swords saltire-ways—the coat armorial of some long-forgotten race.

Another old building adjoined, above the door of which was the pious legend ranged in two lines, *The feir of the Lord is the begynning of al visdome*, but as to the generations of men that dwelt there not even a tradition remains.

Lower down, at the south-west corner of the Wynd, there formerly stood the English Episcopal Chapel, founded, in 1722, by the Lord Chief Baron Smith of the Exchequer Court, for a clergyman qualified to take the oaths to Government. To endow it he vested a sum in the public funds for the purpose of yielding £40 per annum to the incumbent, and left the management in seven trustees nominated by himself. The Baron's chapel existed for exactly a century; it was demolished in 1822, after serving as a place of worship for all loyal and devout Episcopal High Churchmen at a time when Episcopacy and Jacobitism were nearly synonymous terms in Scotland. It was the most fashionable church in the city, and there it was that Dr. Johnson sat in 1773, when on his visit to Boswell. When this edifice was founded, according to Arnot, it was intended that its congregation should unite with others of the Episcopal persuasion in the new chapel; but the incumbent, differing from his hearers about the mode of his settlement there, chose to withdraw himself again to that in which he was already established.

After the accession of George III., "certain officious people" lodged information against some of the Episcopal clergymen; "but," says Arnot, "the officers of state, imitating the liberality and clemency of their gracious master, discountenanced such idle and invidious endeavours at oppression."

In the Blackfriars Wynd—though in what part thereof is not precisely known now, unless on the site of Baron Smith's chapel—the semi-royal House of Sinclair had a town mansion. They were Princes and Earls of Orkney, Lords of Roslin, Dukes of Oldenburg, and had a list of titles that has been noted for its almost Spanish tediousness.

In his magnificence, Earl William—who built Roslin Chapel, was High Chancellor in 1455, and ambassador to England in the same year—far surpassed what had often sufficed for the kings of Scotland. His princess, Margaret Douglas, daughter of Archibald Duke of Touraine, according to Father Hay, in his "Genealogie of the Sainte Claires of Rosslyn," was waited upon by "seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, all cloathed in velvets and silks, with their chains of gold and other pertinents; together with two hundred riding gentlemen, who accompanied her in all her journeys. She had carried before her, when she went to Edinburgh, if it were darke, eighty lighted torches. Her lodging was at the foot of Blackfryer Wynde; so that in a word, none matched her in all the country, save the Queen's Majesty." Father Hay tells us, too, that Earl William "kept a great court, and was royally served at his own table in vessels of gold and silver: Lord Dirleton being his master of the household, Lord Borthwick his cupbearer, and Lord Fleming his carver, in whose absence they had deputies, viz., Stewart, Laird of Drumlanrig; Tweedie, Laird of Drummelzier; and Sandilands, Laird of Calder. He had his halls and other apartments richly adorned with embroidered hangings."

At the south-west end of the Wynd, and abutting on the Cowgate, where its high octagon turret, on six rows of corbels springing from a stone shaft, was for ages a prominent feature, stood the archiepiscopal palace, deemed in its time one of the most palatial edifices of old Edinburgh.

It formed two sides of a quadrangle, with a *porte cochère* that gave access to a court behind, and was built by James Bethune, who was Archbishop of Glasgow (1508—1524), Lord Chancellor of Scotland in 1512, and one of the Lords Regent, under the Duke of Albany, during the stormy minority of James V. Pitscottie distinctly refers to it as the archbishop's house, "quhilk he biggit in the Freiris Wynd," and Keith records that over the door of it were the arms of the family of Bethune, to be seen in his time. But they had disappeared long before the demolition of the house, the ancient risp of which was sold among the collection of the late C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in 1851. Another from the same house is in the museum of the Scottish Antiquaries. The stone bearing the coat of arms was also in his possession, and it is thus referred to by Nisbet in his Heraldry:—"With us (the Scots) angels have been frequently made use of as supporters. Cardinal Beaton had his, supported by two angels, in Dalmatic habits, or, as some say, priestly ones, which are yet to be seen on his lodgings in Blackfriars Wynd." The cardinal's arms, as borne on his archiepiscopal seal, are Bethune and Balfour quarterly, with a cross-crosslet-headed pastoral staff, and the tasselled hat over all.

Upon all the buildings erected by the archbishop "his armorial bearings were conspicuously displayed," says Wilson, "and a large stone tablet remained, till a few years since, over the archway of Blackfriars Wynd, leading into the inner court, supported by two angels in Dalmatic habits, and surmounted by a crest, sufficiently defaced to enable antiquaries to discover in it either a mitre or a cardinal's hat, according as their theory of the original ownership inclined towards the archbishop or his more celebrated nephew the cardinal."

Occupying the space between Blackfriars Wynd and Toddrick's Wynd, the archiepiscopal palace afforded a striking example of the revolutions effected by time and change of manners on the ancient abodes of the opulent and the noble. As it appeared before its demolition no doubt could be entertained that some portions of it had been rebuilt, to suit the requirements of its last humble denizens, but much remained to form connecting-links in the long chain of ages. The whole of the entrance floor had been strongly groined with stone, built on solid pillars, calculated to afford protection during the brawls and conflicts of the times.

Within the arched passage that led from the Wynd a broad flight of steps led to the first floor of the palace, a mode of construction common in those days, when the architect had to consider security, and how the residents might resist an attack till terms were obtained, or succour came. In early times the whole of the space occupied by the Mint in the Cowgate and other buildings to the north thereof had been the garden grounds of the archiepiscopal residence.

Here it was, as we have related, that the Earl of Arran and his armed adherents held their stormy conclave on the 30th of April, 1520, concerning the capture and death of Angus, whose war array held the High Street and barricaded the close-heads; and here it was that Gawain Douglas, the Bishop of Dunkeld, and translator of Virgil, whose two brothers fell at Flodden, called on the archbishop, and strove to keep the peace in vain, for the prelate was already in his armour, and the dreadful conflict of "Cleanse the Causeway" ensued, giving victory to the Douglases, and compelling the fugitive archbishop, during 1525, the time they were in power, to seek safety in the disguise of a shepherd, and, literally, crook in hand, to tend flocks of sheep on Bograin-knowe, not far from his diocesan city of Glasgow.

James V. took up his abode in the archiepiscopal palace in 1528, preparatory to the meeting of Parliament, and the archbishop, who had been one of the most active promoters of his liberation from the Douglas faction, became his host and entertainer. Here, in after years, resided his nephew, David Beaton, the formidable cardinal, who, in 1547, was murdered so barbarously in the castle of St. Andrew, and here also was literally the cradle of the now famous High School of Edinburgh, as it was occupied as the "Grammar Skule" in 1555, while that edifice, which stood eastward of the Kirk-of-field, was in course of erection.

We next hear of the little palace in the reign of Mary. On the 8th of February, 1562, her brother, the Lord James Stewart, "newly created Earl of Mar (afterwards Moray) "was married upon Agnes Keith, daughter to William Earl Marischal," says the Diurnal of Occurrents, "in the kirk of Sanct Geil, in Edinburgh, with solemnity as the like has not been seen before; the hale nobility of this realm being there present, and convoyit them down to Holyrood House, where the banquet was made, the queen's grace thereat." After music and dancing, casting of fire-balls, tilting with fire-spears, and much jollity, next evening the queen, with all her court, came up in state from Holyrood "to the cardinal's lodging in the Blackfriar Wynd, which was preparit and hung maist honourably." Then the queen and her courtiers had a joyous supper, after which all the young craftsmen of the city came in their armour, and conveyed her back to Holyrood. Up Blackfriars Wynd, past the house of the late cardinal, Queen Mary proceeded on the fatal night of the 9th of February, 1567, about the same time nearly that Bothwell and his accomplices passed down the next alley, on their way to the Kirk-of-field. She had dined that day at Holyrood, and about eight in the evening went to sup with the Bishop of Argyle. At nine she rose from the table, and accompanied by the Earls of Argyle, Cassilis, and Huntly, escorted by her archer-guard and torch-bearers, went to visit Darnley in the lonely Kirk-of-field, intending to remain there for the night, but returned home. As she was proceeding, three of Bothwell's retainers, Dalgleish, Powrie, and Wilson, in their depositions, stated that after conveying the powder-bags to the convent gate, at the foot of the Blackfriars Wynd, they saw "the Quenes grace gangand before them with licht torches," on which Powrie, as if conscience-stricken, exclaimed to Wilson, "Jesu! Pate! What na gate is this we are ganging? I trow it be not gude."

About 1780–9 the cardinal's house was the residence of Bishop Abernethy Drummond, whom we have noticed as the theological opponent of Bishop Hay, and hither he must have brought his wife, the heiress of Hawthornden. This divine occupied a high place in the society of his time, and was particularly active in obtaining the repeal of the penal statutes against his church in Scotland. Latterly the house was divided, like all its neighbours, into a multitude of small lodgings, where squalid poor folks—chiefly Irish—pined on parochial allowance, and slept on beds of straw mingled with rags—"the terrible exponent of our peculiar phasis of civilisation."

But very different was the aspect of society at the time when the *Edinburgh Gazette* of 19th April, 1703, put forth the following advertisement:—

"There is a boarding-school to be set up in Blackfriars Wynd, in Robinson's Land, upon the west side of the Wynd, near the middle thereof, in the first door of the stair leading to the said land, against the latter end of May, or first of June next, when young ladies and gentlemen may have all sorts of breeding that is to be had in any part of Britain, and great care taken of their conversation."

CARDINAL BEATON'S HOUSE.

Nearly all that we have described here has been swept away by the trustees of the Edinburgh Improvement Act, and the ancient Wynd is now designated Blackfriars Street. By that Act, passed in 1867, a tax was imposed, not exceeding fourpence in the pound, for a period of twenty years, and the trustees were authorised to borrow, on the security of that assessment, a total sum of £350,000. At the 1st of August, 1877, the total expenditure was £442,621 18s. 6d.; receipts, £265,599 18s. 3d.; the unrecovered outlay, £177,022 0s. 3d.; and the amount to the credit of the sinking fund account, £6,752 14s. 10d.

Blackfriars Wynd was among the places "improved;" the east side was swept away and replaced by buildings in the old Scottish style, one of which is the Edinburgh Industrial School, instituted in July, 1847; but, by a somewhat shortsighted policy perhaps, the west was left untouched, and the footway there was found to be so far below the level of the street as to necessitate its being fenced off from the carriage-way by an open railing, thus imparting an incomplete aspect to the thoroughfare. Between these old houses on the west an extensive area was thrown open between Cant's and Dickson's Closes, thus greatly enhancing the value of the sites, but at the sacrifice of much that belonged to the past and the picturesque.

The United Industrial School in Blackfriars Street exhibits in a manner perhaps unexampled, the successful application and development of that great problem, a comprehensive unsectarian system of national education. To those to whom its name may be scarcely known it must appear that there is surely something striking in the character of a ragged school among whose founders were such men as the Earls of Minto and Elgin, Lords Dunfermline, Murray, and Jeffrey, Sir William G. Craig, Adam Black, and William Chambers.

In 1847 Dr. Guthrie first drew attention to the condition of the juvenile beggars of Edinburgh, and his noble proposal to establish a ragged school to be supported by "Christians of all denominations and parties," was eagerly taken up. The lines upon which the suggestion was practically carried out were subsequently considerably enlarged, and the United Industrial School was the ultimate result of the modification of the original plan.

According to a paper which was read before the Social Science Association, on occasion of its meeting at Edinburgh in 1863, the United Industrial School had been found to work most satisfactorily. The plan on which the school "was instituted in 1847, and on which it has now (1863) for nearly a quarter of a century been conscientiously and successfully conducted, is that of combined instruction in things secular, separate in things religious. The school is attended by both Protestant and Catholic children, boys and girls."

Statistics of such institutions may vary a little from year to year; but the printed report issued on June 29, 1876, the day of inspection, may be considered to represent a fairly typical statement of the average condition of the school. According to this report, the number of inmates stood thus:—"Boys, 122; girls, 34. Of these 100 boys and 20 girls were under detention, 13 boys and 14 girls on the voluntary list, and 9 day scholars; of these 70 were Protestant and 86 Roman Catholics." The cases of absconding are few, and the punishments small. The industrial training is regarded with the full consideration it deserves. There are brushmaking, carpentry, turning, tailoring, shoemaking, and wood-cutting, for the boys; school washing, cooking, household work, and knitting, for the girls. The nett cost per head, including profit and loss on the industrial departments,

EDINBURGH UNITED INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

was, in 1876, £12 5s. 2d., the total cost being £1,990 18s. 2d.

The directors of the United Industrial School may fairly claim to have practically solved the greatest difficulty of the educational question; and their institution was one of the earliest of its class to give effect to the discovery that the training of "ragged school" pupils in such merely mechanical and elementary work as teasing hair, picking oakum, net-making, and so forth, was little better than a waste of time, when compared with that initiation in skilled handicrafts of the simple order, which would qualify the children on leaving school to assume something like an independent position in life. In the annual report for 1860 appears the following:—"The total number of children who have received the benefit of our school is 950, and Mr. Fergusson has by patient and laborious investigation, during six months past, ascertained the present earnings of upwards of two-thirds of that number. These earnings represent the scarcely credible sum of £11,596. From the report of the following year we learn that the superintendent, by a most strict investigation, found the sum of annual earning that year was nearly £1,000 higher—the nett sum being £12,472."

This elaborate record has not been kept up; but there is no reason to doubt that had it been so, the succeeding years would have shown the same result.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ALLEYS OF THE HIGH STREET (*continued*).

Toddrick's Wynd—Banquet to the Danish Ambassador and Nobles—Lord Leven's House in Skinner's Close—The First Mint Houses—The Mint—Scottish Coin—Mode of its Manufacture—Argyle's Lodging—Dr. Cullen—Elphinstone's Court—Lords Loughborough and Stonefield—Lord Selkirk—Dr. Rutherford, the Inventor of Gas.

Below Blackfriars Street opens Toddrick's Wynd, to which a special interest is attached, from its association with one of the darkest deeds of a lawless age, for it was by that dark and narrow alley that James Hepburn Earl of Bothwell and his heartless accomplices proceeded towards the gate of the Blackfriars monastery in the Cowgate, on the night of the 9th of February, 1567, to fire the powder lodged in the vaults of the provost's house in the Kirk-of-field,

> — "and blew a palace into atoms,
> Sent a young king—a young queen's mate at least,
> Into the air, as high as e'er flew night-hawk,
> And made such wild work in the realm of Scotland
> As they can tell who heard."

Till the recent demolitions, the closes between this point and the Netherbow remained unchanged in aspect, and in the same state for centuries, save that they had become wofully degraded by the habits, character, and rank of their inhabitants.

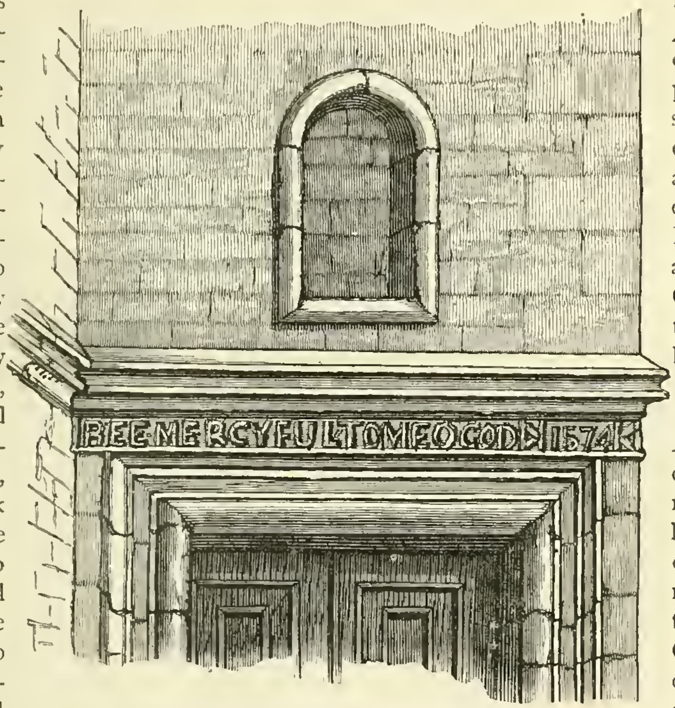
In Toddrick's Wynd, a lofty building with a massive polished ashlar front at the foot thereof, and long forming a prominent object amid the faded grandeur of the Cowgate, was the abode of Thomas Aitchison, master of the Mint; and therein, in 1590, the provost and magistrates, at the expense of the city, gave a grand banquet to the ambassador and nobles of Denmark, who had come to Scotland in the train of Queen Anne.

The handsome alcoved chamber in which the banquet was given existed till recently; but the style of the entertainment would seem to have been remarkable for abundance rather than elegance. There were simply bread and meat, with four boins of beer, four gangs of ale, and four puncheons of wine. The house, however, was hung with rich tapestry, and the tables were decorated with chandeliers and flowers. We hear, too, of napery, of "two dozen great vessels," and of "cup-buirds and men to keep them." The furnishing of the articles had been distributed among the dignitaries of the city, with some reference to their respective trades. Among those present at the banquet were Peiter Monck, admiral of Denmark; Stephen Brahe (a relative, perhaps, of the great Tycho Brahe) captain of Eslingburg; Braid Ransome Maugaret; Theophilus, Doctor of Laws; Henry Goolister, captain of Bocastle; William Vanderwent—whose names are doubtless all misspelt in the record.

The "napery" on this occasion was provided by the Lord Provost, and the musicians, "fydleris at the bankit," as it is written in the Lord High Treasurer's accounts, were paid for by him. He had also to pay "for furnessing fyftene fedder beddis to the Densis (Danes) within the palice of Halierudhous."

Murdoch's Close, a gloomy old cul-de-sac, lay between this alley and Skinner's Close, at the head of which was the town house of the Earls of Leven. The last who resided in Edinburgh, David, sixth Earl, who was born in 1722, and who was wont, when Royal Commissioner, to hold his levées in Fortune's tavern, removed from Skinner's Close to a house at the north-west corner of Nicolson Square, and latterly at No. 2, St. Andrew Square (now the London Hotel), where he died, in his eightieth year, in 1802.

In his lordship's time the office of Commissioner to the Church, which he held from 1783 to 1801, was attended with more "pomp and circumstance" than now. The levées were numerously attended by the Scottish nobility, and the opening procession to the Assembly created great excitement and enthusiasm. The Sunday processions to church were usually very attractive; there was a strong military force always present, and as the regimental bands were all in requisition, their music, which always struck up the moment the procession began to issue from the old Stamp Office, gave keen annoyance to many a sturdy Presbyterian, till it ceased at the High Church door, whither the Commissioner proceeded on foot, escorted by his guard of honour.


BEE MERCYFUL TO ME O GOD 1574

LINTEL OF THE DOOR OF THE MINT.
(From a Drawing by the Author.)

South Gray's, or the Mint Close, was one of the stateliest alleys in the old city, and herein stood the *Cunzie Hous*, as the Scottish Mint was named (after its removal from near Holyrood in Queen Mary's time) till the Union in 1707, and until lately its sombre and massive tower of finely polished ashlar projecting into the narrow thoroughfare of Cowgate, for three hundred and four years formed one of the leading features of the latter, and to the last the old edifice retained many traces of the important operations that once went on within its walls.

The first Mint House had been originally erected in the outer court of the palace of Holyrood, somewhere near the Horse Wynd, from whence, for greater safety, it was removed to the castle, in which a new Mint House had been built in 1559, as shown by the following entry in the accounts of the High Treasurer, under date February, 1562-3:—

"Item, allowit to the carpenter, be payment maid to Johne Achesoun, Maister Congreave, to Maister William M'Dowgale, Maister of Werk, for expensis maide be him vpon the bigging of the çwnge-house, within the castell of Edinburgh, and beting of the çwnge-hous within the Palice of Halierud-house, fra the xi. day of Februar, 1559, zeris, to the 21 of April, 1560, £460 4s. 1." This edifice probably perished during the siege of 1572, and the date over the nobly and heavily moulded doorway in the new Mint in the Cowgate at the foot of Gray's Close was 1574, with the legend in Roman letters,

BEE MERCYFUL TO ME, O GOD.

Above this was a deep round bevelled niche, supposed to have contained a bust of James VI. "This remnant of one of the most important Government offices of Scotland, at that date, is a curious sample of the heavy and partially castellated edifices of the period," says Wilson, describing the edifice prior to its removal. "The whole building was probably intended, when completed, to form a quadrangle, surrounded on every side by the same substantial walls, well suited for defence against any ordinary assault, while its halls were lighted from the enclosed court. The small windows in this part of the building remain in their original state, being divided by an oaken transom, and the under part closed by a pair of folding shutters. The massive ashlar walls are relieved by ornamental stringcourses, and surmounted by crowsteps of the earliest form and elegant proportions. . . . . The internal marks of former magnificence are more interesting than their external ones, notwithstanding the humble uses to which the buildings have latterly been applied; in particular some portions of a very fine oak ceiling still remain, wrought in Gothic panelling, and retaining traces of the heraldic blazonry with which it was originally adorned. Two large and handsome windows, above the archway leading to Toddrick's Wynd, give light to this once magnificent hall, which is said to have formed the council-room where the officers of the Mint assembled to assay the metal, and to discuss the general affairs of the establishment."

THE OLD SCOTTISH MINT. (*After a Drawing by James Drummond, R.S.A.*)

Wilson wrote this in 1847, thirty years before the old Scottish Mint was doomed to total destruction.

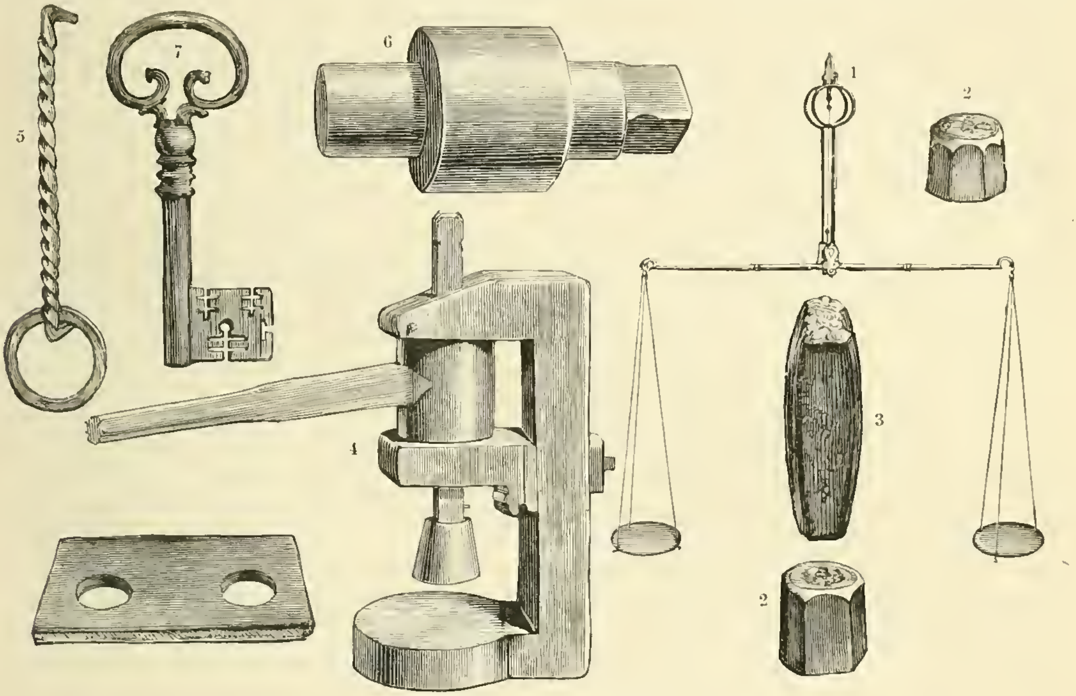
In the reign of Charles II. other buildings were added to the edifice of 1574, forming a stately quadrangle, and there the national coin was produced till the Union, when a separate coinage was abandoned in both countries; but to gratify prejudice, and the hope that many clung to, of having the Union repealed, the offices were maintained even though they were sinecures. This court, with its buildings, was, like the royal mews at the end of the Grassmarket—a sanctuary for persons prosecuted for debt; and a small den near the top of the building of 1574, lighted by a little window looking westward up the Cowgate, was used as a gaol for debtors and other delinquents, condemned by the officers of the Mint.

It may surprise readers now to hear that much of the gold coined in this establishment, and its predecessors, was native produce.

The first historical notice we have of gold in Scotland is the grant by David I. to the Abbey of Dunfermline, in 1153, of all the gold accruing to the crown from Fife and Fotherif. About a century later Gilbert, Bishop of Caithness (afterwards canonised as St. Gilbert), is credited with the discovery of gold in Sutherlandshire; but it was not until the 15th century that gold-mining in Scotland became of sufficient importance to warrant its regulation by the Legislature. Thus, in 1424, Parliament granted to the Crown all the gold mines in the realm, and also all the silver mines, that yielded three halfpennies of silver to the pound of lead.

The disaster at Flodden prevented immediate advantage being taken of the gold mines discovered on Crawford Muir in the reign of James IV.; but in 1524 the famous Albany medal was made from gold obtained there; and it is apparent that much of the coin of James V. was minted of native metal. Miners were brought from Germany, Holland, and Lorraine, and they worked under the care of John Mossman, goldsmith, who made a crown for Mary of Guise, and inclosed with arches the present crown of Scotland.

The early gold coins of Mary's reign were of native ore, and, during the minority of James VI., Cornelius de Vos, a Dutchman, who had licence to seek for gold and silver, obtained considerable quantities, according to the records relating to mines and mining in Scotland, published by Mr. Cochran-Patrick.



RELICS OF THE OLD SCOTTISH MINT.

1, Delicate Set of Balances. 2, Dies; 3, Punch; 4, Implements for Knarling the Coins; 5, Large Tirling-pin of the Great Door; 6, Roller for Flattening the Silver; 7, Key of the Mint Door. (*From Originals now in the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.*)

The oldest gold coin found in Scotland bears the name of Robert, but which of the three monarchs so called is uncertain. Gold was not coined in England till 1257. The first gold coins struck in Scotland were of a broad surface and very thin. There is some doubt about when copper coinage was introduced, but in 1466, during the reign of James III., an Act was passed to the effect that, for the benefit of the poor, "there be cuinyied copper money, four to the (silver) penny, having on the one part the cross of St. Andrew and the crown, and on the other part the subscription of Edinburgh," together with James R.

The same monarch issued a silver coin containing an alloy of copper, which went under the name of black money, and to ensure the circulation of this depreciated coin the parliament ordained that no counterfeits of it be taken in payment, or used, under pain of death. The coins current in Scotland in the reign of James III. were named the demi, the lion, the groat of the crown, the groat of the fleur-de-lis, the penny, farthing, and plack. English coins were also current, but their value was regulated by the estates. From "Miscelleanea Scotica" we learn that in 1512 Sir Alexander Napier of Merchiston found gold in the Pentland Hills, and from the Balcarres MSS. (in the Advocates' Library) he and his son figure conspicuously in connection with the Mint, of which the latter was general for some years after 1592.

In 1572 the Regent Morton coined base money in his castle at Dalkeith, and by proclamation made it pass current for thrice its real value; and having got rid of it all in 1575, by paying workmen in the repair of Edinburgh Castle and other public places, he issued a council order reducing it to its intrinsic value, an act of oppression which won him the hatred of the people. In the reign of James VI., all the silver coin, extending to two hundred and eleven stone ten pounds in weight, was called in, and a coin was issued from the Mint in Gray's Close, "in ten shilling pieces of eleven pennies fine," having on one side his effigy with the inscription, *Jacobus VI., Dei Gratia Rex Scotorum*, on the other the royal arms, crowned. In his reign were also struck some very small copper coins called pennies, worth one-twelfth of the sterling penny, inscribed, *Nemo me impunè lacessit;* but in those days the manufacture of coins was not confined to the capital alone.

Balfour records that, in 1604, "the Laird of Merchiston, General of the Cunyie House, went to London to treat with the English Commissioners anent the (new) cunyie, who, to the great amazement of the English, carried his business with a great deal of dexterity and skill."

In the closing days of the Mint as an active establishment, the coining-house was in the ground floor of the building on the north side of the court; in the adjoining house on the east the coinage was polished and fitted for circulation. The chief instruments used were a hammer and steel dies, upon which the various devices were engraved. The metal being previously prepared of the proper fineness and thickness, was cut into longitudinal slips, and a square piece being cut from the slip, it was afterwards rounded and adjusted to the weight of the coin to be made.

The blank pieces of metal were then placed between two dies, and the upper one struck with a hammer. After the Restoration another method was introduced at Gray's Close—that of the mill and screw, which, modified with many improvements, is still in use. At the Union, the ceremony of destroying the dies of the Scottish coinage took place in the Mint. After being heated red hot in a furnace, they were defaced by three impressions of a punch, "which were of course visible on the dies as long as they existed; but it must be recorded that all these implements, which would now have been great curiosities, are lost, and none of the machinery remains but the press, which, weighing about half a ton, was rather too large to be readily appropriated, otherwise it would have followed the rest."

The Scottish currency was, when abolished in 1707, of only one-twelfth the value sterling, and £100 Scots equalled £8 6s. 8d. sterling; or £1 Scots equalled 1s. 8d. sterling. The merk was 13s. 4d. Scots, and the plack, 2 bodles, equal to 4d. Scots.

The ancient key of the Mint is preserved, with some other relics of it, in the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.

The goldsmiths connected with the Mint appear to have had apartments either within the quadrangle or in its immediate neighbourhood, and there is no doubt that it was the professional avocations of the great George Heriot that led to his obtaining the large tenement that formed the north side of the Mint court which, during his lifetime, he conceived to be the most central and suitable place for the erection of his future hospital, and which he describes in his will (see the Appendix to Stevens' biography) as "theis my tenements of landes, &c., lyand on the south side of the King his High Streit thairoff, betwixt the Cloise or Venall, callit Gray's Clois, or Coyne-hous Cloise, at the east, the Wynd or Venall, callit Todrig's Wynd, at the west, and the said Coyne-hous Cloise at the south."

His tenements there were found to be ruinous, and every way unsuitable for the purpose for which they were designed by his executors, and the buildings which afterwards formed the north side of the quadrangle were those erected in the reign of Charles II. in 1674.

On the 22nd of February, 1656, during the Protectorate of Cromwell, a committee was appointed by the Commissioners of the shire of Edinburgh, for the equalisation of the assessment, "and for the more speedie effectuating thereof, the whole heritors, liferenters, woodsetters, and other persons whatsomever, liable in payment of cess," were ordered to appear before the said committee, at the Judge Advocate's lodging at foot of Gray's Close, on certain forenoons in March, according to a paper in the *Scottish Literary Magazine* for 1819.

The door to the floors above the coining-house in the Mint bore the letters "C. R. II., God save the King, 1674." Here was the lodging of Archibald ninth earl of Argyle, during his attendance on the Parliament, after Charles II. had most unexpectedly restored him to his father's title. Under date November 22nd, 1681, only a few days after the escape of the Earl from the Castle, disguised as his stepdaughter's page, Lord Fountainhall records that "Joseph Brown and James Clark, having poinded the Earl of Argyle's cabinet forth of the coin-house at Edinburgh, for a debt owing to them by the Earl's bond, the said cabinet having been rescued from them by violence, they gave in a complaint to the Privy Council of the riotous deforcement."

In defence it was alleged that the Mint was a sanctuary, and no poinding could be enforced there. It was answered that it was unknown whether it was by law or usurpation that the Mint was an asylum, and that it could protect only those in the service of the King; "but to extend this to extraneous persons running in there to avoid captions, much less to secure goods and plenishing, &c., is absurd. They fearing the want of this, alleged that the wright who made it (the cabinet) retained it *jure tacito hypothecæ* till he was paid the price of it."

The same house was, in the succeeding century, occupied by Dr. William Cullen, the eminent physician; while Lord Hailes lived in the more ancient lodging in the south portion of the Mint, prior to his removal to the modern house which he built for himself in New Street, Canongate.

William Cullen was born in Lanarkshire, in 1710, and after passing in medicine at Glasgow, made several voyages as surgeon of a merchantman between London and the Antilles; but tiring of the sea, he took a country practice at Hamilton, and his luckily curing the duke of that name of an illness, secured him a patronage for the future, and after various changes, in 1756, on the death of Dr. Plummer, he took the vacant chair of chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. On the death of Dr. Alston he succeeded him as lecturer in materia medica, and three years afterwards resigned the chair of chemistry to his own pupil, Dr. Black, on being appointed professor of the theory of medicine.

As a lecturer Dr. Cullen exercised a great influence over the state of opinion relative to the science of medicine, and successfully combated the specious doctrines of Boerhaave depending on the humoral pathology; his own system was founded on the enlarged view of the principles of Frederick Hoffman. The mere enumeration of his works on medicine would fill a page, but most of them were translated into nearly every European language. He continued his practice as a physician as well as his medical lectures till a few months before his death, when the infirmities of age induced him to resign his professorship, and one of many addresses he received on that occasion was the following:—

"On the 8th of January, 1790, the Lord Provost, magistrates, and Council of Edinburgh, voted a piece of plate of fifty guineas of value to Dr. Cullen, as a testimony of their respect for his distinguished merits and abilities and his eminent services to the university during the period of thirty-four years, in which he has held an academical chair. On the plate was engraved an inscription expressive of the high sense the magistrates, as patrons of the university, had of the merit of the Professor, and of their esteem and regard."

Most honourable to him also were the resolutions passed on the 27th of January by the entire Senatus Academicus; but he did not survive those honours long, as he died at his house in the Mint, on the 5th of February, 1790, in his eightieth year. By his wife—a Miss Johnston, who died there in 1786—he had a numerous family. One of his sons, Robert, entered at the Scottish Bar in 1764, and distinguishing himself highly as a lawyer, was raised to the bench in 1796, as Lord Cullen. He cultivated elegant literature, and contributed several papers of acknowledged talent to the *Mirror* and *Lounger*; but it was chiefly in the art of conversation that he shone. When a young man, and resident with his father in the Mint Close, he was famous for his power of mimicry. He was very intimate with Dr. Robertson, the historian, then Principal of the university.

"To show that Robertson was not likely to be imitated it may be mentioned from the report of a gentleman who has often heard him making public orations, that when the students observed him pause for a word, and would themselves mentally supply it they invariably found that the word which he did use was different from that which they had hit upon. Cullen, however, could imitate him to the life, either in the more formal speeches, or in his ordinary discourse. He would often, in entering a house which the Principal was in the habit of visiting, assume his voice in the lobby and stair, and when arrived at the drawing-room door, astonish the family by turning out to be—Bob Cullen."

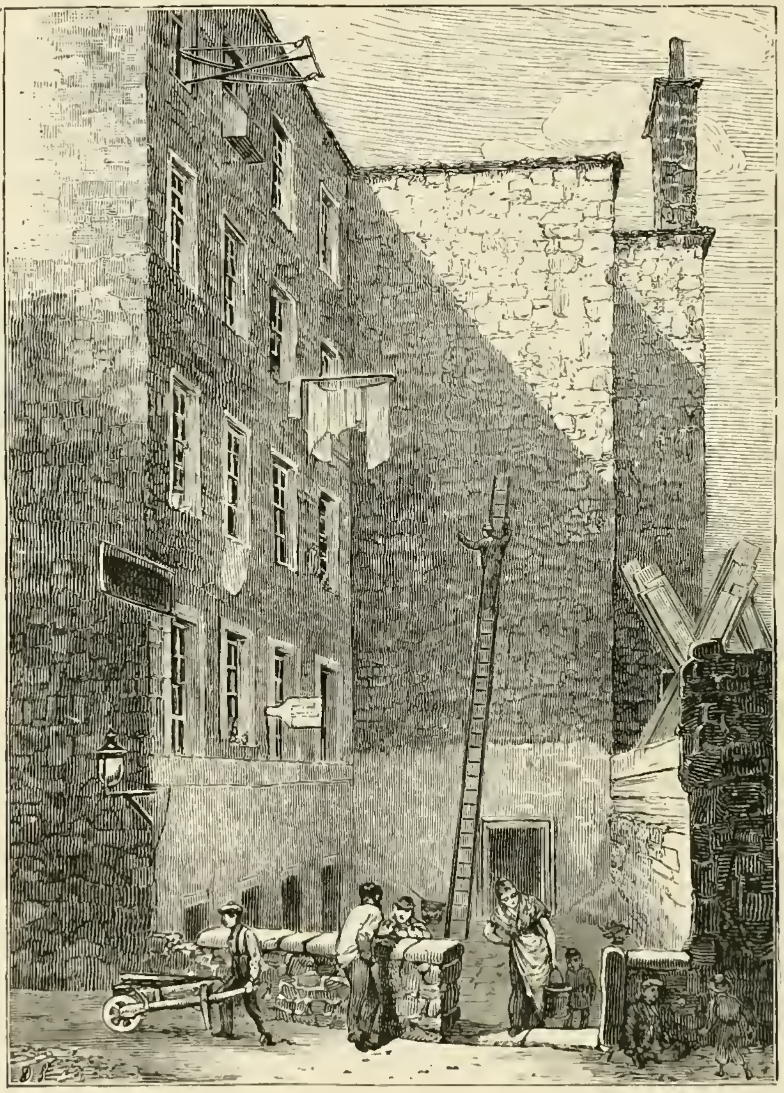
On the west side of the Mint were at one time the residences of Lord Belhaven, the Countess of Stair, Douglas of Cavers, and other distinguished tenants, including Andrew Pringle, raised to the bench, as Lord Haining, in 1729. The main entrance to these lodgings, like that on the south, was by a stately flight of steps and a great doorway, furnished with an enormous knocker, and a beautiful example of its ancient predecessor, the risp, or Scottish tirling-pin.

The *Edinburgh Courant* of August 12, 1708, has the following strange announcement:—

"George Williamson, translator (*i.e.* cobbler) in Edinburgh, commonly known by the name of *Bowed Geordie*, who swims on face, back, or any posture, forwards or backwards, and performs all the antics that any swimmer can do, is willing to attend any gentlemen and to teach them to swim, or perform his antics for their divertisement: is to be found at Luckie Reid's, at the foot of Gray's Close, on the south side of the street, Edinburgh."

Elphinstone's Court, in the close adjoining the Mint, was so named from Sir James Elphinstone, who built it in 1679, and from whom the lofty tenement therein passed to Sir Francis Scott of Thirlstane. The latter sold it to Patrick Wedderburn, who assumed the title of Lord Chesterhall on his elevation to the bench in 1755. His son, Alexander Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough, first Earl of Rosslyn, and Lord High Chancellor of

England, resided here while practising at the Scottish Bar. He was born in East Lothian, in 1733, where his great-grandfather, Sir Peter Wedderburn of Gosford, was a man of influence in the reign of Charles II., and rose to be an eminent lawyer and judge. Admitted an advocate at the early age of nineteen, he obtained a full share of practice, and the rooms of his mansion in Elphinstone Court were frequently crowded by his clients; but having gained a cause in which the celebrated Lockhart (Lord Covington) was the opposing counsel, that eminent barrister, in bitter chagrin at his signal defeat, styled him "a presumptuous boy." Young Wedderburn's reply was so terribly sarcastic as to draw upon him a severe rebuke from one of the judges, on which he threw off his gown, and declared that never again would he plead in a place where he was subjected to insult.

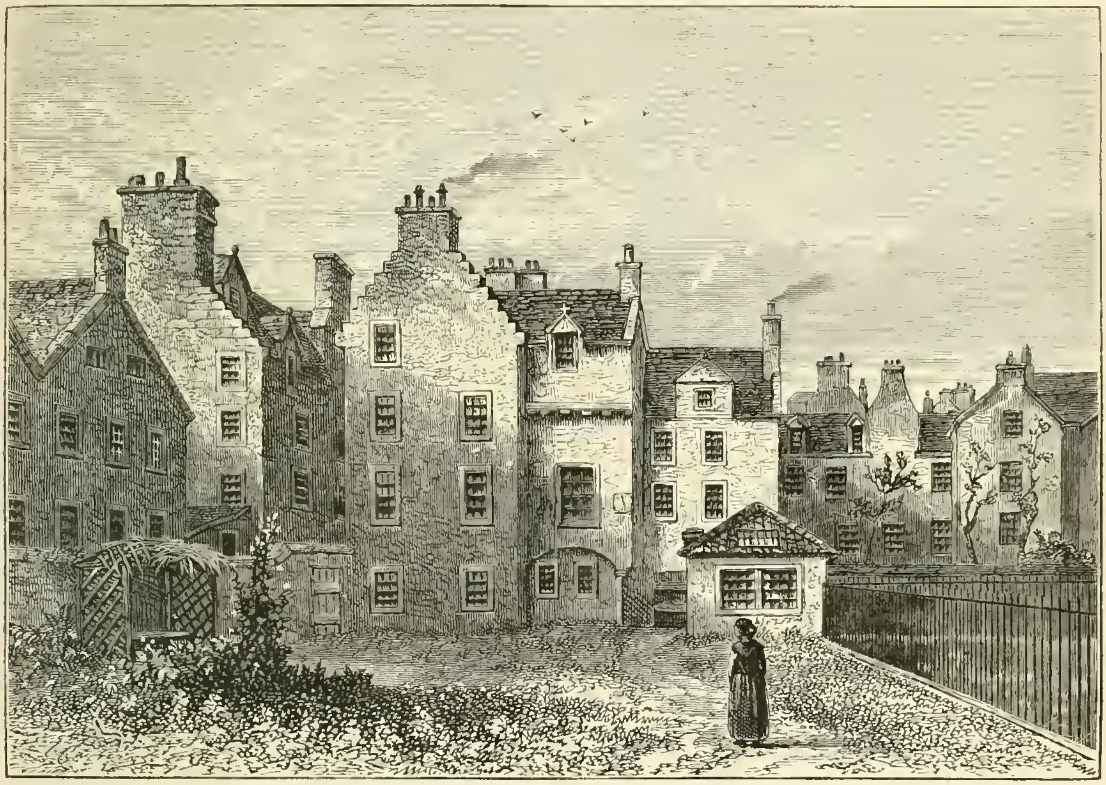


ELPHINSTONE COURT.

All unaware of the brilliant future that awaited him, with great regret he quitted the Scottish courts for ever, was called to the English bar in 1753, and soon gained fresh fame as counsel for the great Lord Clive; and in 1768–9 his eloquence in the famous Douglas cause won him the notice of Lord Camden and the friendship of the Earls of Bute and Mansfield. He sat in the Commons as member for the Inverary Burghs, and for Bishop's Castle, and in 1780 was raised to the British peerage as Lord Loughborough, in the county of Leicester. In April, 1783, he united with Lord

North in forming the celebrated Coalition Ministry, in which he held the appointment of first Commissioner for keeping the Great Seal. On its dissolution, he joined the Opposition under Fox; but, amid the alarm of the expected French invasion, he gave in his adhesion to the Administration of Pitt, and on succeeding Lord Thurlow as Lord High Chancellor, in April, 1801, was created Earl of Rosslyn in Midlothian, and then, when nearly worn-out with the fatigues of a long and active career, he retired from public life.

When visiting his native capital for the last time, after an absence of nearly fifty years, with an emotion which did him honour, he caused himself to be carried in a sedan chair to Elphinstone Court, in that now obscure part of the city, that he might again see the house in which his father dwelt, and where his own early years as a boy and as a barrister had been spent. He expressed particular anxiety to know if a set of holes in the paved court before his father's door, which he had used for some youthful sport were still in existence; and finding them still there intact, it is related that as all the past came upon him, the veteran statesman burst into tears.



THE EARL OF SELKIRK'S HOUSE, HYNDFORD'S CLOSE (*South view*).
(*From the Engraving in Sir Walter Scott's "Redgauntlet," by permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.*)

The memory of the early friendships he formed with the "select society" of Edinburgh, including David Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, and Blair, he cherished with unceasing fondness. "His ambition was great," says Sir Egerton Bridges, "and his desire of office unlimited. He could argue with great ingenuity on either side, so that it was difficult to anticipate his future by his past opinions." He died of an apoplectic fit in 1805, and was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral at London. Shortly after the death of his father, Lord Chesterhall, which occurred in 1756, he sold the old mansion in Elphinstone Court to John Campbell, a senator under the title of Lord Stonefield, who succeeded Lord Gardenstone as a justiciary judge, and who retained his seat upon the bench till his death in June, 1801. It is somewhat remarkable that his two immediate predecessors occupied the same seat for a period of ninety years; Lord Royston having been appointed a judge in 1710, and Lord Tinwald in 1744. By his wife, Lady Grace Stuart, daughter of John third Earl of Bute, he had several sons, all of whom pre-deceased him. The second of these was the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel John Campbell, of the Black Watch, whose memorable defence of Mangalore from May, 1783, to January, 1784, arrested the terrible career of Tippoo Sahib, and shed a glory over the British campaign in Mysore. The colonel died of exhaustion at Bombay soon after.

Upon leaving Elphinstone Court, his father resided latterly in George Square, where he died in June, 1801.

Midway up South Gray's Close, a tall turreted mansion, with a tolerably good garden long attached to it, and having an entrance from Hyndford's Close, was the town residence of the Earls of Selkirk—there, at least in 1742, resided Dunbar, fourth Earl (eldest son of Basil Hamilton, of Baldoon), who resumed the name of Douglas on his succeeding to the honours of Selkirk. He married a grand-daughter of Thomas, Earl of Haddington, and had ten children, one of whom, Lord Daer, on attaining manhood, became, at the commencement of the French Revolution, an adherent of that movement and a "Friend of the People;" and deeming the article of the Union with England, on which was founded the exclusion of the eldest sons of Scottish peers from representing their native country in Parliament, and from voting at elections there, injurious, insulting, and incorrectly interpreted, he determined to try the question; but decisions were given against him in the Court of Session and House of Lords. He pre-deceased his father, who died in 1799.

The next occupant of that old house was Dr. Daniel Rutherford, professor of botany, and said to be the first discoverer or inventor of gas. For his thesis, on taking his degree of M.D. at the University of Edinburgh in 1772, he chose a chemical subject, *De Aëre Mephitico*, which, from the originality of its views, obtained the highest encomiums from Dr. Black. In this dissertation he demonstrated, though without explaining its properties, "the existence of a peculiar air, or new gaseous fluid, to which some eminent modern philosophers have given the name of azote, and others of nitrogen."

That Dr. Rutherford first discovered this gas is now generally admitted; and, as Bower remarks in his "History of the University of Edinburgh," the reputation of his discovery being speedily spread through Europe, his character as a chemist of the first eminence was firmly established. He died suddenly on the 15th of December, 1819, in his seventy-first year, and it was somewhat remarkable that one of his sisters died two days after him, on the 17th, and another, the excellent mother of Sir Walter Scott, within seven days of the latter, viz., on the 24th of the same month, and that none of the three knew of the death of the other, so cumbrous were the postal arrangements of those days. "Sir Walter Scott, who," says Robert Chambers, "being a nephew of that gentleman, was often in the house in his young days, communicated to me a curious circumstance connected with it. It appears that the house immediately adjacent was not furnished with a stair wide enough to allow ot a coffin being carried down in decent fashion. It had, therefore, what the Scottish law calls a *servitude* upon Dr. Rutherford's house, conferring the perpetual liberty of bringing the deceased inmates through a passage into that house, and down *its* stair into the lane," thus affording another curious example of how confined and narrow were the abodes of the ancient citizens. It was latterly the priest's house of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic church, and was beautifully restored by the late Dr. Marshall, but is now demolished.

In Edgar's map of Edinburgh in 1765 the whole space between the Earl of Selkirk's house on the west and St. Mary's Wynd on the east, and between the Marquis of Tweeddale's house on the north, nearly to the Cowgate Port on the south, is shown as a fine open space, pleasantly planted with rows of trees and shrubbery.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ALLEYS OF THE HIGH STREET—(*concluded*).

The House of the Earls of Hyndford—The Three Romps of Monieith—Anne, Countess of Balcarris—South Foulis' Close—The "Endmylie's Well"—Fountain Close—The House of Bailie Fullerton—Purchase of Property for the Royal College of Physicians—New Episcopal Chapel—Tweeddale Close—The House of the Marquis of Tweeddale—Rise of the British Linen Company—The Mysterious Murder of Begbie—The World's End Close—The Stanfield Tragedy—Titled Residenters in Old Town Closes.

THE mansion of the Earls of Hyndford immediately adjoined that of the Earls of Selkirk, and the two edifices were thrown into one to form a Catholic chapel house, but the former gave its name to Hyndford's Close. "This was a Scottish peerage," says Robert Chambers, "not without its glories—witness particularly the third earl, who acted as ambassador in succession to Prussia, to Russia, and to Vienna. It is now extinct; its *bijouterie*, its pictures, including portraits of Maria

Theresa, and other royal and imperial personages, which had been presented as friendly memorials to the ambassador, have all been dispersed by the salesman's hammer, and Hyndford's Close, on my trying to get into it lately in 1868, was inaccessible (literally) from filth." Another writer, in 1856, says in his report to the magistrates, "that, with proper drainage, causeway, and cleanliness, it might be made quite respectable."

Prior to the Carmichaels of Hyndford it had been, for a time, the residence of the Earls of Stirling, the first of whom ruined himself in the colonisation of Nova Scotia, for which place he set sail with fourteen ships filled with emigrants and cattle in 1630. Here then, in this now humble but once most picturesque locality—for the house was singularly so, with its overhanging timber gables, its small court and garden sloping to the south—lived John third Earl of Hyndford, the living representative of a long line of warlike ancestors, including Sir John Carmichael of that ilk, who broke a spear with the Duke of Clarence at the battle of Bauge-en-Anjou, when the Scots routed the English, the Duke was slain, and Carmichael had added to his paternal arms a dexter hand and arm, holding a broken spear.

In 1732 he was Lieutenant-Colonel of a company in the Scots Foot Guards, and was twice Commissioner to the General Assembly before 1740, and was Lord of Police in Scotland. In the following year, when Frederick the Great invaded Silesia, he was sent as plenipotentiary extraordinary to adjust the differences that occasioned the war, and at the conclusion of the Treaty of Breslau had the Order of the Thistle conferred upon him by George II., receiving at the same time a grant from Frederick, dated at Berlin, 30th September, 1742, for adding the eagle of Silesia to his paternal arms of Hyndford, with the motto *Ex bene merito.* He was six years an ambassador at the Russian Court, and it was by his able negociations that 30,000 Muscovite troops contributed to accelerate the peace which was concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle.

These stirring events over, the year 1752 saw him leave his old abode in that narrow close off the High Street, to undertake a mission of the greatest importance to the Court of Vienna. On the death of Andrew Earl of Hyndford and Viscount Inglisberry, in 1817, the title became extinct, but is claimed by a baronet of the name of Carmichael.

The entry and stair on the west side of Hyndford's Close was always a favourite residence, in consequence of the ready access to it from the High Street.

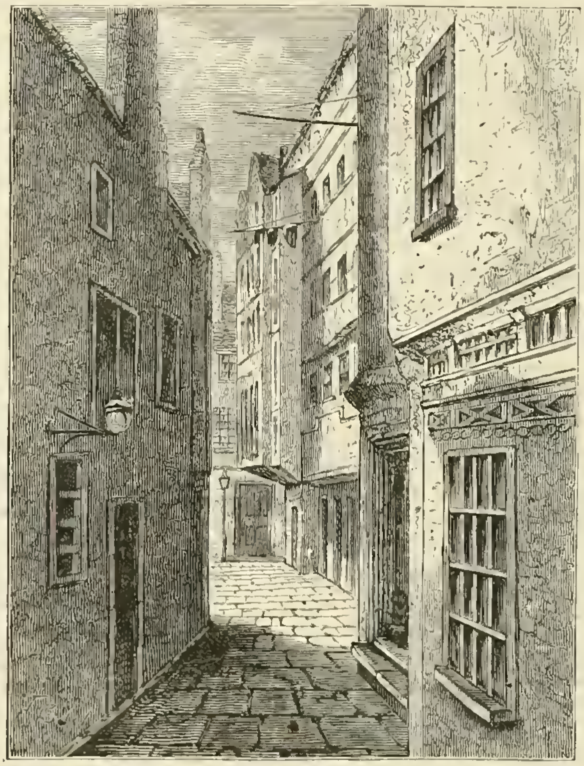
In the beginning of the reign of George III. here lived Lady Maxwell of Monreith, *née* Magdalene Blair of that ilk, and there she educated and reared her three beautiful daughters—Catharine, Jane, and Eglantine (or Eglintoun, so named after the stately Countess Susanna who lived in the Old Stamp Office Close), the first of whom became the wife of Fordyce of Aytoune, the second in 1767, Duchess of Gordon, and the third, Lady Wallace of Craigie.

Their house had a dark passage, and in going to the dining-room the kitchen door was passed, according to an architectural custom, common in old Scottish and French houses; and such was the thrift and so cramped the accommodation in those times, that in this passage the laces and fineries of the three young beauties were hung to dry, while coarser garments were displayed from a window pole, in the fashion common to this day in the same localities for the convenience of the poor. "So easy and familiar were the manners of the great, fabled to be so stiff and decorous," says the author of "Traditions of Edinburgh," who must vouch for the story, "that Miss Eglantine, afterwards Lady Wallace, used to be sent across the street to the Fountain Well for water to make tea. Lady Maxwell's daughters were the wildest romps imaginable. An old gentleman who was their relation, told me that the first time he saw these beautiful girls was in the High Street, where Miss Jane, afterwards Duchess of Gordon, was riding upon a sow, which Miss Eglantine thumped lustily behind with a stick. It must be understood that in the middle of the eighteenth century vagrant swine went as commonly about the streets of Edinburgh as dogs do in our own day, and were more generally followed as pets by the children of the last generation. It may, however, be remarked, that the sows upon which the Duchess of Gordon and her witty sister rode when children, were not the common vagrants of the High Street, but belonged to Peter Ramsay, of the inn in St. Mary's Wynd, and were among the last that were permitted to roam abroad. The romps used to watch the animals as they were let loose in the forenoon in the stable yard (where they lived among the horse litter) and got upon their backs the moment they issued from the close."

Their eldest brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, of the 74th Highlanders, commanded the grenadier companies of the army under Cornwallis in the war against Tippoo, and died in India in 1800.

In the same stair with Lady Maxwell lived Anne Dalrymple, Countess of James fifth Earl of Balcarres, who died in 1768, a lady who is said to have been the progenitrix of as many persons as ever any woman was in the same space of time, for Sir Bernard Burke records her as having eight children and fifteen grandchildren. Her eldest daughter, Anne—and of all her family almost the only one remembered now—was the authoress of the sweet ballad of *Auld Robin Gray*, written to the ancient Scottish air called "The bridegroom greets when the sun gaes doon." She was born on the 8th of December, 1750, and was married to Sir Andrew Barnard, Colonial Secretary at the Cape of Good Hope, and she died at Berkeley Square, London, in 1825, after surviving her husband eighteen years. The whole history of the ballad, and her authorship thereof, are too well known to require repetition here; but the first verse, as she wrote it, is invariably omitted now:—

> "When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at hame,
> When a' the weary world to sleep are gane,
> The waes o' my heart fa' in showers from my ee'
> While my gudeman lies sound by me."



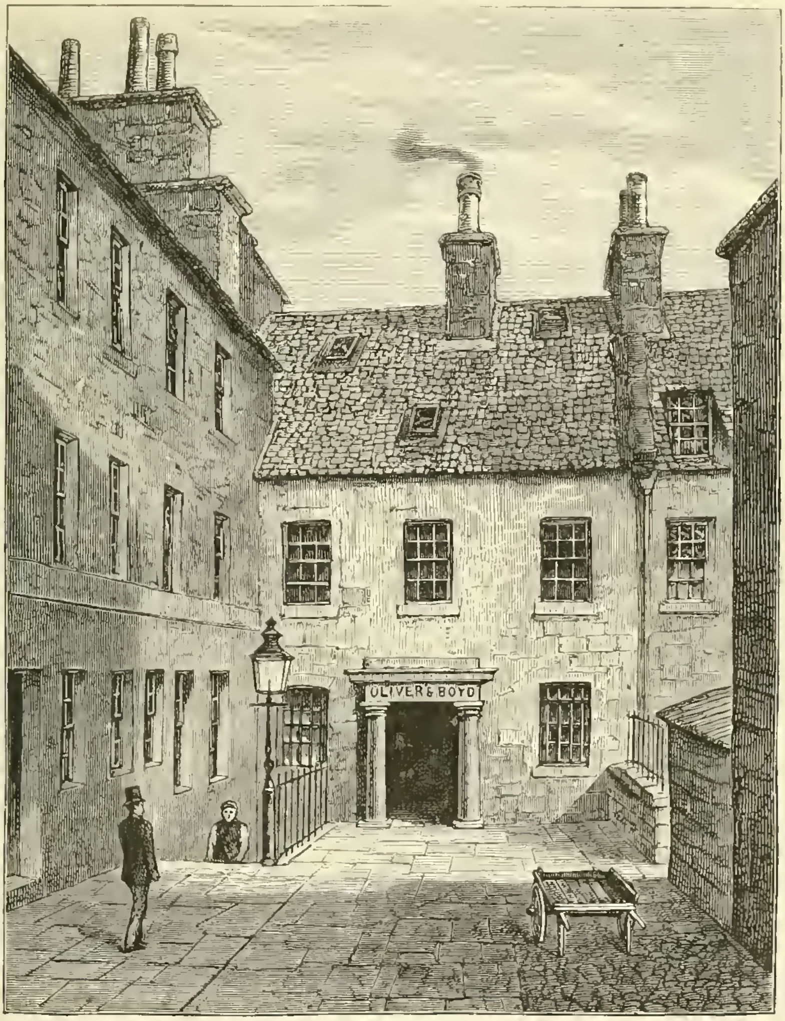
THE EARL OF SELKIRK'S HOUSE, HYNDFORD'S CLOSE (*West view*).
(*From an Engraving in Sir Walter Scott's "Redgauntlet," by permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.*)

Dr. Daniel Rutherford was, of course, a close neighbour of the Countess of Balcarres, and from Lord Lindesay's "Lives of the Lindesays" we learn that his nephew, Walter Scott, when a boy, occasionally accompanied his aunt on visits to the Countess of Balcarres, and some forty years after, when having occasion to correspond with Lady Anne, he wrote: "I remember the *locale* of Hyndford's Close perfectly, even to the Indian screen with harlequin and columbine, and the harpsichord, though I never had the pleasure of hearing Lady Anne play upon it. I suppose the close, once too clean to soil the hem of your ladyship's garment, is now a resort for the lowest mechanics—and so wears the world away. . . . It is, to be sure, more picturesque to lament the desolation of towers on hills and haughs than the degradation of an Edinburgh close; but I cannot help thinking on the simple and cosie retreats where worth and talent, and elegance to boot, were often nestled, and which now are the resort of misery, filth, poverty, and vice."

The little tea-parties of Lady Balcarres, who was a daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple of Castleton, were always famous for the strong infusion of Jacobite spirit that pervaded them, attainted peers and baronets being always spoken of, or announced, with their old Scottish rank and titles in defiance of all acts of attainder, though she lived to see the ninth year of the reign of George III.

The next alley, called South Foulis' Close, is named Fowler's in Edgar's map of the city, and some portion of this alley must have escaped the conflagration of 1544, as Wilson refers to a large mansion "that bears the date 1539 over its main doorway, with two coats of arms impaled on one large shield in the centre, but all now greatly defaced. Another nearly opposite to it exhibits an old oak door, ornamented with fine carving, still in tolerable preservation, although the whole place has been (1847) converted into store-rooms and cellars." As in many other instances, not even a tradition or a memory of the names even of the great or noble who dwelt here has come down to us.

The close numbered as 90 in Edgar's old map is called the Fountain, it is supposed from the circumstance of its entrance being opposite the stone conduit in the recess near John Knox's house. A fountain named "the Endmylie's Well," frequently occurs in old historical works connected with the city, or offices therein, but whether it is the same cannot be determined now. William Powrie, one of Bothwell's accomplices in the murder of Darnley, says, after they heard the explosion at the Kirk-of-field, "thai past away togidder out at the Frier Yet, and sinderit when thai came to the Cowgate, pairt up the Blackfriar Wynd and pairt up the cloiss which is *under* the Endmylie's Well."



TWEEDDALE HOUSE.

On the east side of the Close, and opposite to the house of Bassandyne the printer, one with a highly ornamented double doorway, was the mansion of Adam Fullerton, a man of great note in his time, and an active coadjutor of the early reformers.

The northern door lintel had the legend—

V in *Vera*
Cit. ONLY . BE . CRYST—ADAM FVLLERTON. *Tas.*

and the southern—

ARIS . O . LORD—MAIRIORIE . ROGER . 1573.

He was one of the Bailies of Edinburgh in 1561, who, with the Provost, committed to ward the craftsman who had been guilty of that enormity so hideous in the eyes of the reformers, "playing a Robin Hood," as we have related in our account of the Tolbooth, and would have hanged him therefor, had not the armed trades made themselves fairly masters of the city.

In January, 1571, he sat as Commissioner for the City in the General Assembly which met at Leith, and in the summer of the same year he was made captain of two hundred armed citizens, who formed themselves into a band or company, and joined the forces of the Regent in that seaport, for which he was denounced as a traitor to his Queen; and by an act of the Estates, sitting in the Tolbooth, and presided over on the 18th of August by the Duke of Chatelherault, many rebels to the Queen, "formost among whom is Adam Fullerton," were declared to have forfeited their lives, lands, goods, and coats of arms. His house in the Fountain

Close was seized, and a battery erected on the summit thereof to assail the King's men. In the "Historie of James Sext" we are told that the Regent Earl of Mar brought nine pieces of ordnance up the Canongate to assail the Netherbow Port, but changed their position "to a fauxbourg of the town, callit Pleasands," from whence to batter the Flodden wall and to oppose a platform of guns erected on the house of Adam Fullerton.

When this sharp but brief civil disorder ended, Adam returned to his strong mansion in the Fountain Close once more, and on the 4th of December, 1572, he and Mr. John Paterson appear together as Commissaries for the city of Edinburgh, and the supposition is, that the date, 1573, referred to repairs upon the house, after what it had suffered from the cannon of Mar. Thus, says Wilson, "the *vincit veritas* of the brave old burgher acquires a new force, when we consider the circumstances that dictated its inscription, and the desperate struggle in which he had borne a leading part, before he returned to carve these pious aphorisms over the threshold that had so recently been held by his enemies."

With a view to enlarging the library of the College of Physicians, in 1704, that body purchased from Sir James Mackenzie his house and ground at the foot of the Fountain Close. The price paid was 3,500 merks (£194 8s. 10d.). To this, in seven years afterwards, was added an adjoining property, which connected it with the Cowgate, "then a genteel and busy thoroughfare," and for which 2,300 merks (£127 15s. 6d.) were given. From Edgar's map it appears that the premises thus acquired by the College of Physicians were more extensive than those occupied by any individual or any other public body in the city. The ground was laid out in gardens and shrubbery, and was an object of great admiration and envy to the nobility and gentry, to several of whom the privilege of using the pleasure grounds was accorded as a favour. Considering the locality now, how strangely does all this read!

The whole of the buildings must have been in a dilapidated, if not ruinous state, for expensive repairs were found to be necessary on first taking possession, and the same head of expenditure constantly recurs in accounts of the treasurer of the College; and so early as 1711 a design was proposed for the erection of a new hall at the foot of the Fountain Close; and after nine years' delay, 2,900 merks were borrowed, and a new building erected, but it was sold in 1720 for £800, as a site for the new Episcopal Chapel.

Till the erection of St. Paul's in York Place, the Fountain Close formed the only direct communication to this the largest and most fashionable Episcopal church in Edinburgh, that which was built near the Cowgate Port in 1771.

Tweeddale's Close, the next alley on the east, was the scene of a terrible crime, the memory of which, though enacted so long ago as 1806, is still fresh in the city. The stately house which gave its name to the Close, and was the town residence of the Marquises of Tweeddale, still remains, though the "plantation of lime-trees behind it," mentioned by Defoe in his "Tour," and shown in seven great rows on Edgar's map, is a thing of the past.

Even after the general desertion of Edinburgh by the Scottish noblesse at the Union, this fine old mansion (which, notwithstanding great changes, still retains traces of magnificence) was for a time the constant residence of the Tweeddale family. It was first built and occupied by Dame Margaret Kerr Lady Yester, daughter of Mark first Earl of Lothian. She was born in 1572, and was wife of James the seventh Lord Yester, in whose family there occurred a singular event. His page, Hepburn, accused his Master of the Horse of a design to poison him; the latter denied it; the affair was brought before the Council, who agreed that it should be determined by single combat, in 1595, and this is supposed to have been the last of such judicial trials by battle in Scotland.

By Lady Yester, who founded the church that still bears her name in the city, the mansion, with all its furniture, was bestowed upon her grandson, John second Earl of Tweeddale (and ninth Lord Yester), who joined Charles I. when he unfurled his standard at Nottingham in 1642. Six years subsequently, when a Scottish army under the Duke of Hamilton, was raised, to rescue Charles from the English, the Earl, then Lord Yester, commanded the East Lothian regiment of 1,200 men. After the execution of Charles I. he continued with the regal party in Scotland, assisted at the coronation of Charles II., and against Cromwell he defended his castle of Neidpath longer than any place south of the Forth, except Borthwick. With all this loyalty to his native princes, he came early into the Revolution movement, and in 1692 was created, by William III., Marquis of Tweeddale, with the office of Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, and died five years afterwards.

The next occupant of the house, John, second Marquis, received £1,000 for his vote at the Union, and was one of the first set of sixteen representative peers. The last of the family who resided here was John, fourth Marquis, who was Secretary of State for Scotland from 1742 till 1745, when he resigned the office, on which the Government at once availed themselves of the opportunity for leaving it vacant, as it has remained ever since. He died in 1762, and soon after the carriage-entrance and the fine old terraced garden of the house, which lay on the slope westward, were removed to make way for the Episcopal church in the Cowgate—doomed in turn to be forsaken by its founders, and even by their successors.

From the Tweeddale family the mansion passed into the hands of the British Linen Company, and became their banking house, until they deserted it for Moray House in the Canongate, from which they ultimately migrated to a statelier edifice in St. Andrew Square. This company was originally incorporated by a charter under the Privy Seal granted by George II. on the 6th of July, 1746, at a time when the mind of the Scottish people was still agitated by the events of the preceding year and the result of the battle of Culloden; and it was deemed an object of the first importance to tranquillise the country and call forth its resources, so that the attention of the nation should be directed to the advantages of trade and manufacture. With this view the Government, as well as many gentlemen of rank and fortune, exerted themselves to promote the linen manufacture, which had been lately introduced, deeming that it would in time become the staple manufacture of Scotland, and provide ample employment for her people, while extensive markets for the produce of their labour would be found alike at home and in the colonies, then chiefly supplied by the linens of Germany.

By the Dukes of Queensberry and Argyle, who became the first governors of the British Linen Company, representations to this effect were made to Government, and by the Earls of Glencairn, Eglinton, Galloway, Panmure, and many other peers, together with the Lord Justice Clerk Fletcher of Saltoun, afterwards Lord Milton, who was the first deputy governor, and whose mother, when an exile in Holland during the troubles, had secretly obtained a knowledge of the art of weaving and of dressing the fine linen known as "Holland," and introduced its manufacture at the village of Saltoun; by the Lord Justice Clerk Alva; Provost George Drummond; John Coutts, founder of the famous banking houses of Forbes and Co., and Coutts and Co. in the Strand; by Henry Home, Lord Kames: and many others, all of whom urged the establishment of the company, under royal sanction, and offered to become subscribers to the undertaking.

A charter was obtained in accordance with their views and wishes, establishing the British Linen Company as a corporation, and bestowing upon it ample privileges, not only to manufacture and deal in linen fabrics, but also to do all that might conduce to the promotion thereof; and authority was given to raise a capital of £100,000, to be enlarged by future warrants under the sign manual of his Majesty, his heirs and successors, to such sums as the affairs of the company might require. After this the company engaged to a considerable extent in the importation of flax and the manufacture of yarns and linens, having warehouses both in Edinburgh and London, and in its affairs none took a more active part than Lord Milton, who was an enthusiast in all that related to the improvement of trade, agriculture, and learning, in his native country; but it soon became apparent that the company "would be of more utility, and better promote the objects of their institution, by enlarging the issue of their notes to traders, than being traders and manufacturers themselves."

By degrees, therefore, the company withdrew from all manufacturing operations and speculations, and finally closed them in 1763, from which year to the present time their business has been confined to the discount of bills, advances on accounts, and other bank transactions, in support of Scottish trade generally, at home and abroad. "By the extension of their branch agencies to a great number of towns," to quote their own historical report, "and the employment in discounts and cash advances of their own funds, as well as of that portion of the formerly scanty and inactive money capital of Scotland which has been lodged with the company, they have been the means of contributing very materially to the encouragement of useful industry throughout Scotland, and to her rapid progress in agricultural and mechanical improvements, and in commercial intercourse with foreign countries. As regards the particular object of the institution of the company—the encouragement of the linen manufacture—considerably more than half of the flax and hemp imported into the United Kingdom, is now (in 1878) brought to the Scottish ports."

Now the bank has nearly eighty branch or sub-branch offices over all Scotland alone. The company's original capital of £100,000 has been gradually increased under three additional charters, granted at different times, under the Great Seal. By Queen Victoria, their fourth charter, dated 19th March, 1849, ratifies and confirms all their privileges and rights, and power was given to augment their capital to any sum not exceeding £1,500,000 in all, for banking purposes. The amount of new capital already created under the last charter is £500,000 stock, making the existing capital £1,000,000, and there still remains unexhausted the privilege to create £500,000 more stock whenever it shall appear to be expedient to complete the capital to the full amount conceded in the charter—a success that the early projectors of the first scheme, developed in Tweeddale's Close, could little have anticipated.

The British Linen Company for a long series of years has enjoyed the full corporate and other privileges of the old chartered banks of Scotland; and in this capacity, along with the Bank of Scotland and the Royal Bank of Scotland, alone is specially exempted in the Bank Regulation Act for Scotland, from making returns of the proprietors' names to the Stamp Office.

In the sixth year of the 19th century Tweeddale House became the scene of a dark event "which ranks among the gossips of the Scottish capital with the Icon Basilikè, or the Man with the Iron Mask."

About five in the evening of the 13th of November, 1806, or an hour after sunset, a little girl whose family lived in the close, was sent by her mother with a kettle to get water for tea from the Fountain Well, and stumbling in the dark archway over something, found it to be, to her dismay, the body of a man just expiring. On an alarm being raised, the victim proved to be William Begbie, the messenger of the British Linen Company Bank, a residenter in the town of Leith, where that bank was the first to establish a branch, in a house close to the upper drawbridge. On lights being brought, a knife was found in his heart, thrust up to the haft, so he bled to death without the power of uttering a word of explanation. Though a sentinel of the Guard was always on duty close by, yet he saw nothing of the event.

It was found that he had been robbed of a package of notes, amounting in value to more than four thousand pounds, which he had been conveying from the Leith branch to the head office. The murder had been accomplished with the utmost deliberation, and the arrangements connected with it displayed care and calculation. The weapon used had a broad thin blade, carefully pointed, with soft paper wrapped round the hand in such a manner as to prevent any blood from reaching the person of the assassin, and thus leading to his detection.

For his discovery five hundred guineas were offered in vain; in vain, too, was the city searched, while the roads were patrolled; and all the evidence attainable amounted to this:—"That Begbie, in proceeding up Leith Walk, had been accompanied by a 'man,' and that about the supposed time of the murder 'a man' had been seen by some children to run out of the close into the street, and down Leith Wynd. . . . . There was also reason to believe that the knife had been bought in a shop about two o'clock on the day of the murder, and that it had been afterwards ground upon a grinding-stone and smoothed upon a hone."

Many persons were arrested on suspicion, and one, a desperate character, was long detained in custody, but months passed on, and the assassination was ceasing to occupy public attention, when three men, in passing through the grounds of Bellevue (where now Drummond Place stands) in August, 1807, found in the cavity of an old wall, a roll of bank notes that seemed to have borne exposure to the weather. The roll was conveyed to Sheriff Clerk Rattray's office, and found to contain £3,000 in large notes of the money taken from Begbie. The three men received £200 from the British Linen Company as the reward of their honesty, but no further light was thrown upon the murder, the actual perpetrator of which has never, to this hour, been discovered, though strong suspicions fell on a prisoner named Mackoull in 1822, after he was beyond the reach of the law.

This man was tried and sentenced to death by the High Court of Justiciary in June, 1820, for robbery at the Paisley Union Bank, Glasgow, and was placed in the Calton gaol, where he was respited in August, and again in September, "during his majesty's pleasure" (according to the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*), and where he died about the end of the year. In a work published under the title of "The Life and Death of James Mackoull," there was included a document by Mr. Denovan, the Bow Street Runner, whose object was to prove that Mackoull *alias* Moffat, was the assassin of Begbie, and his statements, which are curious, have thus been condensed by a local writer in 1865:—

"Still, in the absence of legal proof, there is a mystery about this daring crime which lends a sort of romance to its daring perpetrator. Mr. Denovan discovered a man in Leith acting as a teacher, who in 1806 was a sailor-boy belonging to a ship then in the harbour. On the afternoon of the murder he was carrying up some smuggled article to a friend in Edinburgh, when he noticed 'a tall man carrying a yellow coloured parcel under his arm, and a genteel man, dressed in a black coat, dogging him.' He at once concluded that the man with the parcel was a smuggler, and the other a custom-house officer. Fearful of detection himself, he watched their manœuvres with considerable interest. He lost sight of the parties for a short time, but when he came opposite to Tweeddale's Close, *he saw the* (presumed) *Custom House officer running out of it, with something under his coat.* There can be no doubt that this was the murderer, and the description given coincided exactly with the appearance of Mackoull. Although the boy heard of the murder before he left Leith, he never thought of communicating what he had seen to the authorities; he was shortly after captured and carried to a French prison, where he remained for many years. Mackoull resided in Edinburgh from September, 1805, till the end of 1806, lodging very near the scene of the murder, and was a frequent visitor at the coffee-room of the Ship Tavern in Leith." *

Shortly before his death, when abruptly questioned by Denovan as to where he resided in November, 1806, Mackoull was seized with convulsions, and threw himself back on his bed and began to rave.

Tweeddale House, after being quitted by the British Linen Company for their new office in St. Andrew Square, became, and is still, the establishment of Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, the well-known printers and publishers.

The World's End Close was the curious and appropriate name bestowed upon the last gloomy, and mysterious-looking alley on the south side of the High Street, adjacent to the Netherbow Port, when it lost its older name of Sir John Stanfield's Close.

At the foot of it an ancient tenement has a shield of arms on its lintel, with the common Edinburgh legend—"Praisze.the.Lord.for.all.His.giftis,M.S.;" but save this, and a rich Gothic niche, built into a modern "land" of uninteresting aspect, nothing remains of Stanfield's Close save the memory of the dark tragedy connected with the name of the knight.

Sir James Stanfield was one of those English manufacturers who, by permission of the Scottish Government, had settled at Newmills, in East Lothian. He was a respectable man, but the profligacy of Philip, his eldest son, so greatly afflicted him that he became melancholy, and he disinherited his heir by a will. On a day in the November of 1687 he was found drowned, it was alleged, in a pool of water near his country house at Newmills. Doubts were started as to whether he had committed suicide, in consequence of domestic troubles, or had been murdered. The circumstances of his being hastily interred, and that Lady Stanfield had a suit of grave-clothes all ready for him before his death, seemed to point to the latter; and two surgeons were sent from Edinburgh to examine the body and report upon it.

It was raised from the grave, after it had lain there two days, and the surgeons having made an incision near the neck, became convinced that death had been caused by strangulation, so all supposition of suicide was abandoned. This examination took place in a church. After the cut had been sewn up, the body was washed, wrapped in fresh linen, and James Row, merchant in Edinburgh, and Philip Stanfield, the disinherited son, lifted it for deposition in the coffin, when lo! on the side sustained by Philip an effusion of blood took place, and so ample as to defile both his hands.

"Lord, have mercy on me!" he exclaimed, and let the body fall. He then rushed horror-stricken into the precentor's desk, where he lay for some time groaning in great anguish, and refusing to touch the corpse again, while all looked on with dismay. The incident was at once accepted by the then Scottish mind in the light of a revelation of Philip's guilt as his father's murderer. "In a secret murther," says King James in his 'Dæmonology'—"if the dead carkasse be at any time thereafter handled by the murtherar, it will gushe out of blood, as if the blood were crying to heaven for revenge of the murtherar."

Accordingly, on the 7th of February, 1688, Philip was brought to trial at Edinburgh, and after the household servants had been put to torture without eliciting anything on the strength of the mysterious bleeding, according to Fountainhall, save that he was known to have cursed his father, drunk to the king's confusion, and linked the royal name with those of the Pope, the devil, and Lord Chancellor, he was sentenced to death. He protested his innocence to the last, and urged in vain that his father was a melancholy man, subject to fits; that once he set out for England, but because his horse stopped at a certain place, he thought he saw the finger of God, and returned home; and that he once tried to throw himself over a window at the Nether Bow, probably at his house in the World's End Close.

Philip Stanfield was hanged at the Market Cross on the 24th of February. In consequence of a slip of the rope, he came down on his knees, and it was necessary to use more horrible means of strangulation. His tongue was cut out for cursing his father; his right hand was struck off for parricide; his head was spiked on the East Port of Haddington, and his mutilated body was hung in chains between Leith and the city. After a few days the body was stolen from the gibbet, and found lying in a ditch among water. It was chained up again, but was a second time stolen; and in the strangulation on the scaffold, and the being found in a ditch among water, the superstitious saw retributive justice for the murder of which he was assumed to be guilty. "It will be acknowledged," says the author of the "Domestic Annals," "that in the circumstances related there is not a particle of valid evidence against the young man. The surgeons' opinion as to the fact of strangulation is not entitled to much regard; but, granting its solidity, it does not prove the guilt of the accused. The horror of the young man on seeing his father's blood might be referred to painful recollections of that profligate conduct which he knew had distressed his parent, and brought his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave—especially when we reflect that Stanfield would himself be impressed with the superstitious feelings of the age, and might accept the hæmorrhage as an accusation by heaven on account of the concern his conduct had in shortening the life of his father. The whole case seems to be a lively illustration of the effect of superstitious feelings in blinding justice."

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* "Traditions and Antiquities of Leith."

We have thus traced the history of the High Street and its closes down once more to the Nether Bow.

In the World's End Close Lady Lawrence was a residenter in 1761, and Lady Huntingdon in 1784, and for some years after the creation of the New Town, people of position continued to linger in the Old Town and in the Canongate. And from Peter Williamson's curious little "Directory" for 1784, we can glean a few names, thus:—

Lady Mary Carnegie, in Bailie Fyfe's Close; Lady Colstoun and the Hon. Alexander Gordon, on the Castle Hill; General Douglas, in Baron Maule's Close; Lady Jean Gordon, in the Hammerman's Close; Sir James Wemyss, in Riddle's Close; Sir John Whiteford of that ilk, in the Anchor Close; Sir James Campbell, in the Old Bank Close; Erskine of Cardross, in the Horse Wynd; Lady Home, in Lady Stair's Close.

In Monteith's Close, in 1794, we find in the "Scottish Hist. Register" for 1795 recorded the death of Mr. John Douglas, Albany herald, uncle of Sir Andrew Snape Douglas, who was captain of the *Queen Charlotte*, of 110 guns, and who fought her so valiantly in Lord Bridport's battle on "the glorious 23rd of June, 1795." The house occupied by Lady Rothiemay in Turk's Close, below Liberton's Wynd, was advertised for sale in the *Courant* of 1761; and there lived, till his death in 1797, James Nelson, collector of the Ministers' Widows' Fund.

In Morrison's Close in 1783, we find one of the most fashionable *modistes* of Edinburgh announcing in the *Advertiser* of that year, that she is from "one of the most eminent houses in London," and that her work is finished in the newest fashions:—"Chemize de Lorraine, Grecian Robes, Habit Bell, Robe de Coure, and Levites, different kinds, all in the most genteel and approved manner, and on the most reasonable terms."

In the same year, the signboard of James and Francis Jeffrey, father and uncle of Lord Jeffrey, still hung in the Lawnmarket.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

NEW STREETS WITHIN THE AREA OF THE FLODDEN WALL.

Lord Cockburn Street—Lord Cockburn—The *Scotsman* Newspaper—Charles Maclaren and Alexander Russel—The Queen's Edinburgh Rifle Brigade—St. Giles Street—Sketch of the Rise of Journalism in Edinburgh—The *Edinburgh Courant*—The *Daily Review*—Jeffrey Street—New Trinity College Church.

The principal thoroughfare, which of late years has been run through the dense masses of the ancient alleys we have been describing, is Lord Cockburn Street, which was formed in 1859, and strikes northward from the north-west corner of Hunter's Square, to connect the centre of the old city with the railway terminus at Waverley Bridge; it goes curving down a comparatively steep series of slopes, and is mainly edificed in the Scottish baronial style, with many ornate gables, dormer windows, and conical turrets, high over all of which towers the dark and mighty mass of the Royal Exchange.

This new street exposes a romantic section of the lofty tenements in many of the closes that descend from the north side of the High Street, and was very properly named after Lord Cockburn, one entitled to special remembrance on many accounts, and for the deep interest he took in all matters connected with his birthplace. When he died, in April, 1854, he was one of the best and kindliest of the old school of "Parliament House Whigs," and was a thorough, honest, shrewd, and benevolent Scottish gentleman, who, though he did not participate to any extent in the literary labours of his contemporaries, has left behind him an interesting volume of "Memorials." Many can yet recall his plain, old-fashioned, yet gentlemanly bearing, his quiet gait, and shrewd features, when the clear bright glance was never dimmed, though the shaggy eyebrow grew snowier; while in conversation he furnished almost the last remnant of idiomatic Scottish phrase and accent in its old courtly gentility.

The most important edifice on the south side of Cockburn Street is unquestionably, for many reasons, the office of the *Scotsman* newspaper, No. 30—the leading journal in Scotland, and of which it may be truly said that there is no newspaper out of London, and only one or two in it, which has an influence so widely felt.

About 1860 the offices of the *Scotsman* were removed from the High Street, where they had long been situated, to the new buildings in Cockburn Street, where no expense had been spared to make the establishment complete in all its appointments, and the perfection of what a newspaper office should be. The heading of the newspaper is carved in stone along the front of the edifice.

The front block contains five floors. On the street floor are the advertisement and publishing offices, where orders for the paper are taken in and the answers to numbered advertisements received. This department is entirely managed by an ample staff of female clerks. The manager's room and counting room are on the first floor above. The paper usually contains not less than from 700 to 3,600 advertisements daily, and in receiving and entering these a large staff of clerks is engaged. The editorial departments are on the next floor above, and consist of a fine suite of eight rooms, opening off a spacious corridor, and all are fitted with speaking tubes and bells, communicating with every department of the establishment. In each room there is also a "copy" shoot of ingenious construction, which enables the printer's imp to be dispensed with. "Copy" is simply dropped into it, and, by pulling a cord, is drawn instantly to the composing-room.

One of the rooms is set apart as a telegraph office, the establishment being in direct communication with London by means of its own special wires. The composing-room, 150 feet long by 30 in breadth, is well-lighted and ventilated. Three rooms for "readers" are screened off at one end, and at the other are the lavatory, cloak, and smoking-rooms, for the use of the workmen, about a hundred of whom are employed in the typographical department alone. There is also a stereotype foundry; and a library, composed of several thousand volumes, free to all employed upon the premises.

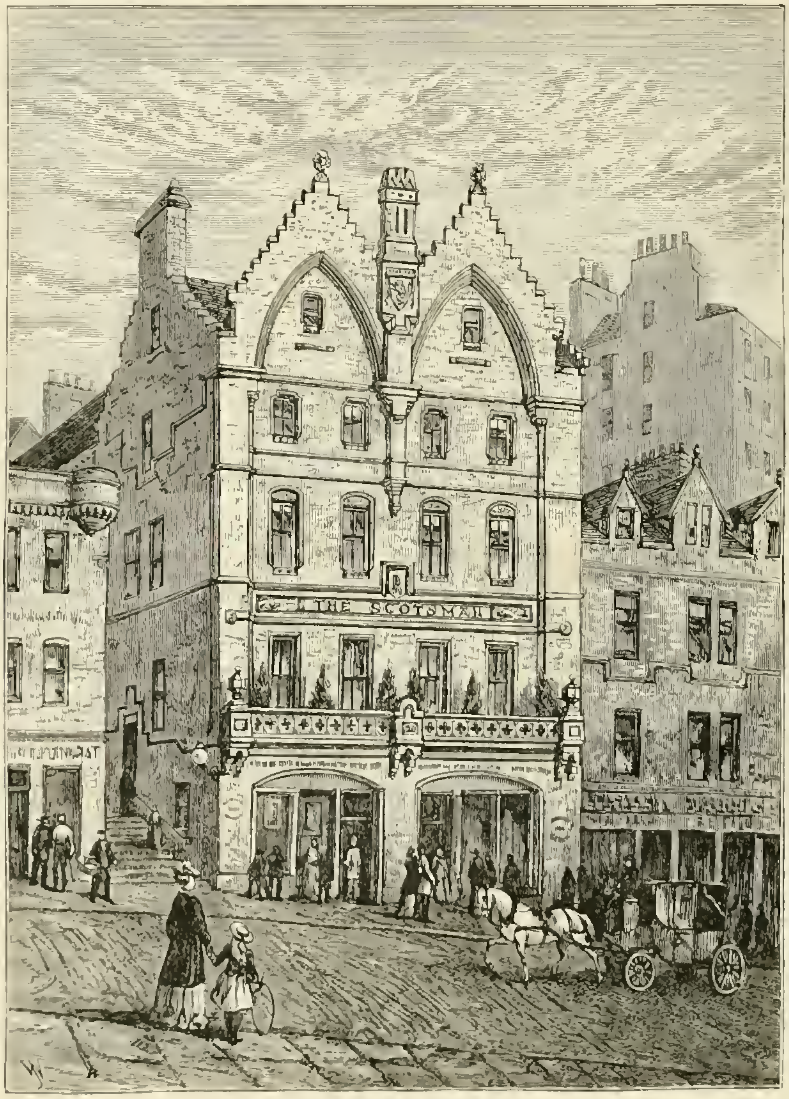
Two spacious apartments that measure together 80 feet in length by 40 in breadth, and with ceilings 25 feet in height, are the machine rooms. In these are three Walter presses, that print and fold from the web at the rate of 36,000 copies of a large eight-page sheet per hour. As a provision against accidents, there are two sets of engines and boilers. There is also a small printing machine which is used for printing the bill of contents. Over the machine room is the despatching room, a spacious hall, the general fittings of which seem a compound between a post-office and a railway ticket office.

Several rooms, in addition to these mentioned are connected with the machine department, and on the east side of the Anchor Close is an extensive ink and paper store.

"In all the great towns in England correspondents are engaged," says David Bremner, in his "Industries of Scotland;" "and in London there is a staff of reporters and a sub-editor. Even in New York the paper is represented, and special telegrams from that city have appeared on several occasions. The arrangements with the telegraph companies for the supply of foreign news are most complete. With this vast organisation for collecting news at command, the *Scotsman* daily presents not only a complete record of current events in Scotland, but each copy may be said to be an epitome of the world's history for a day." A special express engine, hired by the proprietors at a cost of £1,000 a year, conveys the *Scotsman* parcels for Glasgow and the West of Scotland.

At this time, including all departments, nearly 200 persons are employed on the premises; and if to these be added paid contributors and others, the number of persons receiving remuneration for their services will be swelled to fully 500, who obtain among them £33,000 a year. Of the daily issue of the paper 330,000 copies are printed every week, and of the weekly issue 60,000 copies, which give a circulation of 390,000 a week, or 20,280,000 a year. The annual production would, if spread out, cover about eleven square miles of ground, and if the sheets were placed end to end they would form a ribbon about 18,000 miles long and 4 feet broad.

According to a privately-printed memoir of Mr. Charles Maclaren, who for thirty years (1817-47) was editor of the *Scotsman*, it was in the year 1816 that the idea of starting an independent newspaper in Edinburgh originated. The political influences which overspread Scotland after the close of the long war had permeated society, and the ruling powers carried their repressive effects into every sphere of action. Hence the local press was very abject, without courage enough to expose any abuse, however flagrant, if in doing so there was any risk of giving offence in high quarters; and the time had come when a free organ was necessary for Scotland. It was calculated that if only 300 subscribers were obtained the project would have a chance of success, and Mr. Maclaren, with Mr. William Ritchie, were to be joint editors. The leading article of the first number appeared on the 25th of January, 1817, and was from the pen of Charles Maclaren, who, during Mr. Ritchie's absence on the continent, found a valuable coadjutor in Mr. John Ramsay McCulloch, afterwards the eminent statist and economist, who temporarily assumed the office of responsible editor of the infant journal. Mr. Maclaren having become a clerk in the Customhouse, it was deemed unwise that he should be known as the editor of an opposition journal.



THE "SCOTSMAN" OFFICE.

At this time the paper consisted of eight pages, less than half the size of the present page, and the price was 10d.—6d. for the paper and 4d. of stamp duty. From the latest news columns of the number for 25th of January, some idea, says Mr. Bremner, of the time occupied in the transmission of intelligence in 1817 may be gleaned; the latest from London was the 22nd; from Paris, January 15th; and from New York, December 15th.

The first advertisements were wholly of a literary nature. In 1823 the paper was published twice weekly at 7d., and when the stamp duty was abolished the daily *Scotsman* appeared in 1855—a tiny sheet at first. "To the daily and bi-weekly editions, a weekly publication, composed of selections from the others, was added in 1860, representing also the venerable *Caledonian Mercury*. A few years ago the bi-weekly paper was merged into the daily edition, which most of the subscribers had come to prefer. In all its various forms the *Scotsman* has enjoyed a most gratifying run of prosperity."

By 1820 the paper having become firmly established, Mr. Maclaren resumed the editorship, and very few persons now can have an idea of the magnitude of the task he had to undertake. "Corruption and arrogance," says the memoir already quoted, "were the characteristics of the party in power — in power in a sense of which in these days we know nothing. The people of Scotland were absolutely without voice either in vote or speech. Parliamentary elections, municipal government, the management of public bodies—everything was in the hands of a few hundred persons. In Edinburgh, for instance, the member of Parliament was elected and the government of the city carried on by thirty-two persons, and almost all these thirty-two took their directions from the Government of the day, or its proconsul. Public meetings were almost unknown, and a free press may be said to have never had an existence. Lord Cockburn, in his 'Life of Jeffrey,' says :—'I doubt if there was a public meeting held in Edinburgh between the year 1795 and the year 1820,' and adds, in 1852, that 'excepting some vulgar, stupid, and rash' newspapers which lasted only a few days, there was 'no respectable opposition paper, till the appearance of the *Scotsman*, which for thirty-five years has done so much for the popular cause, not merely by talent, spirit, and consistency, but by independent moderation.'"

Its tone from the first had been that of a decided Whig, and in church matters that of a "voluntary." Apart from his ceaseless editorial labours, Mr. Maclaren enriched the literature of his country by many literary and scientific works, the enumeration of which is somewhat unnecessary here; but one of the proudest proofs of his mechanical sagacity is his having clearly foreseen and boldly proclaimed the certain success of locomotion by railways, while as yet the whole subject was in embryo or deemed a wild delusion. A series of his articles on this matter appeared in the *Scotsman* for December, 1824, and were translated into nearly every European language; and Smiles, in his life of Stephenson, emphatically acknowledges Maclaren's keen foresight in the subject. His great conversational and social qualities lie apart from the history of his journal, which he continued to edit till compelled by ill-health to resign in 1847. He died in 1866, after having lived in comparative retirement at his suburban villa in the Grange Loan, in his eighty-fourth year, having been born in 1782, at Ormiston, in West Lothian.

ALEXANDER RUSSEL.
(*From a Photograph by J. Moffat, Edinburgh.*)

In the management of the paper he was ably succeeded by Alexander Russel, a native of Edinburgh, who, after editing one or two provincial journals, became connected with the *Scotsman* in 1845, as assistant editor. He was a Whig of the old Fox school, and contributed many brilliant articles to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and also *Blackwood's Magazine*. As editor of the *Scotsman* he soon attracted the attention of Mr. Cobden and other leaders of the Anti-corn-law agitation, and his pen was actively employed in furtherance of the objects of the League; and among the first subjects to which he turned his attention in the *Scotsman* was the painful question of Highland destitution in 1847. A notable local conflict in which the paper took a special interest was that of 1856, on the final retirement of Macaulay from the representation of Edinburgh, and the return of Adam Black, the eminent publisher; and among many matters to which this great Scottish journal lent all its weight and advocacy in subsequent years, was the great centenary of Robert Burns.

To the change in the Stamp Act we have already referred—a change which, by the introduction of daily papers, entailed an enormous increase of work upon the editors; but we are told that "Mr.

Russel never failed to meet the requirements of the day; and for three or four months scarcely a day passed on which he did not write one or more articles—seventy leading articles having been written by him, we believe, day after day." In testimony of his literary ability and public services a magnificent presentation of silver plate was made to him in 1859, at the Waterloo Rooms.

The *Scotsman*, which has always opposed and exposed Pharisaism and inconsistency, yet the while giving ample place to the ecclesiastical element—a feature in Scottish everyday life quite incomprehensible to strangers—was in the full zenith and plenitude of its power when Alexander Russel died, in about the thirtieth year of his editorship and sixty-second of his age, leaving a blank in his own circle that may never be supplied, for he was the worthy successor of Maclaren in the task of making the *Scotsman* what it is—the sole representative of Scottish opinion in England and abroad; "and that it represents it so that that opinion does not need to hang its head in the area of cosmopolitan discussion, is largely due to the independence of spirit, the tact, the discernment of character, and the unflagging energy by which Mr. Russel imparted a dignity to the work of editing a newspaper which it can hardly be said to have possessed in his own country before his time."

Among other institutions of New Edinburgh to be found in picturesque Cockburn Street, under the very shadow of the old city, such as the Ear and Eye Dispensary, instituted in 1822, and the rooms of the Choral Society, are the permanent Orderly Rooms of the Edinburgh Volunteer Artillery, and the Queen's Edinburgh Rifle Volunteer Brigade, respectively at No. 27 and No. 35.

Both these corps were embodied in the summer of 1859, when the volunteer movement was exciting that high enthusiasm which happily has never died, but has continued till the auxiliary army then, self-summoned into existence, though opposed by Government in all its stages, has now become one of the most important institutions in the kingdom.

The City Artillery Volunteer Corps, commanded in 1878 by Sir William Baillie, Bart., of Polkemet, consisting of nine batteries, showed in 1880 a maximum establishment of 519 (57 of whom were non-efficients), 14 officers, and 36 sergeants.[*]

Formed in two battalions (with a third corps of cadets), the Queen's Edinburgh Rifle Brigade, of which the Lord Provost is honorary colonel, consists now of 25 companies, seven of which were called Highland, with a total strength on the 31st of October, 1880, of 2,252 efficients, 106 non-efficients, with 82 officers, 116 sergeants, extra-proficients. Since its embodiment in 1859 there have enrolled in this corps more than 11,537 men, of whom 9,584 have resigned, leaving the present strength, as stated, at 2,252.

As a shooting corps, and for the excellence of its drill, it has always borne a high character, and its artisan battalion is "second to none" among the auxiliary forces. At the International Regimental Match shot for in May, 1877, the Queen's Edinburgh Brigade were twice victorious, and in the preceding year no less than 78 officers and 121 sergeants received certificates of proficiency.

Under the new system the brigade forms a portion of the 62nd, or Edinburgh Brigade Depôt, which includes the two battalions of the 1st Royal Scots Regiment, the Edinburgh or Queen's Regiment of Light Infantry Militia, and the Administrative Volunteer Rifle Battalions of Berwick, Haddington, Linlithgow, and Midlothian.

In St. Giles Street, which opens on the north side of the High Street (opposite to the square in which the County Hall stands) and turning west joins the head of the mound, at the foot of Bank Street, are the offices of the *Daily* and *Weekly Review*. The *Glasgow Herald* and the *Evening Times* share a handsome edifice, built like the rest of the street, in the picturesque old Scottish style, with crowstepped gables and pedimented dormer windows, and having inscribed along its front in large letters:

THE COURANT, ESTAB. 1705.

To this office, which was specially designed for the purpose by the late David Bryce, R.S.A., the headquarters of the paper were removed from 188, High Street; and in noticing this venerable organ of the Conservative party, it is impossible to omit some reference to the rise of journalism in Edinburgh, where it has survived its old contemporaries, as the *Caledonian Mercury*, a continued serial from 1720, is now incorporated with the *Scotsman*, and the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, which started in January, 1764, ceased about 1860; hence the oldest existing paper in the city is the *Edinburgh Gazette*, which appeared in 1699, the successor to a short-lived paper of the same name, started in 1680.

The newspaper press of Scotland began during the civil wars of the 17th century. A party of Cromwell's troops which garrisoned the citadel of Leith in 1652, brought with them a printer named Christopher Higgins, to reprint the London paper called the *Mercurius Politicus*, consisting of from eight to sixteen pages, which he began to issue from his establishment "in Hart's Close, over against the Tron Church." The first number appeared on the 26th of October, 1653, and the serial continued till 1660. On the 31st December in that year appeared the "*Mercurius Caledonius*, comprising the affairs now in agitation in Scotland, with a survey of foreign intelligence." It is in eight pages post 8vo, and contains a description of the funeral of Montrose, the departure of the English garrison from the Castle, with the announcement that "the blasphemous Rumper and other anti-monarchical vermin in England must cast about somewhere else than for companions in Scotland." It lived only three months, and was succeeded by *The Kingdom's Intelligencer*—to prevent false news—published by authority. James Watson, a printer of eminence, started the *Edinburgh Courant* in 1705, which only attained its fifty-fifth number, and in 1706 the *Scots Courant.* The whole of the *local* notices in the first-named paper are most meagre, and are as follows:—

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[*] In addition to this corps, there are the Midlothian Coast Volunteer Artillery, whose headquarters are at Edinburgh, and who showed in 1877 a maximum establishment of 640, 442 of whom were efficients, with 21 officers and 30 sergeants. (Volunteer Blue Book.)

EDINBURGH, FEB. 19.

On Saturday last, Captain Green, Captain of the Ship Worchester, and the rest of his Crew who are Prisoners here, and are to be try'd as Pyrats, before the Judge-Admiral, has each of them got a Copy of their Inditement to answer against the 5th. of March next; and the Lords of Her Majesty's Privy-Council, has appointed five of their number to be assessors to the Judge-Admiral.

This day Robert Pringle one of the Tellers of the Bank, who lately went off with about 425 lib. sterling of the Bank's Money, is to be Try'd for Life before the Lords of Justiciary, upon a Lybel rais'd at the instance of the Treasurer of the Bank, and the said Pringle's Cautioners, with concourse of Her Majesty's Advocat.

Leith, Feb. 16. This day came in to our Port the Mary Galley, David Preshu, Commander, laden with Wine and Brandy.

Advertisements.

THat the Lands of Pirnatoun, lying within the Regality of Stow, and Sheriffdom of Midlothian, are to be exposed to a voluntar Roup and Sale, in the House of James Gibson, Writer, living in the Advocats Closs, opposite to the Old-Kirk-Style, on Thursday the 12th. day of April next 1705, *betwixt the hours of* 2 *and* 5 *in the Afternoon: whoever has a mind to bid for the same, may see an exact and compleat Progress of the Writs of the said Lands, in the hands of William Wilson, one of the Under Clerks to the Session.*

THat there are Post-Offices settled at Wigtoun and New-Galloway: Therefore all Letters and Pacquets must be given in at Wigtoun every Wednesdav Morning, and at New-Galloway every Wednesday Night, and at Edinburgh every Saturday; the same to Commence March 1*st.* 1705.

THat the Famous Lozengees for curing the Cold, stopping the Kinkhost, and pains in the Breast; Are to be sold by George Anderson *at the foot of the Fish Mercat, and at* George Moubray's *Shop, opposit to the* Main-Guard. *Price* 8sh. *the box.*

THe Author hereof having upon the 13. *instant, got an Act of Her Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council, to Print and Publish the Foreign and Home News thrise Weeklv, viz., Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; the same will be continued from this day foreward.*

NOTA, *Advertisements may be put in this* Courant, *and for that end, attendance will be given from ten a Clock in the Forenoon till twelve, and from two in the Afternoon till four, at the Exchange Coffee-House in Edinburgh.*

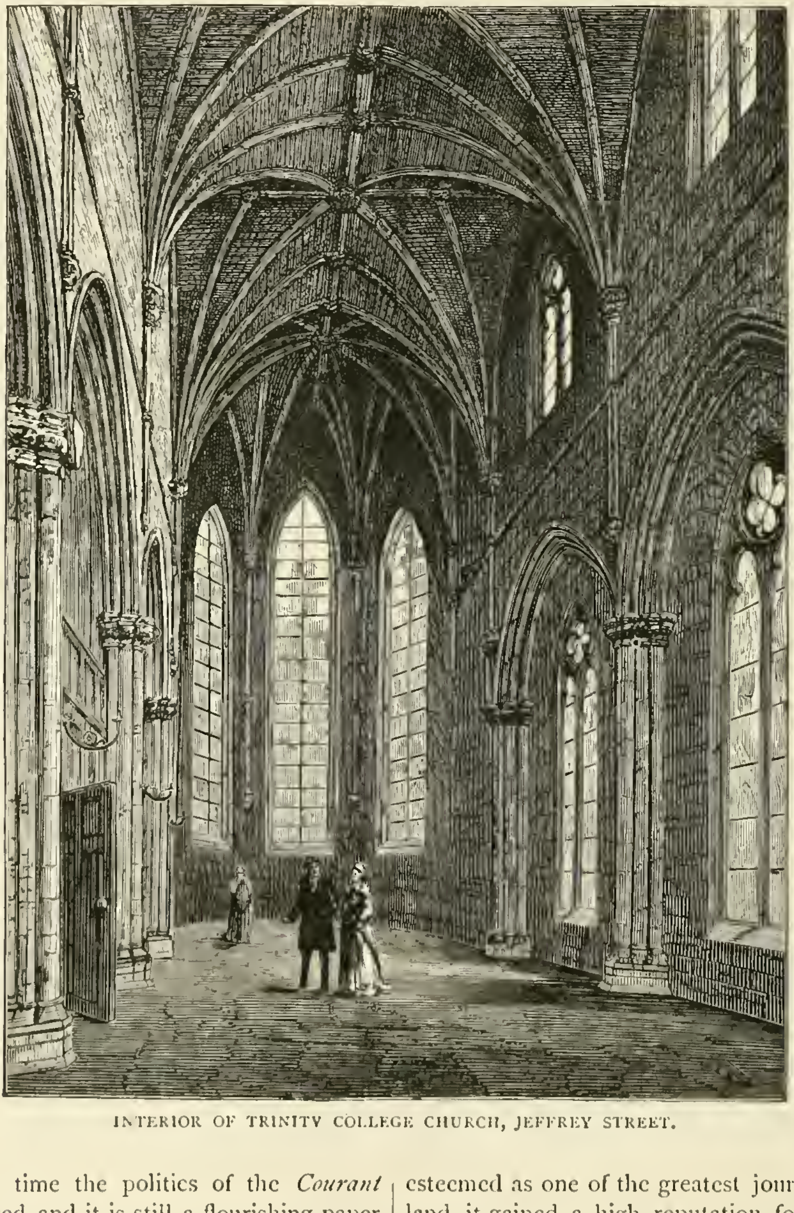
In 1718 the Town Council gave a privilege to Mr. James MacEwan to print the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* thrice weekly, on condition that before publication he should give "ane coppie of his print to the magistrates." This is stated in the number of the paper for February 18, 1850.

In its early days it was intended to be a decidedly Whig print, in violent opposition to the *Caledonian Mercury*, which, for long after the battle of Culloden, was an organ of the Jacobites, in whose interest it was started.

From the first day of its issue the *Courant* proved successful. "As to *our* newspaper," says the Rev. Robert Wodrow, writing from Edinburgh on the 17th of January, 1719, when it was about a year old, "it thrives so far as to be very well liked by all, excepting the violent Jacobites, who hate it for no other reason but because it is a true and impartial paper. Several gentlemen who have had the London papers sent them have laid them aside, because this contains the substance not only of them, but of the foreign post also."

Like other papers of its time, the columns of the *Courant*, in its earlier stage, display a dire dearth of home intelligence, "whole months often elapsing without so much as one obituary notice, or a ship's arrival at Leith. The reason of this unfortunate peculiarity was no other than the civic censorship under which the paper, as we see, was from the beginning placed. Even intelligence in the interest of the Government was not in every instance safe."

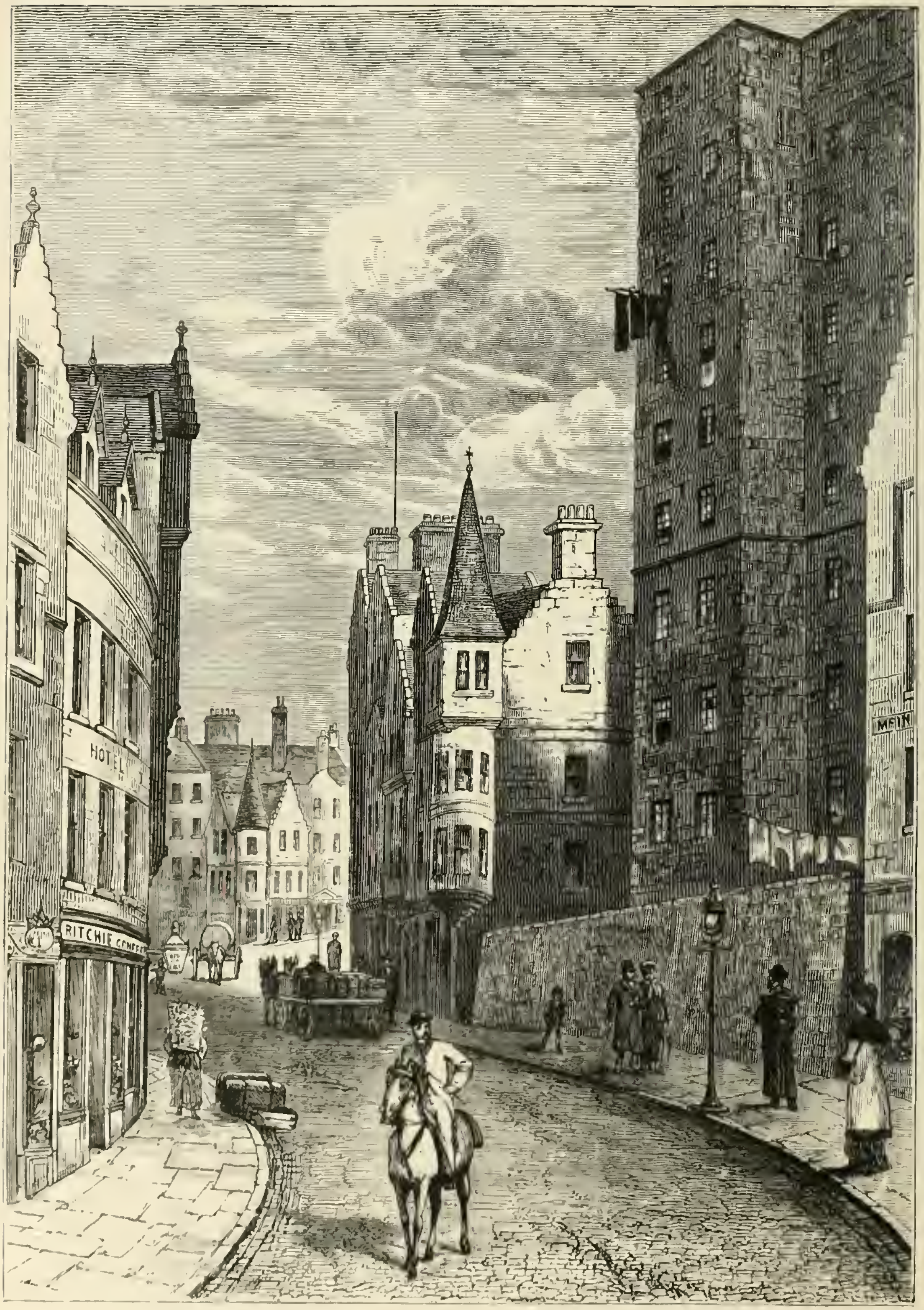
All the copies of a certain number issued in the February of 1723 were seized by the magistrates, in consequence of their containing a very little paragraph regarding a Mr. Patrick Holden, then under probation before the Lords of Session, as presentee of the Crown for a seat on the bench—he being a mere creature of the ministry, and unfitted for the office of senator, to which eventually he does not seem to have attained. Indignant at the remark, "we do not hear of any great discoveries yet made to his prejudice," the judges inflicted punishment upon MacEwan, who was compelled in his next issue to apologise to his country subscribers, and explain why they were not served "with that day's *Courant*, as also why we have been so sparing all along of home news."



INTERIOR OF TRINITY COLLEGE CHURCH, JEFFREY STREET.

In course of time the politics of the *Courant* gradually changed, and it is still a flourishing paper as the organ of the Conservatives and of the landed interest in Scotland.

The *Daily Review*, which came into existence in April, 1861, has always been a high-class and well-conducted paper of Liberal principles, and a leading organ on ecclesiastical matters among the greater body of Scottish Dissenters—the Free and United Presbyterian churches. It was founded by the late Mr. David Guthrie to advance the views and interests of the Nonconformist Evangelical Church in Scotland, while at the same time taking its fair share in the general news of the country. Under the editorship of Mr. James Bolivar Manson, who was esteemed as one of the greatest journalists in Scotland, it gained a high reputation for art criticism, and an increased circulation. Mr. Manson had an earnest susceptibility for art, and everything he wrote on that subject proceeded from genuine and native interest on the subject, and expressed convictions which he cherished deeply. The quarterlies, too, occasionally contained articles from his facile pen, and not unfrequently has *Punch* been



LORD COCKBURN STREET AND BACK OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

the vehicle for the dissemination of the rich vein of humour which ran through his character.

TRINITY COLLEGE CHURCH (RESTORED).

His qualities as a writer in a daily journal were amply displayed during the six years he edited the *Daily Review*, and a melancholy interest attaches to his connection with that journal, as he literally "died in harness." His great reading gave him extensive resources, while his long study of public matters and knowledge of past political transactions were remarkable, or equalled only in the parallel instance of Alexander Russel, of the *Scotsman*. His tastes were various; for in classic authors and in the Scottish vernacular he was equally at home. "He could scourge pretenders, but he loved to welcome every genuine accession to our literary treasures, and to give a fresh and advantageous setting to any gems that might be found in the volume with which he had to deal. Indeed, amid the rough strokes of political war, his regard for any opponent whom he believed to be a man of genuine mind and culture, was ever and anon made evident, sometimes with curious solicitude." When death came upon Mr. Manson he was only in his forty-ninth year, and had not been confined by illness to the house for a single day. After breakfast, he had seated himself in his study to write a leader welcoming John Bright to Edinburgh; and the few lines he wrote were penned, as usual, without a single elision, when Mrs. Manson entering the room about twelve o'clock, saw him lying back in his chair, as she supposed asleep—but it was the sleep of death. This was on the 2nd of November, 1868.

Mr. Manson, who was long regretted by men of many professions over the length and breadth of the kingdom, and by friends who mourned him as a genial acquaintance, was succeeded by the late Henry Kingsley, who occupied the editorial chair for eighteen months, and who was succeeded in turn by Dr. George Smith, formerly of *The Friend of India*, and author of the "Life of Dr. Wilson of Bombay." The paper has ever been an advanced Liberal one in politics, and considerably ahead of the old Whig school.

Jeffrey Street, so named from the famous literary critic, is one of those thoroughfares formed under the City Improvement Act of 1867. It commences at the head of Leith Wynd, and occasioned there the demolition of many buildings of remote antiquity. From thence it curves north-westward, behind the Ashley Buildings, and is carried on a viaduct of ten massive arches. Proceeding westward through Milne's Court, and cutting off the lower end of many quaint, ancient, narrow, and it must be admitted latterly somewhat inodorous alleys, it goes into line with an old edificed thoroughfare at the back of the Flesh Market, under the southern arch of the open part of the North Bridge, and is built chiefly in the old Scottish domestic style of architecture, so suited to its peculiar locality.

In this street stands the Trinity College Established Church, re-erected from the stones of the original church, to which we shall refer elsewhere.

When the North British Railway Company required its site, it was felt by all interested in archæology and art that the destruction of an edifice so important and unique would be a serious loss to the city, and, inspired by this sentiment, the most strenuous efforts were made by the Lord Provost, Adam Black, and others, to make some kind of restoration of the church of Mary of Gueldres a condition of the company obtaining possession; and their efforts were believed to have been successful when a clause was inserted in the Company's Act binding them, before acquiring Trinity College church, to erect another, after the same style and model, on a site to be approved by the sheriff, in or near the parish and about a dozen of these were suggested, among others the rocky knoll adjoining the Calton stairs.

The company finding the delay imposed by this clause extremely prejudicial to their interests, sought to have it amended, and succeeded in having "the obligation to erect such a church raised from them, on the payment of such a sum as should be found on inquiry, under the authority of the sheriff, to be sufficient for the site and restoration. About £18,000 was accordingly paid to the Town Council in 1848; the church was removed, and its stones carefully numbered, and set aside."

Questions of site, of the sitters, and the sum to be actually expended, were long discussed by the Council and in the press—some members of the former, with a sentiment of injustice, wishing to abolish the congregation altogether, and give the money to the city. After much litigation, extending ultimately over a period of nearly thirty years, the Court of Session in full bench decided that all the money and the interest accruing therefrom should be expended on the church.

This judgment was reversed, on appeal, by Lord Chancellor Westbury, who decided that only £7,000 "without interest should be given to buy a site and build a church contiguous to Trinity Hospital, in which the rest of the money should vest." The Town Council of those days seemed ever intent on crushing this individual parish church, and, as one of the congregation wrote in an address in January, 1873, "to these it seemed as strange as sad, that while all over this island, corporations and individuals were spending very large sums in the restoration or preservation of the best specimens of the art and devotion of their forefathers, a city so beholden as Edinburgh to the beautiful and picturesque in situation and buildings, should not only permit the disappearance of an edifice of which almost any other city would have been proud, but when the means and the obligation to preserve it had been secured, with much labour by others, should, with almost as much pains, seek to render nugatory alike the efforts of these and the certain pious regrets of posterity." In 1871 the churchless parish, in respect of population, held the fourth place in old Edinburgh (2,882) exceeding the Tolbooth, Tron, and other congregations.

The church, rebuilt from the stones of the ancient edifice of 1462, stands on the south side of Jeffrey Street, at the corner of Chalmers' Close. It was erected in 1871–2, from drawings prepared by Mr. Lessels, architect, and is an oblong structure, with details in the Norman Gothic style, with a tower and spire 115 feet in height. It is almost entirely constructed from the "carefully numbered stones" of the ancient church, nearly every pillar, niche, capital, and arch, being in its old place, and, taken in this sense, the edifice is a very unique one.

Opened for divine service in October, 1877, it is seated for 900, and has the ancient baptismal font that stood in the vestry of the church of Mary of Gueldres placed in the lobby. The old apse has been restored *in toto*, and forms the most interesting portion of the new building. The ancient baptismal and communion plate of the church are very valuable, and the latter is depicted in Sir George Harvey's well-known picture of the "Covenanter's Baptism," and, like the communion-table, date from shortly after the Reformation, and have been the gifts of various pious individuals.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SOME OF THE NEW STREETS WITHIN THE AREA OF THE FLODDEN WALL (*concluded*).

Victoria Street and Terrace—The India Buildings—Mechanics' Subscription Library—George IV. Bridge—St. Augustine's Church—Martyrs' Church—Chamber of the Highland and Agricultural Society—Sheriff Court Buildings and Solicitors' Hall—Johnstone Terrace—St. John's Free Church—The Church of Scotland Training College.

Victoria Street, which opens from the west side of George IV. Bridge, and was formed as the result of the same improvement scheme by which that stately bridge itself was erected, from the north end of the Highland and Agricultural Society's Chambers curves downward to the north-east corner of the Grassmarket, embracing in that curve the last remains of the ancient West Bow. Some portions of its architecture are remarkably ornate, especially the upper portion of its south side, where stands the massive pile, covered in many parts with rich carving, named the India Buildings, in the old Scottish baronial style, of unique construction, consisting of numerous offices, entered from a series of circular galleries, and erected in 1867-8, containing the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture, which was instituted in November, 1864. Its objects are to watch over the interests of practical agriculture, to promote the advancement of that science by the discussion of all subjects relating to it, and to consider questions that may be introduced into Parliament connected with it. The business of the Chamber is managed by a president, vice-president, and twenty directors, twelve of whom are tenant farmers. It holds fixed meetings at Perth in autumn, and at Edinburgh in November, annually; and all meetings are open to the press.

In the centre of the southern part of the street is St. John's Established church, built in 1838, in a mixed style of architecture, with a Saxon doorway.

It is faced on the north side by a handsome terrace, portions of which rise from an open arcade, and include a Primitive Methodist church, or Ebenezer chapel, and an Original Secession church. Victoria Terrace is crossed at its western end by a flight of steps, which seem to continue the old line of access afforded by the Upper West Bow.

No. 5 Victoria Terrace gives access to one of the most valuable institutions in the city—the Edinburgh Mechanics' Subscription Library. It was established in 1825, when its first president was Mr. Robert Hay, a printer, and Mr. John Dunn, afterwards a well-known optician, was vice-president, and it has now had a prosperous career of more than half a century.

The library is divided into thirteen sections:—1, Arts and Sciences; 2, Geography and Statistics; 3, History; 4, Voyages, Travels, and Personal Adventures; 5, Biography; 6, Theology; 7, Law; 8, Essays; 9, Poetry and the Drama; 10, Novels and Romances; 11, Miscellaneous; 12, Pamphlets; 13, Periodicals. Each of these sections has a particular classification, and they are all constantly receiving additions, so as to carry out the original object of the institution—"To procure an extensive collection of books on the general literature of the country, including the most popular works on science."

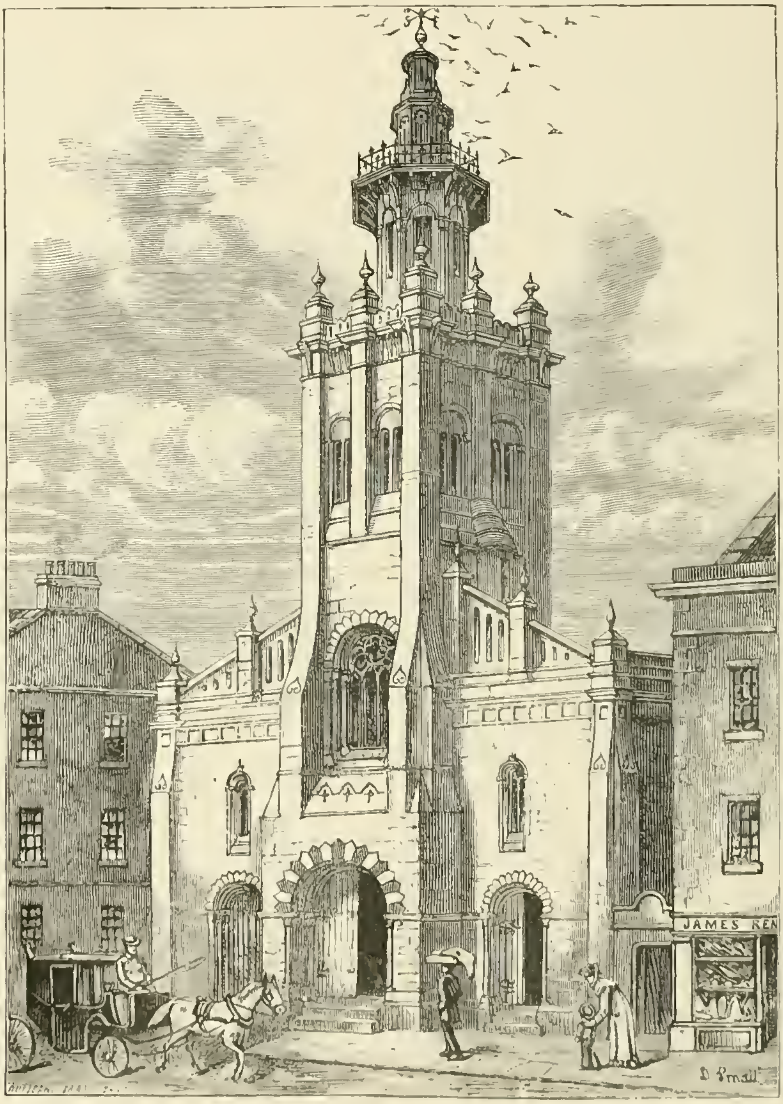
Thus every department of British literature is amply represented on its shelves, and at a charge so moderate as to be within the reach of all classes of the community: the entry-money being only 2s. 6d., and the quarterly payments 1s. 6d.

The management of this library has always been vested in its own members, and few societies adhere so rigidly to their original design as the Mechanics' Library has done. It has, from the first, adapted itself to the pecuniary circumstances of the working man, and from the commencement it has been a self-supporting institution; though in its infancy its prosperity was greatly accelerated as its records attest, by liberal donations of works in almost every class of literature. Among the earliest contributors in this generous spirit, besides many of its own members, were Sir James Hall, Bart., of Dunglas, so eminent for his attainments in geological and chemical science; his son, Captain Basil Hall, R.N., the well-known author; Mr. Leonard Horner; and the leading publishers of the day—Messrs. Archibald Constable, William Blackwood, Adam Black, Waugh and Innes, with John Murray of London. Some of them were munificent in their gifts, "besides granting credit to any amount required—an accommodation of vital service to an infant institution."

The property of the library is vested in trustees, who consist of two individuals chosen by vote every fifth year, in addition to "the Convener of the Trades of the City of Edinburgh, the principal librarian to the Faculty of Advocates, and the principal librarian to the Society of Writers to Her Majesty's Signet, for the time being."

The right of reading descends to the heirs of subscribers, and is transferable under certain rules.

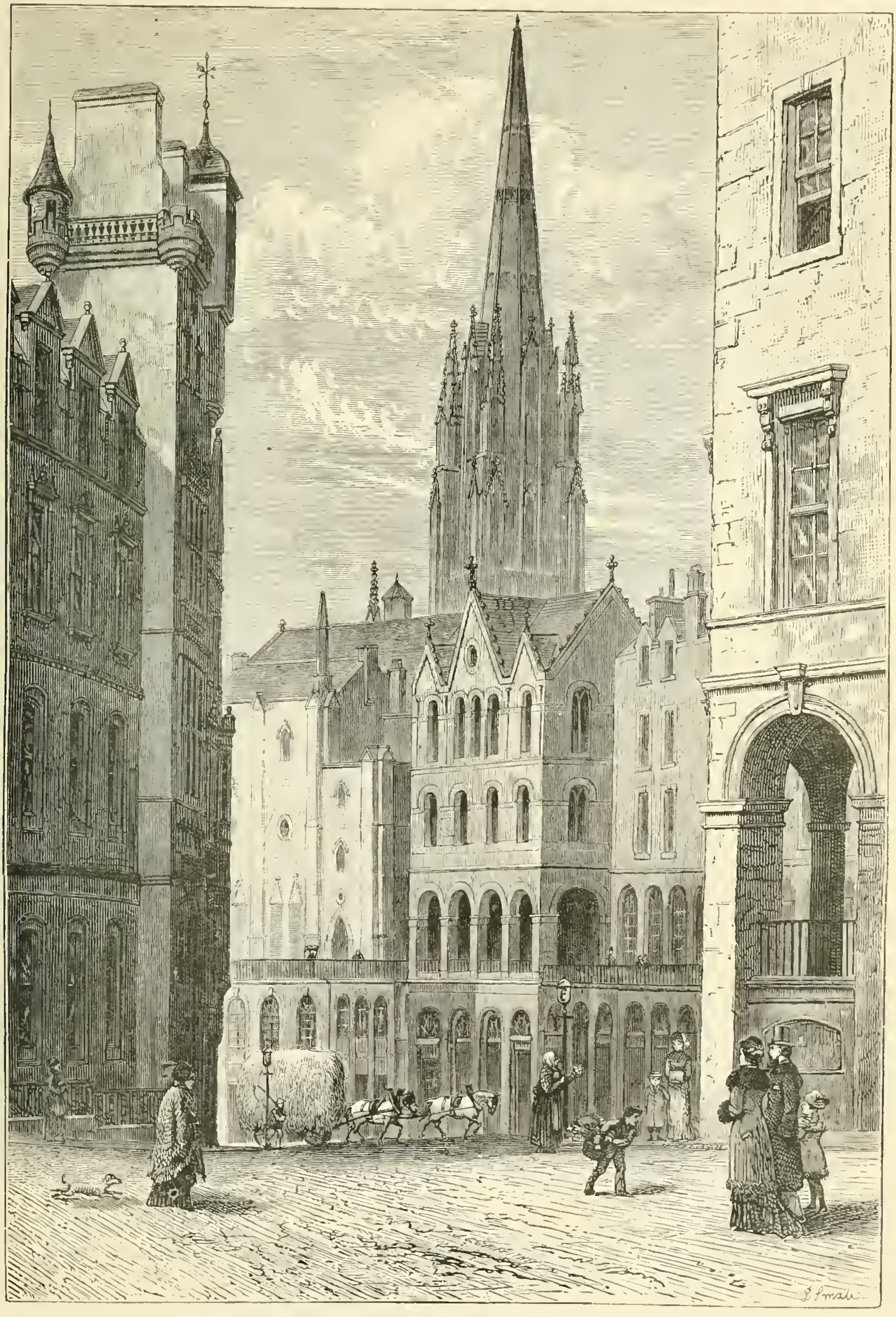
Judging from the large number of books lent during the year, the interest in this Institution is not only real, but steadily maintained. The ordinary members on the roll number more than 600, an average that seldom varies. Though the chief entrance is from Victoria Terrace, the library is the proprietor of the whole property in Riddell's Close behind, from the basement to the attics. The first, or principal floor, is occupied by the library (and the rest is let to tenants) and is in the house of Bailie Macmoran, who, as we have related, was shot by William Sinclair, a High School boy, in the reign of James VI.



ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH.

In recording the destruction of Mauchine's Close, Liberton's Wynd, and other old alleys, we referred to the erection of Melbourne Place. Here George IV. Bridge goes southward at right angles from the Lawnmarket, and stretches across the Cowgate, opposite Bank Street, to a point near the south end of the Candlemaker Row.

The foundation-stone of this magnificent bridge, which was projected in 1825, was laid on the 15th of August, 1827; but after being begun, and for some time left in an unfinished state, through a failure of funds, it was finally completed in 1836. It occasioned the demolition of many picturesque specimens of the city's ancient edifices, but forms a spacious thoroughfare three hundred yards in



VICTORIA STREET AND TERRACE, FROM GEORGE IV. BRIDGE.

length, including the splendid groined open arches over the Cowgate, and seven others which are concealed. It is now edificed with houses on both sides, and presents the aspect of a stately street; but, where open, commands from its lofty parapets a clear and striking view of the narrow Cowgate far down below, together with the new western approach round the south-west face of the Castle rock, which joins Johnstone Terrace. It cost about £400,000.

On the east side of it stands the St. Augustine's Independent (or Congregational) church, built in 1857, after designs by Hay, a Scottish architect settled in Liverpool. It cost £14,000, and rises from a deep and massive basement in the old sunk transverse thoroughfare of Merchant Street. The main building is after the Byzantine style, with a handsome tower and steeple above a hundred feet in height; and is somewhat of an innovation even on the new architecture of the city.

The Martyrs or Reformed Presbyterian church stands on the west side of George IV. Bridge, and nearly opposite St. Augustine's church. This congregation was established in Lady Lawson's Wynd in 1834. In No. 17, on the same side, a little farther north, are the chambers of the Protestant Institute, and of the Scottish Reformation Society, erected about 1860, springing partly from previously organised efforts against the increase of Catholicism in Britain, and partly from the tricentenary celebration of the Reformation in Scotland. The former contains a hall for courses of lectures to students on subjects specially connected with Roman controversy. But the two most important buildings on this new bridge are the Sheriff Court Buildings on the west side, and those of the Highland and Agricultural Society on the east.

Of the several patriotic institutions formed for the improvement of the country generally, and of the Highlands in particular, this has been the most useful, powerful, and extensive in its operations. It has steadily directed its great energies to the promotion of the immediate and most tangible interests of the Highlands, and to the introduction, extension, and adaptation of whatever promises most efficiently to work out their temporal prosperity. A noble institution, it embodies the genuine patriotism with the patronage and skill of most of the nobility, landed gentry, and gentlemen farmers throughout Scotland, and not a few of the men most distinguished in science and learning.

Previous to its promotion there existed in Edinburgh two similar associations. The first was named "The Honourable the Society of Improvers in the Knowledge of Agriculture," and is believed to have been the earliest in Britain, being founded in 1723. It ended with the battle of Culloden. The second was formed in 1755, and existed for ten years, under the auspices of the "Select Society."

"The Highland Society of Scotland," says Henry Mackenzie, one of the directors, in his introduction to the first volume of its "Transactions," "derives its origin from a number of gentlemen, natives of, or connected with the Highlands, assembled in Edinburgh in 1784. That meeting 'conceiving (as the words of their own resolutions express) that the institution of a Highland Society at Edinburgh would be attended with many good consequences to the country, as well as to individuals,' determined to take the sense of their countrymen on the propriety of such an institution. A numerous meeting of such gentlemen as residence in or near Edinburgh allowed of being called together was assembled. They warmly approved of the measure, agreed to become members of such a Society, proceeded to the nomination of a president, vice-president, and committee, and having thus far embodied themselves, wrote circulars to such noblemen and gentlemen as birth, property, or connection, qualified, and, as they supposed, might incline to join the formation of such an establishment, inviting them to become members of the proposed society."

Though thus instituted in 1784, it was not incorporated by royal charter till 1787. Candidates for admission must be proposed by a member, and are elected at the general meetings which take place in January and June or July. They pay in advance £1 3s. 6d. per annum, or a life subscription of twelve guineas, except tenant-farmers, who are admissible on an annual payment of 10s., or life subscription of £5 5s. The members of the original Society were about 100; in 1787, 150; in 1797, 400. Since its institution 11,000 members have been elected, and now the present number enrolled at the office in George IV. Bridge is above 4,650.

There is a powerful staff of office-bearers, and fifteen chairmen of committees, whose cares embrace—1, Agricultural Reports; 2, the Argyle Naval Fund; 3, Chemical Department; 4, Cottages; 5, District Shows; 6, Finance; 7, Forestry Department; 8, General Shows; 9, Hall and Chambers; 10, Law; 11, Machinery; 12, Ordnance Survey; 13, Publications; 14, Steam Cultivation; 15, Veterinary Department.

By a charter under the great seal in 1856 the Society is empowered to grant diplomas and certificates in agriculture, and has regular boards of highly qualified examiners, on every point of which it takes cognisance. It grants annually ten bursaries of £20 each, and five of £10 each, to be competed for by pupils of schools approved of by the directors.

The Society's vested capital now amounts to £70,000, and its annual revenue reaches more than £4,500, besides the receipts for general shows. The Argyle Fund, for the education of young Highland gentlemen for the navy, now amounts to £5,639, and was instituted by John fifth Duke of Argyle, the original president of the Society.

From its chambers, No. 3, George IV. Bridge, surveying a width of range and multiplicity of objects worthy of its wealth and intellect, its opulence of power and resource, the Society promotes the erection of towns and bridges, the formation of roads, the experiments and enterprises of agriculture, the improvement of farm stock, the sheltering processes of planting, the extension of fisheries, the introduction of manufactures, the adaptation of machinery to all useful arts, the ready co-operation of local influence with legislative and public measures, the diffusion of practical knowledge of all that may tend to the general good of the Scottish nation, and the consolidation of the Highlanders and Lowlanders into one great fraternal community.

"The Society awards large and numerous premiums to stimulate desiderated enterprises, and in 1828 began the publication of the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, for prize essays and the dissemination of the newest practical information; it patronises great annual cattle shows successively in different towns, and by means of them excites and directs a stirring and creditable spirit of emulation among graziers, and, in general, it keeps in play upon the community, a variety of influences which, as far as regards mere earthly well-being, have singularly transformed and beautified its character."

Its arms are a figure of Caledonia on a pedestal, between two youths—one a Highland reaper, the other a ploughboy—being crowned. The motto is, *Semper armis nunc et industria.* The Highland Society's hall and chamber form a very symmetrical and also ornamental edifice, with a beautiful sculpture of its coat of arms from the chisel of A. H. Ritchie. It formerly contained a most interesting agricultural museum, which has been removed elsewhere. Similar societies on the same model have since been established—by England in 1838, and by Ireland in 1841.

The other edifice referred to, the Sheriff's Court Buildings, contiguous to the open arches over the Cowgate, was erected in 1865–8, from designs by David Bryce, at a cost of more than £44,000. It rises from a low basement, with an extensive and imposing flank to the south, and presents in its façade an ornate variety of the Italian style of architecture; but within exhibits simply the usual features of legal courts, with three subordinate official chambers, unless we except the Society hall of the solicitors-at-law, a minor legal body in Edinburgh, which was incorporated by royal charter in 1780, and only certain members of which are qualified to act as agents before the Supreme Courts.

Johnstone Terrace, King's Road, and Castle Terrace crossing the King's Bridge, the foundation stone of which was laid in 1827, unitedly extend about 900 yards along the southern limb, or south-western skirt of the Castle Rock, connecting the head of the Lawnmarket with the Lothian Road, at a point about 180 yards south of the west end of Princes Street. These were formed between 1825 and 1836, to afford improved access to the Old Town from the westward. They are collectively called the New Western Approach, and apart from being a very questionable improvement as regards artistic taste, have destroyed the amenity of the Castle Rock, and lessened its strength as a fortress.

In Johnstone Terrace, to which we shall confine ourselves for the present, at the eastern end. resting at the corner of the Old West Bow, is St. John's Free Church, a handsome edifice in a mixed style of early Gothic. It was built from designs furnished by Robert Hamilton in 1847, and is chiefly famous for its congregation having enjoyed for some years the ministry of the celebrated Dr. Guthrie, and of Dr. William Hanna, a graduate of the University of Glasgow, who was ordained to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in 1835, and who is so well known as the author of "Wycliffe and the Huguenots," and as the affectionate biographer of Chalmers.

Westward of this edifice is St. Columba's Episcopal church, also a Gothic structure, but of an earlier style, with a low, square battlemented tower, built in 1845.

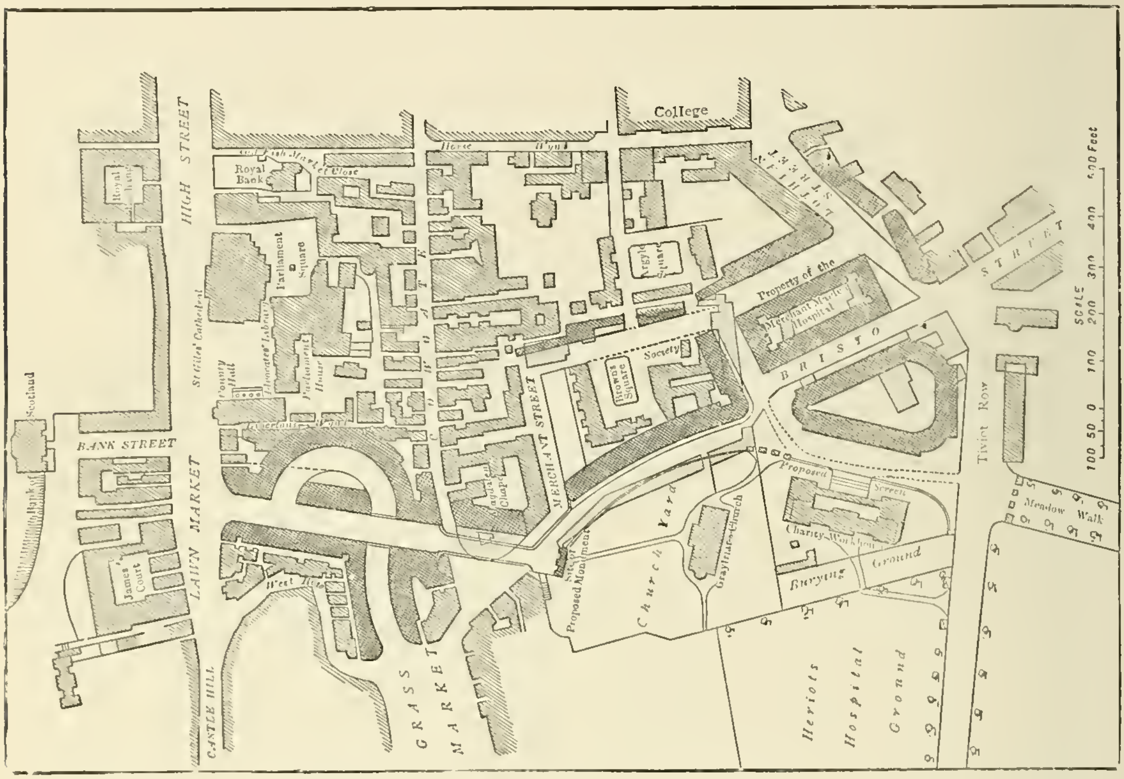
At the cost of about £10,000, the Normal School of the Church of Scotland was built westward of it, in 1845, and is a large and handsome edifice.

It is called the Normal School, or Church of Scotland Training College. It is under the control and management of the Education Committee of the Church. It is a double college, and like that in Glasgow, trains both masters and mistresses. The course of training extends over two years, and none are admitted as students but those who have passed a preliminary examination; but the committee exercise their discretion in making their selection, without regard to the Government order of merit. The programme of instruction is prescribed by the Education Department; but the Education Committee of the Scottish Church are not limited by it, and give religious instruction on the basis of the Bible and Shorter Catechism, while promoting the study of Latin and elementary science. The students do not enter until they are eighteen years of age at least, and the principles and practice of teaching have a prominent place among the subjects of instruction.

Bursaries of the average value of £21 per annum, in addition to free education, are given to all the male students; while a considerable number of the average value of £12 is given to the female students, from whom alone a fee for education is expected

All students pay annually £2 each, a contribution to the book fund of the Training College, in return for which all necessary books are given to them by the committee; and this payment must be made by all, whether the books are taken or not.

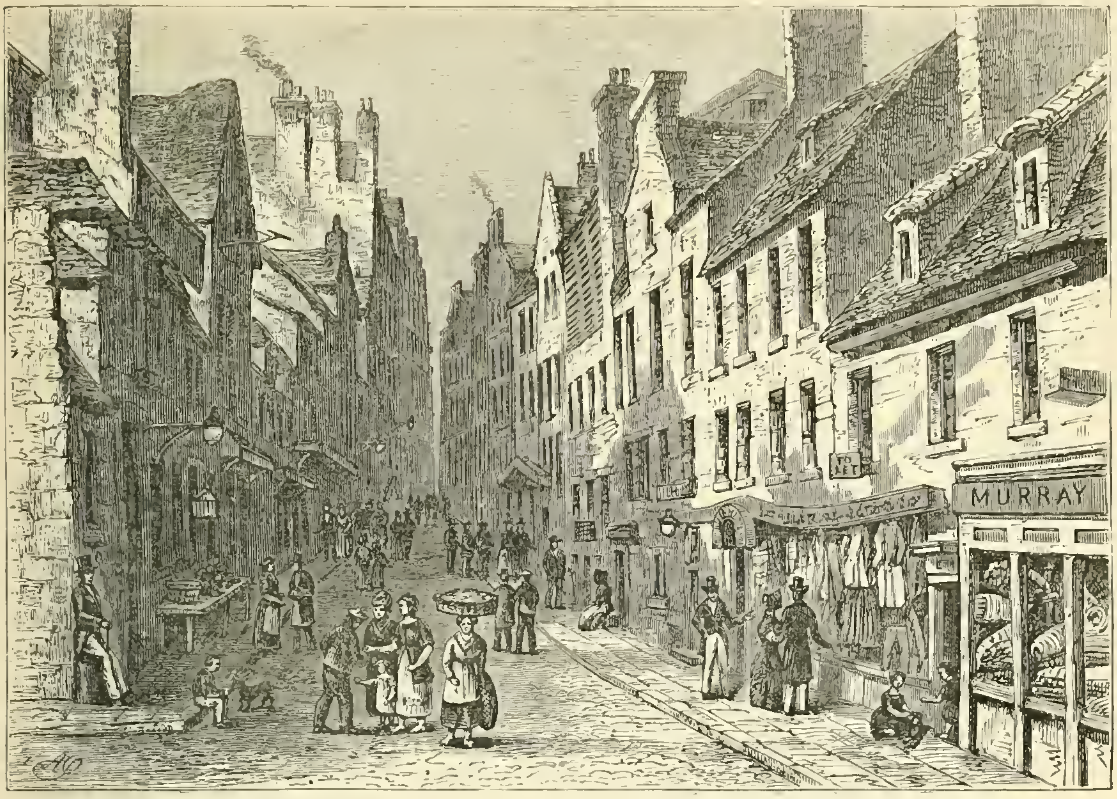
These colleges date from about the year 1840. That in Johnstone Terrace was built to succeed an older (and less suitably equipped) edifice, which stood in what used to be called Market Street, near the Waverley Station, and near the Bank of Scotland.



PLAN FOR OPENING A COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THE NORTH AND SOUTH SIDES OF THE CITY BY MEANS OF A BRIDGE, ENTERING THE LAWNMARKET NEARLY OPPOSITE BANK STREET.

(*From an Engraving in the "Scots' Magazine,"* 1817.)

Westward of the Training College, on the Castlebank, and facing the Grassmarket, a barrack for married soldiers stands, and there any soldier passing through Edinburgh, on obtaining permission, may pass the night.



ST. MARY'S WYND, FROM THE PLEASANCE. (*From a View published in* 1829.)

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ST. MARY'S WYND.

St. Mary's Wynd and Street—Sir David Annand—St. Mary's Cistercian Convent and Hospital—Bothwell's Brawl in 1562—The Cowgate Port Rag Fair—The Ladies of Traquair—Ramsay's "White Horse" Inn—Pasquale de Paoli—Ramsay Retires with a Fortune—Boyd's "White Horse" Inn—Patronised by Dr. Johnson—Improvements in the Wynd—Catholic Institute—The oldest Doorhead in the City.

St. Mary's Wynd and Leith Wynd lay in the direct line of the old Roman road, that crossed the rough and rugged slope on which, since then, the old city has been gradually developed. The former took its name from a chapel and convent of Cistercian nuns, together with a hospital dedicated to St. Mary, the two former being situated on the west side of the street at the head thereof, or near the boundary of the present Tweeddale Court, or Close; but when or by whom founded, not a trace or record are given by history.

When the battle of the Burghmuir was fought in 1335, Abercrombie* tells us that the Namurois, when defeated by the Scots, "made an orderly retreat to Edinburgh; they faced about several times, as occasion offered or necessity required, particularly as they entered St. Mary's Wynd; and here a Scots knight, Sir David Annand, a man of incredible strength and no less courage, having received a wound from one of the enemy, was thereby so much exasperated, that, at once exerting all the vigour of his unwearied arms, he gave his adversary such a blow with an axe, that the sharp and ponderous weapon clave both man and horse, and falling with irresistible force to the ground, made a lasting impression upon the very stones of the street. This story may seem a little too romantic, and I would not have related it had I not cited a very good voucher, John de Fordoun, who flourished in 1360, not long after it happened."

John de Fordoun, called the father of Scottish history, was a priest in the diocese of St. Andrews, and if the street was known as St. Mary's Wynd in his days, the convent must have existed in the fourteenth century. The revenues of the hospital were very small; thus the Town Council passed an Act in 1499, during the provostry of Walter Bertraham, ordaining the most respectable citizens to beg daily through the streets from all well-disposed persons; the money so obtained to be applied for the maintenance of the *beads-people* of that hospital; and every person who refused to collect thus, was fined forty pence Scots, for the use of the poor. At this period the chaplain's salary was only six shillings and eightpence per annum. Spottiswoode tells us that in the chartularies of St. Giles, "the nuns of St. Mary's Wynd, in the city of Edinburgh, are recorded," and in the statutes of the burgh, enacted during a terrible plague in 1530, a reference to the chapel is made in the case of Marion Clerk, who was convicted by an assize of concealing her infection, and attending, with many others, mass in "the chapell of Sanct Mary Wynd, on Sonday," and thereby risking the safety of all. For this crime the poor woman was ordained to suffer death by drowning at the Quarry Holes, near the east end of the Calton Hill.

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* "Martial Achievements of the Scottish Nation."

In 1562 great excitement was occasioned in the city by an act of violence perpetrated by the notorious Earl of Bothwell, who, with the aid of the Marquis d'Elbœuf, Lord John of Coldinghame, and other wild spirits, broke up the doors of Cuthbert Ramsay's house in St. Mary's Wynd one night, while searching, sword in hand, for his daughter-in-law, Alison Craig, a celebrated courtesan, who, though living under the protection of "the godly Erl of Arrane," as Knox records in very coarse language, yet contrived to be on very good terms with other nobles who were his avowed enemies. A strong remonstrance was presented to the Queen on this subject, beseeching her to punish the perpetrators; but as that was no easy matter, the brawl was hushed up, and, thus emboldened, Bothwell and other gallants proceeded to play wilder pranks in the streets during the night, till Gavin Hamilton, Abbot of Kilwinning, who had joined the Reformation party, resolved to curb their violence by the strong hand. According to the histories of Knox and Keith, he armed all his followers, sallied forth to oppose the revellers, and a serious conflict ensued in the street, between the Cross and Tron. Crossbow bolts and hackbut shots flew far and near, while the alarm-bells summoned the burghers to "the redding of the fray," and rival leaders came sallying forth as hate or humour led them, to join in the riot; till the Earls of Murray and Huntley, who were then residing at Holyrood, by order of the Queen, marched up the Canongate with all the armed men they could muster, and crushed the tumult. Bothwell afterwards, by the mediation of Knox, effected a reconciliation with the Earl of Arran, the Abbot of Kilwinning, and others who were his enemies.

In the subsequent conflicts of 1572, the houses in Leith Wynd and St. Mary's Wynd were unroofed, and all the doors and windows of those on the west side of the latter were built up, among other preparations made by Sir William Kirkaldy to defend the town against the king's men. At a still later date in the same year all the houses at the head of each of those wynds were "tane doun," and no doubt on this occasion the chapel of St. Mary would be ruined and dismantled with the rest.

Again in 1650, when preparations were made to defend the city against Cromwell, Nicoll records in his quaint diary, that the magistrates demolished all the houses "in St. Marie Wynd, that the enymie sould haif no schelter thair," and that the cannon mounted on the Netherbow might have free passage for their shot.

At the foot of the wynd was situated the Cowgate Port, a city gate constructed as a portion of the second wall in 1513. At a subsequent date another was erected across the wynd, at its junction with the Pleasance; it figures in Rothiemay's map as the *Porta platea Sanctæ Mariæ*, a large arched building with gables at each end, and in Gordon's day it was seldom without the head, hands, or quarters of some unfortunate, such as Garnock and other Covenanters, displayed on its spikes. On the approach of the Highlanders in 1715, it was demolished, the citizens believing themselves unable to defend it; but a portion of its wall, with one rusty spike thereon, remained until 1837, when it was removed to make way for a new Heriot's school. The whole alley was long, and until quite recently a species of great Rag Fair, where all manner of cast-off garments were exposed for sale, the walls literally appearing to be clothed with them from end to end.

In a house which had its entrance from the east side of the wynd, but the windows of which opened to the Canongate, there long resided two maiden ladies of the now extinct house of Traquair—the Ladies Barbara and Margaret Stuart—twin sisters, the children of Charles fourth Earl of Traquair (who died in 1741), and his Countess, Mary Maxwell, of the noble house of Nithsdale. The last of these two, Lady Barbara, died on the 15th of December, 1794, and they were among some of the last of note who lingered in the Old Town. "They drew out their innocent lives in this place," says Robert Chambers, "where latterly one of their favourite amusements was to make dolls, and little beds for them to lie on—a practice not quite uncommon in days long gone by, being to some degree followed by Queen Mary."

In the tenement opposite the site of St. Mary's chapel, on the east side of the wynd, and forming the portion of it that led into Boyd's Close, there long dwelt the celebrated artistic decorator of many of the best old houses in Edinburgh, John Norrie, whose workshop adjoined the coach-house of Lord Milton, and both of which were converted into stables for Boyd's famous old "White Horse" Inn, one of the great hostelries of Edinburgh, in the days when "hotels" were unknown, and when guests, except those whose business was of a very temporary nature, usually repaired to lodging-houses, of which the most famous in 1754 was Mrs. Thomson's at the Cross, who, as per advertisement, served people who had not their own silver plate, tea china, table china, and tea linen, with all these luxuries, together with wines and spirits.

When the famous patriot chief, Pasquale de Paoli, had been driven into exile by the French invaders of Corsica, among other places in his wanderings he came to Edinburgh in the autumn of 1771, accompanied by the Polish Ambassador, Count Burzyuski; and on the 3rd of September they arrived at Peter Ramsay's "White Horse" Inn, in St. Mary's Wynd, from whence he was immediately taken home by Boswell to his house in James's Court, while the Count became the guest of his neighbour, Dr. John Gregory, "to whom they brought a letter from the ingenious Mrs. Montague." Boswell introduced Paoli to Lord Kames, Dr. Robertson, David Hume, and others, who though greatly his seniors, admitted him into their circle, and he showed him over the Castle, Holyrood, Duddingston, and other places. Ramsay's inn was chiefly famous for its stables, and in that establishment he realised a large fortune.

In 1776 he advertised that, exclusive of some part of his premises recently offered for sale, he possessed "a good house for entertainment, good stables for above one hundred horses, and sheds for above twenty carriages." He retired from business in St. Mary's Wynd in 1790, with above £10,000, according to one account, and his death is thus recorded in the "Scottish Register." "Jan. 1, 1794. At his son's house of Gogar, Co. Edinburgh, Peter Ramsay, Esq., formerly an eminent innkeeper at the Cowgate Port, in which station he acquired upwards of £30,000. He has left one son, William Ramsay, jun., Esq., banker in Edinburgh, and one daughter, the widow of Captain Mansfield, of the South Fencible Regiment, who lost his life at Leith in 1779, when attempting to quell a mutiny."

Boyd's Close, or the White Horse Close, as it was often called, opened into Boyd's Entry from St. Mary's Wynd. The inn there was more modern, and was larger than Ramsay's, but had, like his, the principal rooms above the stables; and at this "White Horse" it was that Dr. Johnson, on arriving at Edinburgh on the 17th of August, 1773, put up, and from whence he sent his curt note to Boswell:—

"Saturday night:—"Mr. Johnson sends his compliments to Mr. Boswell, being just arrived at Boyd's."

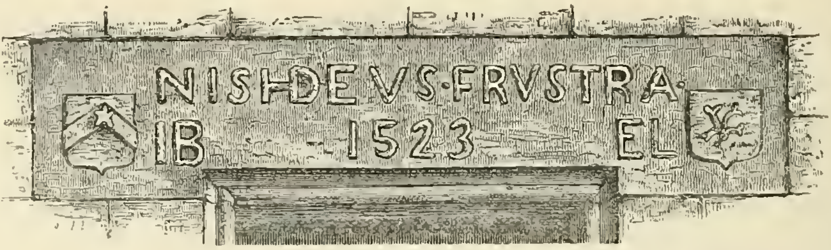
And here it was, as we have related, that Boswell found him storming at the waiter, when he and William Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell, repaired thither, and received an instalment of that domineering manner which excited the aristocratic contempt that old Lord Auchinleck so freely expressed for "the dominie — the auld English dominie, that keepit a schule and ca'ad it an acaademy."

In Boyd's "White Horse Inn" one particularly large room was the scene of many a marriage between runaway English couples; and on a window, written with a diamond, were long to be seen the remarkable names of

Jeremiah and Sarah Bentham, 1768.

"James Boyd, the keeper of this inn, was addicted to horse racing, and his victories on the turf, or rather on Leith sands, are frequently chronicled in journals of that day. It is said that he was one time on the brink of ruin, when he was saved by a lucky run with a white horse, which in gratitude he kept idle all the rest of its days, besides setting up its portrait as his sign. He eventually retired from this 'dirty and dismal' inn with a fortune of several thousand pounds; and, as a curious note upon the impression which its slovenliness conveyed to Dr. Johnson, it may be stated as a fact, well authenticated, that, at the time of his giving up the house he possessed napery to the value of five hundred pounds."

St. Mary's Wynd was, in 1869, the first scene of the operations of the trustees who acted under the Improvement Act of 1867, when they commenced to pull down the buildings between it and Gullan's Close, in the Canongate. By this time it had become one of the most wretched slums in the city, a narrow and stifling alley, to navigate the intricacies of which required some courage. It was scarcely possible to avoid coming in contact with cast-off apparel of all kinds, or stumbling against piles of old boots, pots, pans, and furniture. Under designs furnished for the upper part by the late David Cousin, who for many years occupied an important official post in connection with the municipality, and for the lower part by Mr. Lessels, another architect, the wynd has now become a broad and spacious thoroughfare, named St. Mary's Street, presenting on its eastern side a series of handsome façades, in the Scottish domestic style, with a picturesque variety of outline and detail.



DOORHEAD IN ST. MARY'S WYND (THE OLDEST EXTANT), BUILT INTO THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE. (*From a Drawing by the Author.*)

One of the most striking of the new buildings here, is the Edinburgh Catholic Institute, a turreted and gabletted edifice, the basement of which is occupied by spacious shops, and which stands upon the site of the old "White Horse" Inn, as an inscription built into the wall records thus:—

"*Boyd's Inn, at which Dr. Samuel Johnson arrived in Edinburgh,* 14*th August,* 1773, *on his memorable tour to the Hebrides, occupied the larger part of the site of this building.*"

There is also built into another part of the edifice a relic of one of the older ones, a lintel inscribed thus, with the city motto :—

NISI . DEVS . FRVSTRA.
I B 1523 E L

The Young Men's Catholic Society was established in 1865, and has an average yearly attendance of about 1,000 members, inclusive of many who are honorary, but subscribe to the Association, the objects of which are to promote sobriety, religious deportment, and a brotherly feeling among young men of the Catholic faith. It contains a library and reading room, lecture and billiard room. It has a dramatic association, and by the committee who conduct it no means are left untried to increase the moral culture of the members.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LEITH WYND.

Leith Wynd—Our Lady's Hospital—Paul's Work—The Wall of 1540—Its Fall in 1854—The "Happy Land"—Mary of Gueldres—Trinity College Church—Some Particulars of its Charter—Interior View—Decorations—Enlargement of the Establishment—Privileges of its Ancient Officers—The Duchess of Lennox—Lady Jane Hamilton—Curious Remains—Trinity Hospital—Sir Simon Preston's "Public Spirit"—Becomes a Corporation Charity—Description of Buildings—Provisions for the Inmates—Lord Cockburn's Female Pensioner—Demolition of the Hospital—Other Charities.

THE connecting link between St. Mary's Wynd and Leith Wynd was the Nether Bow Port, a barrier, concerning the strength of which that veteran marshal, the Duke of Argyle, spoke thus in the debate of 1736 in reference to the Porteous mob:—

"The Nether Bow Gate, my Lords, stands in a narrow street; near it are always a number of coaches and carts. Let us suppose another insurrection is to happen. In that case, my Lords, should the conspirators have the presence of mind to barricade the street with these carriages, as may be done by a dozen of fellows, I affirm, and I appeal for the truth of what I advance to any man of my trade, who knows the situation of the place, if five hundred men may not keep out ten thousand for a longer time than that in which the mob executed their bloody designs against Porteous."

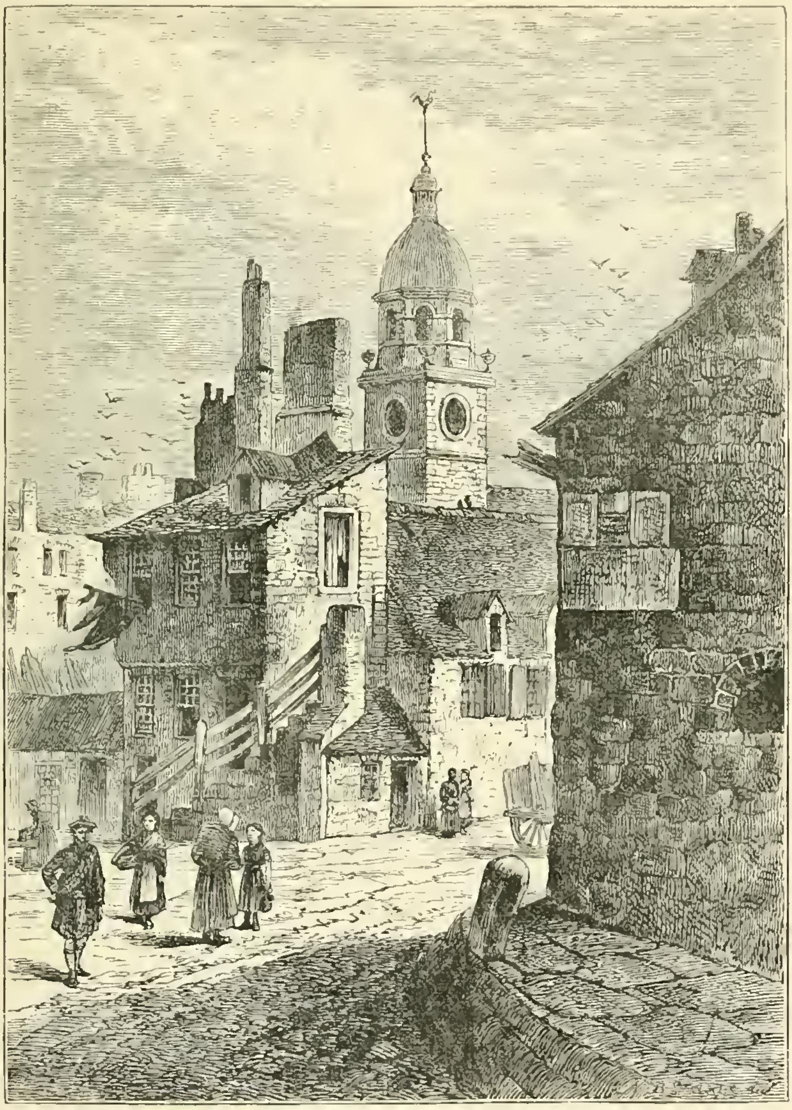
From the end of this gate, and bordered latterly on the west by the city wall, Leith Wynd, which is now nearly all a thing of the past, ran down the steep northern slope towards the base of the Calton Hill.

In the year 1479, Thomas Spence, Bishop of Aberdeen, previously of Galloway, and Lord Privy Seal, founded, at the foot of Leith Wynd, and on the east side thereof, a hospital for the reception and entertainment of twelve poor men, under the name of "the Hospital of our Blessed Lady, in Leith Wynd;" and subsequently it received great augmentations to its revenues from other benefactors; but at first the yearly teinds did not amount to twelve pounds sterling, according to Arnot. From the name afterwards given to it, we are led to suppose that among the future benefactions there had been added a chapel or altarage, dedicated to St. Paul.

The records of Parliament show that somewhere in Edinburgh there were a hospital and chapel dedicated to that apostle, and that there was a chapel dedicated to the Virgin in 1495, by Sir William Knolles, Preceptor of Torphichen, who fell with King James at Flodden.

The founder of the hospital in Leith Wynd died at Edinburgh on the 15th of April, 1480, and was buried in the north aisle of Trinity College church, near his foundation.

The Town Council of Edinburgh became proprietors of this charity, according to their Register, in consequence of Queen Mary's grant to them of all such religious houses and colleges in Edinburgh; and in 1582 they resolved to adapt the bishop's college for other purposes than he intended, and issued an edict, that among the bedesmen entertained there should be "na Papistes," but men of the "trew religion." The buildings having become ruinous, were reconstructed under the name of Paul's Work in 1619, and five Dutchmen were brought from Delft to teach certain boys and girls lodged therein the manufacture of coarse woollen stuffs. "They furnished the poor children whom they put to apprenticeship with clothes and bedding," says Arnot, "and paid the masters of the work, thirteen pence and a third of a penny weekly, during the first year of their apprenticeship. This was considered as a very beneficial institution, and accordingly, many well-disposed people enriched it with donations;" but to the horror of the Edinburghers in 1621, as Calderwood records, on the 1st of May, certain profane and superstitious "weavers in Paul's Worke, Englishe and Dutche, set up a highe May-pole, with garlants and bells," causing a great concourse of people to assemble; and it seemed eventually that the manufacture did not succeed, or the Town Council grew weary of encouraging it; so they converted Paul's Work into a House of Correction.



COWGATE PORT. (*From a View by Ewbank, published in 1825.*)

In 1650 it was used as a hospital for the wounded soldiers of General Leslie's army, after his repulse of Cromwell's attack on Edinburgh. The building was decorated with the city arms, and many carved devices on the pediments of its dormer windows, while above the doorway was the legend—GOD . BLIS . THIS . WARK . 1619.

In February, 1696, Fountainhall reports a "Reduction pursued by the town of Edinburgh against Sir William Binny (ex-Provost) and other partners of the linen manufactory, in Paul's Work, of the tack set them in 1683. Insisted, that this house was founded by Thos. Spence, Bishop of Aberdeen, in the reign of James II., for discipline and training of idle vagabonds, and dedicated to St. Paul; and by an Act of Council in 1626, was destinate and mortified for educating boys in a woollen manufactory; and this tack had inverted the original design, contrary to the sixth Act of Parl. 1633. discharging the sacrilegious inversion of all pious donations." Sir William Binny, Knight, was Provost of the city in 1675–6. It bears a prominent place in Rothiemay's map, and stood partly within the Leith Wynd Port. In 1779 it was occupied by a Mr. Macdowal, "the present proprietor," says Arnot, "who carries on in it an extensive manufacture of broad cloths, hardly inferior to the English." The whole edifice was swept away by the operations of the North British Railway; and two very ancient keys found on its site were presented in 1849 to the Museum of Antiquities.

It was at the foot of this wynd that, in February, 1592, John Graham, a Lord of Session, was slain in open day, by Sir James Sandilands of Calder, and others, not one of whom was ever tried or punished for the outrage.

By an Act of the seventh Parliament of James V., passed in 1540, the magistrates were ordained to warn all proprietors of houses on the west side of Leith Wynd that were ruinous, to repair or rebuild them within a year and a day, or to sell the property to those who could do so; and if no one would buy them, it was lawful for the said magistrates to cast down the buildings, "and with the stuffe and stanes thereof, bigge ane honest substantious wall, fra the Porte of the Nether-bow to the Trinity College; and it shall not be lawful in tyme cumming, to any manner of person to persew them, nor their successoures therefore. . . . . And because the east side of the said wynd pertains to the Abbot and Convente of Holyrude House, it is ordained that the baillies of the Canongate garre siklike be done upon the said east side," &c.

The line of this wall on the west side is distinctly shown in Rothiemay's map of 1647, and also in Edgar's plan of Edinburgh. In both the east side presents a row of closely-built houses, extending from the head of the Canongate to the site of the Leith Wynd Port, at Paul's Work.

In January, 1650, "John Wilsone, tailyour, in St. Marie Wynd, and John Sinclere, dag-maker (*i.e.*, pistol-maker) in Leith Wynd," were punished as false witnesses, in a plea between James Anderson, merchant in Calder, and John Rob in Easter Duddingston, for which they were sentenced by the Lords in Council and Session to be set upon the Tron, with a placard announcing their crime to the people pinned on the breast of each, and to have "thair eares nailed to the Trone, be the space of ane hour."

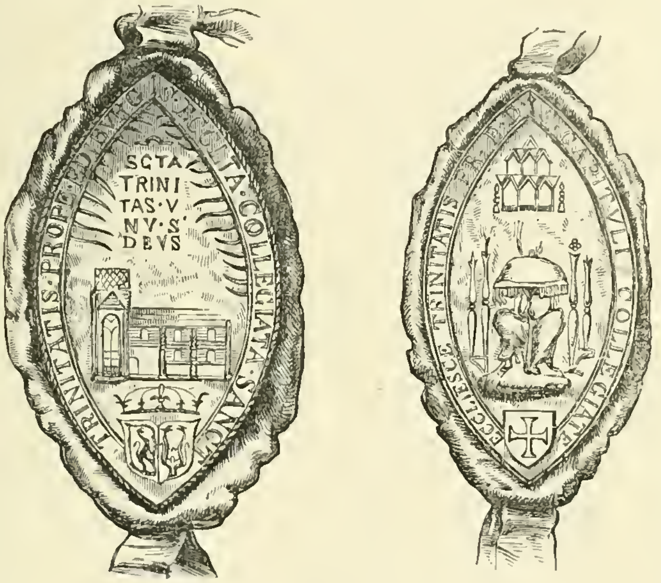
On the Leith Wynd Port, as on others, the quarters of criminals were displayed. In September, 1672, the Depute of Gilbert Earl of Errol (High Constable of Scotland) sentenced James Johnstone, violer, who had stabbed his wife, to be hanged, "and to have his right hand, which gave the stroak, cut off, and affixed upon Leithwind Port, and ordained the magistrats of Edinburgh to cause put the sentence to execution upon the 9th of that month."

In February, 1854, the wall of James the Fifth's time, on the west side of the wynd gave way, and a vast portion of it, which was about twenty feet high and four feet thick, fell with a dreadful crash, smashing in the doors and windows on the opposite side, and blocking the whole of the steep narrow thoroughfare, and burying in its *débris* four children, two of whom were killed on the instant, and two frightfully mangled.

Its fall was supposed to have been occasioned by a new wall, seven feet in height, raised upon its outer verge, to form the outer platform in front of a building known as St. Andrew's Hall, and afterwards the Training Institute of the Scottish Episcopal Society.

As St. Mary's Street, which lies in a line with this wynd, is in a direct line also from the Pleasance, to render the whole thoroughfare more completely available, it was deemed necessary by the Improvement Trustees to make alterations in Leith Wynd, by forming Jeffrey Street, which takes a semi-circular sweep, from the head of the Canongate behind John Knox's house and church, onwards to the southern end of the North Bridge. Thus the whole of the west side of Leith Wynd and its south end have disappeared in these operations. One large tenement of great antiquity, and known as the "Happy Land," long the haunt of the most lawless characters, has disappeared, and near its site stands one of the fine and spacious school houses erected for the School Board.

At the foot of Leith Wynd, on the west side, there was founded on the 5th of March, 1462, by royal charter, the collegiate church of the Holy Trinity, by Mary, Queen of Scotland, daughter of Arnold Duke of Gueldres, grand-daughter of John Duke of Burgundy, and widow of James II., slain about two years before by the bursting of a cannon at Roxburgh. Her great firmness on that disastrous occasion, and during the few remaining years of her own life, proves her to have been a princess of no ordinary strength of mind. She took an active part in governing the stormy kingdom of her son, and died in 1463. Her early death may account for the nave never being built, though it was not unusual for devout persons in that age of church buliding, to erect as much as they could finish, and leave to the devotion of posterity the completion of the rest. Pitscottie tells us that she "was buried in the Trinitie College, quhilk she built hirself." Her grave was violated at the Reformation.



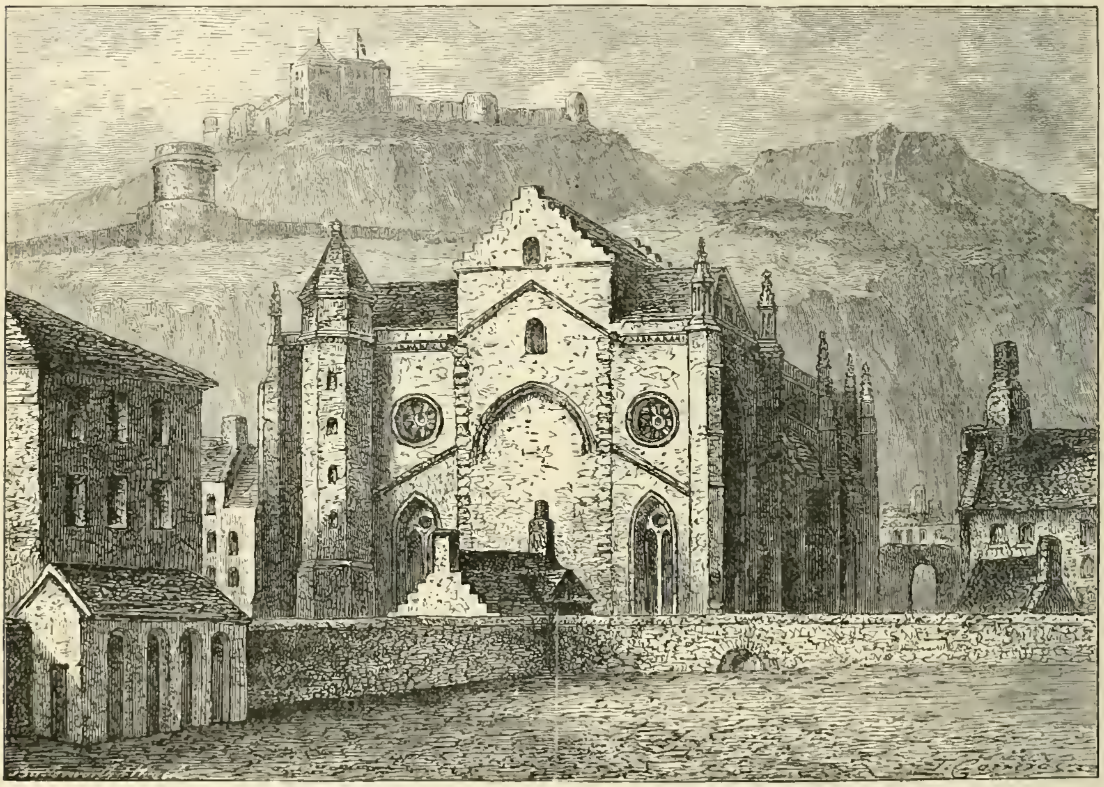
OLD COLLEGIATE SEALS, TRINITY COLLEGE CHURCH.

The church was dedicated "to the Holy Trinity, to the ever blessed and glorious Virgin Mary, to St. Ninian the Confessor, and to all the saints and elect people of God." The foundation was for a provost, eight prebendaries, and two clerks, and with much minuteness several ecclesiastical benefices and portions of land were assigned for the support of the several offices; and in the charter there are some provisions of a peculiar character, in Scotland at least, and curiously illustrative of the age and its manners :—

"And we appoint that none of the said prebendaries or clerks absent themselves from their offices without the leave of the Provost, to whom it shall not be lawful to allow any of them above the space of fifteen days at a time, unless it be on extraordinary occasions, and then not without consent of the chapter; and whosoever of the said prebendaries or clerks shall act contrary to this ordinance, his office shall be adjudged vacant, and the same shall, by the Provost and Chapter, with consent of the Ordinary, be conferred upon another. If any of the said prebendaries shall keep a *fire-maker*, and shall not dismiss her, after being therein admonished thereto by the Provost, his prebend shall be adjudged vacant, and conferred on another, by consent of the Ordinary as aforesaid.

"The Provost of the said college, whenever the office of provostry shall become vacant, shall by us and our successors, Kings of Scotland, be presented to the Ordinary; and the vicars belonging to the out-churches aforesaid shall be presented by the Provost and Chapter of the said college to the Ordinary, from whom they shall receive canonical institution; and no prebendary shall be instituted unless he can read and sing plainly, count and discount, and that the boys may be found docile in the premises. And we further appoint and ordain, that whenever any of the said prebendaries shall read mass, he shall, after the same, in his sacerdotal habits, repair to the tomb of the foundress with hyssop, and there read the prayer *De profundis*, together with that of the faithful, and exhortation to excite the people to devotion."

The choir of this church from the apse to the west enclosure of the rood tower was 90 feet long, and 70 feet from transept to transept window; the north aisle was 12 feet broad, and the south 9 feet. It is a tradition in masonry that the north aisles of all Catholic churches were wider than the south, to commemorate the alleged circumstance of the Saviour's head, on the cross, falling on his right shoulder. In digging the foundation of the Scott monument, an old quarry 40 feet deep was discovered, and from it the stones from which the church was built were taken. With the exception of Holyrood, it was the finest example of decorated English Gothic architecture in the city, with many of the peculiarities of the age to which it belonged. Various armorial bearings adorned different parts of the building, among these; on a buttress, at the west angle of the southern transept, was a shield, with the arms of Alexander Duke of Albany, who, at Mary's death, was resident at the Court of the Duke of Gueldres. Among the grotesque details of this church the monkey was repeated many times, especially among the gurgoyles, and crouching monsters, as corbels or brackets, seemed in agony under the load they bore.



TRINITY COLLEGE CHURCH, AND PART OF TRINITY HOSPITAL (TO THE RIGHT.

[*After a Drawing by Clerk of Eldin*, 1780.]

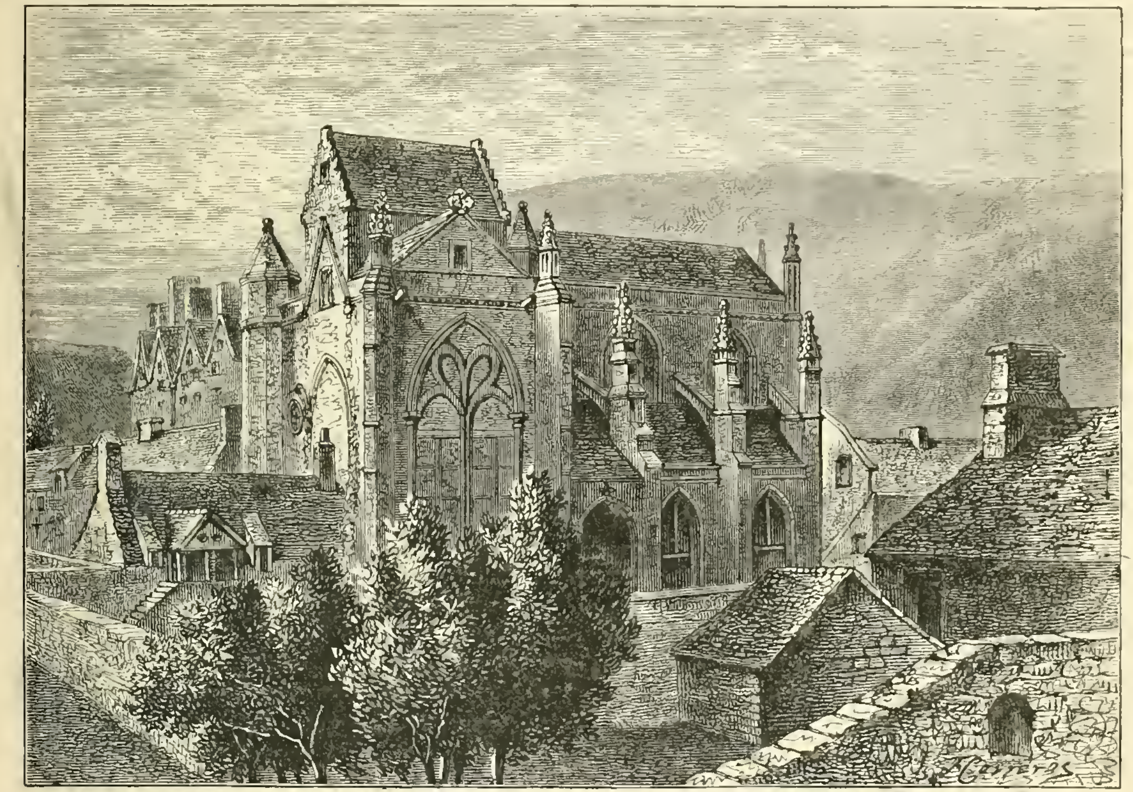
Uthrogal, in Monimail, was formerly a leper hospital, and with the lands of Hospital-Milne, in the adjoining parish of Cults, was (as the Statistical Account of Scotland says) given by Mary of Gueldres to the Trinity Hospital, and after the suppression, it went eventually to the Earls of Leven. According to Sir Robert Sibbald, the parish church of Easter Wemyss, in Fife, also belonged "to the *Collegiata Sancta Trinitis de Edinburgh.*"

The parish churches of Soutra, Fala, Lampetlaw, Kirkurd, Ormiston, and Gogyr, together with the lands of Blance, were annexed to it in 1529.

The tomb of the foundress lay in the centre of what was the Lady Chapel, or the sacristy of old, latterly the vestry; and therein her bones, with the entire teeth in the jaws, were found on the demolition of the church in 1840. They were placed in a handsome crimson velvet coffin, and re-interred at Holyrood. Portions of her original coffin are preserved in the Museum of Antiquities. Edinburgh could ill spare so fine an example of ecclesiastical architecture as this church, which was long an object of interest, and latterly of regret; for "it is with some surprise," says a writer, "that the traveller, just as he emerges from the temporary-looking sheds and fresh timber and plaster-work of the railway offices, finds himself hurried along a dusky and mouldering collection of buttresses, pinnacles, niches, and Gothic windows, as striking a contrast to the scene of fresh bustle and new life, as could well be conceived; but the vision is a brief one, and the more usual concomitants of railways—a succession of squalid houses, and a tunnel—immediately succeed it."

In 1502 the establishment was enlarged by the addition of a dean and sub-dean, for whose support the college received a gift of the rectory of the parish church of Dunnottar; and owing to the unsettled state of the country, it would appear that Sir Edward Bonkel, the first Provost, had to apply to Parliament for assistance, to enforce the payment of his rents in Teviotdale.

In June, 1526, its Provost sat in Parliament. In 1567 the Earl of Moray, then Regent of Scotland, gave to Sir Simon Preston of Craigmillar, then Provost of the City, the Trinity College church with all that belonged to it; and the latter bestowed it on the city. Robert Pont—an eminent churchman, judge, and miscellaneous writer, the son of John de Pont, an illustrious Venetian who came to Scotland in the train of Mary of Guise—the last Provost of Trinity, in 1585, sold all the remaining rights that he had in the foundation, which James VI. confirmed by charter two years afterwards. When the old religion was abolished, the revenues of the church amounted to only £362 Scots yearly.



TRINITY COLLEGE CHURCH, WITH CHURCH OFFICER'S HOUSE (†) AND PART OF TRINITY HOSPITAL (‡).
(*From a Drawing by Sandby in Maitland's "History of Edinburgh."*)

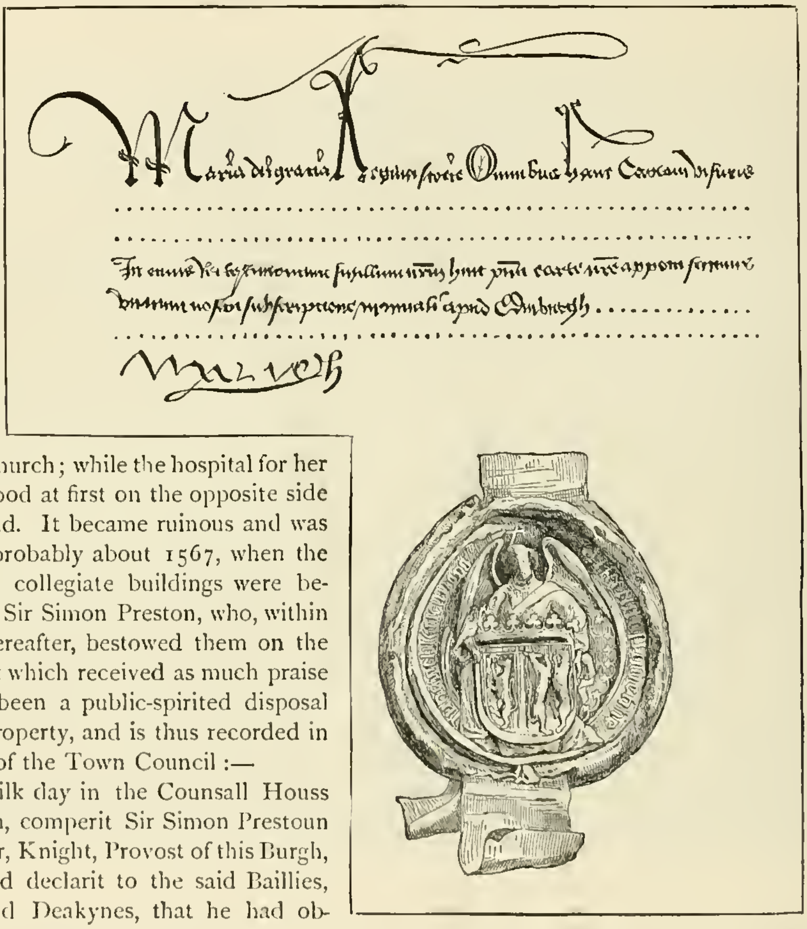
Its seal, Scotland and Gueldres quarterly, is beautifully engraved among the Holyrood charters.

In May, 1592, Sophia Ruthven, the young Duchess of Lennox, was buried with great solemnity at the east end of the church. She was a daughter of the luckless Earl of Gowrie, who died in 1584, and was forcibly abducted from a house in Easter Wemyss, where she had been secluded to secure her from the violence of the Duke's passion. But he carried her off on his own horse in the night, and married her in defiance of king and kirk. This was on the 19th of April, 1591, consequently she did not long survive her abduction.

Lady Jane Hamilton, youngest daughter of the Duke of Chatelherault, and Countess of the Earl of Eglinton, from whom she was divorced, in consequence of the parties standing in the fourth degree of consanguinity, who died at Edinburgh on the 18th of December, 1596, by her will, dated 9th of that month, bequeathed 100 merks to the Trinity College church, for a "buriall place" there.

The church and other prebendal buildings suffered with the other religious houses in the city during the tumults of the Reformation, and, according to Nicoll, in later years, at the hands of Cromwell's soldiers. While trenching the edifice, seeking for the remains of the Queen, those of many others, all long before violated and disturbed, were found, together with numbers of bullocks' horns, and an incredible quantity of sheep-head bones, and fragments of old Flemish quart bottles, the débris doubtless of the repasts of the workmen of 1462; and every stone in the building bore those marks with which all freemasons are familiar.

The history of this old ecclesiastical edifice is intimately connected with that of the Trinity Hospital, founded by the same munificent queen, and though the original edifice has passed away, her foundation is still the oldest charitable institution in her adopted city of Edinburgh. According to her plan or desire, the collegiate buildings were built immediately adjoining the church; while the hospital for her bedesmen stood at first on the opposite side of Leith Wynd. It became ruinous and was demolished probably about 1567, when the whole of the collegiate buildings were bestowed upon Sir Simon Preston, who, within two days thereafter, bestowed them on the city by an act which received as much praise as if it had been a public-spirited disposal of his own property, and is thus recorded in the minutes of the Town Council :—



SEAL AND AUTOGRAPH OF MARY OF GUELDRES.

"The quhilk day in the Counsall Houss of this Burgh, comperit Sir Simon Prestoun of Craigmillar, Knight, Provost of this Burgh, and shew and declarit to the said Baillies, Counsall, and Deakynes, that he had obtained and impetrat at my Lord Regent's hands, a gift of the Trinity College Kirk, housses, biggins, and yards adjacent thereto, and by and contigue to the samyn, to be ane Hospital to the Puir, and to be biggit and uphaldane by the Guid Toun and the Elemosinaries to be placet thairinto. . . . . and notwithstanding that he has laborit the samyn, it was not his mind to lauborit to his awin behuif, but to the Guid Toun as said is, and therefore, presentlie gaess (gives) the gift thereof to the Guid Toun, and transferit all right and tytill he had, hes or might have thereto, in to the Guid Toun, fra him and his airs for ever, and promisit that quhat right hereafter they desyrit him to make thereof, or suretie, he would do this samyn, and that he, nor his airs, would never pretend rycht thereto, and this of his awin free motive will, for the favour and luiff that he bears the Guid Toun."

Notwithstanding all this verbose minute, his grant was burdened with the existing interests, vested in the officials of the establishment, who had embraced the principles of the Reformation, and passed a series of new rules for their bedesmen, whom they required only to know the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and to be neither "drunkinsom tailyiours," bouncers, nor swearers.

Under the new régime, the first persons on record as being placed in it, are Robert Murdoch, James Gelly, John Muir, James Wright, John Wotherspoon, Isabel Bernard, and Janet Gate.

In 1578, when Robert Pont had been seven years Provost of Trinity, and the establishment of a university in Edinburgh was contemplated, the magistrates endeavoured to arrange with him for having their new institution grafted on the old foundation of Mary of Gueldres, and to be called the University of Trinity College ; but the idea was abandoned. At length, as stated, Robert Pont, in 1585, resigned all his rights and interests in the establishment, for the sum of 300 merks down, and an annuity of £160 Scots.

In 1587 an Act was passed revoking all grants made during the king's minority, of hospitals, *Maisons Dieu*, and "lands or rentis appertaining thereto," the object of which was, that they might be applied to this original purpose—the sustentation of the poor, and not to the aggrandisement of mere individuals; and in this Act it was specially ordained, that the rents of the Trinity College, "quhilk is now decayit," be assigned to "the new hospitall erectit be the Provest, Baillies, and Counsall;" and thus it became for ever a corporation charity, for which a suitable edifice was found by simply repairing the ruinous buildings, occupied of old by the Provost and prebends, south of the church, and on the west side of the wynd.

It was a fine specimen of the architecture and monastic accommodation of the age in which it was erected. It was two storeys high, and formed two sides of a square, and though far from ornamental, its air of extreme antiquity, the smallness and depth of its windows, its silent, melancholy, and deserted aspect, in the very heart of a crowded city, and latterly amid the uproar and bustle of the fast-encroaching railway, seldom failed to strike the passer with a mysterious interest.

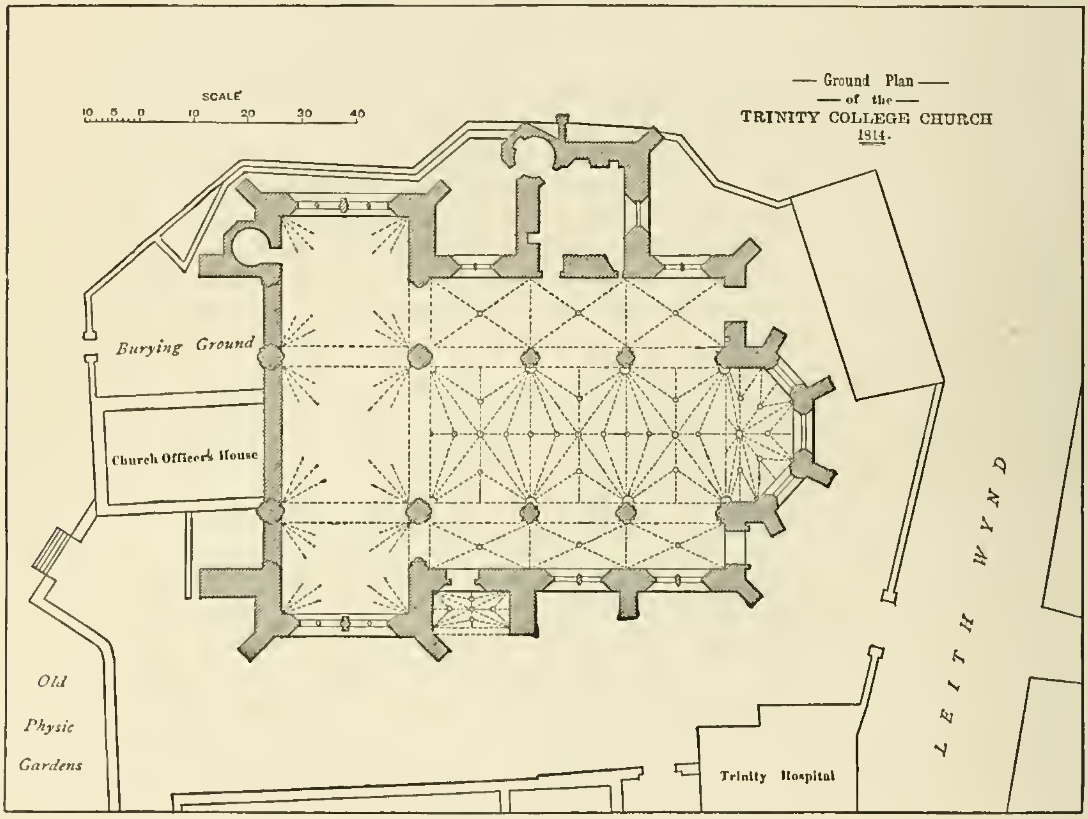
Along the interior of the upper storey of the longer side there was a gallery, about half the width of the house, lighted from the west, which served alike as a library (consisting chiefly of quaint old books of dry divinity), a promenade, and grand corridor, winged with a range of little rooms, some whilom the prebends' cells, each of which had a bed, table, and chair, for a single occupant. The other parts of the building were more modern sitting rooms, the erection of the sixteenth century, when it became destined to support decayed burgesses of Edinburgh, their wives and unmarried children, above fifty years of age. "Five men and two women were first admitted into it," says Arnot, "and, the number gradually increasing, amounted A.D. 1700 to fifty-four persons. It was found, however, that the funds of the hospital could not then support so many, and the number of persons maintained in it has frequently varied. At present (1779) there are within the hospital forty men and women, and, there are besides twenty-six out-pensioners. The latter have £6 a year, the former are maintained in a very comfortable manner. Each person has a convenient room. The men are each allowed a hat, a pair of breeches, a pair of shoes, a pair of stockings, two shirts, and two neckcloths, yearly; and every other year a coat and waistcoat. The women have yearly, a pair of shoes, pair of stockings, two shifts; and every other year a gown and petticoat. For buying petty necessaries the men are allowed 6s. 8d., the women 6s. 6d., yearly. Of food, each person has a daily allowance of twelve ounces of household bread; and of ale, the men a Scots pint each, the women two-thirds of a pint. For breakfast they have oatmeal-porridge, and for dinner, four days in the week, broth and boiled meat, two days roast meat, and each Monday, in lieu of flesh, the men are allowed 2d., the women 1½d. apiece."

Such was this old charity towards the close of the eighteenth century. The inmates were of a class above the common, and whom a poor-house life would have degraded, yet quarrels, even riots, among them were so frequent, that the attention of the governors had more than once to be called to the subject, though they met only at meals and evening worship. Yet, occasionally, some belonged to the better classes of society. Lord Cockburn, writing in 1840, says:—"One of the present female pensioners is ninety-six. She was sitting beside her own fire. The chaplain shook her kindly by the hand, and asked her how she was. 'Very weel—just in my creeping ordinary.' There is one Catholic here, a merry little woman, obviously with some gentle blood in her veins, and delighted to allude to it. This book she got from Sir John Something; her great friend had been Lady something Cunningham; and her spinet was the oldest that had ever been made; to convince me of which she opened it, and pointed exultingly to the year 1776. Neither she nor the ninety-six-year-old was in an ark, but in a small room. On overhearing my name, she said she was once at Miss Brandon's boarding-school, in Bristo Street, with a Miss Matilda Cockburn, 'a pretty little girl.' I told her that I remembered that school quite well, and that the little girl was my sister; and then I added as a joke, that all the girls at that school were said to have been pretty, and all light-headed, and given to flirtation; the tumult revived in the vestal's veins. Delighted with the imputation, she rubbed her hands together, and giggled till she wept." The octogenarian he refers to was a Miss Gibb, and the last nearly of the old original inmates.

By 1850 the revenues amounted to about £2,000 per annum.

At its demolition, in 1845, forty-two persons were maintained within the hospital, who then received pensions of £26 each. Those elected since that period receive £20 yearly each; one hundred and twenty others have an annual allowance of £10 each. The benefits of the endowments are still destined to "burgesses, their wives or children not married, nor under the age of fifty years." Ten others have pensions of £10 each out of the funds bequeathed by the late Mr. William Lennie to the hospital, of which the magistrates and Town Council are perpetual governors.

According to Gordon of Rothiemay's map, the water of the North Loch washed the western boundary-wall of its garden, in which he shows parterres and three rows of large trees, and also a square lantern and vane above the roof of the large hall; and in Edgar's map, a hundred years later, the waters of the loch came no farther eastward than the line of the intended North Bridge, between which and the hospital lay the old Physic Gardens. "Its demolition brought to light many curious evidences of its former state," says Wilson. "A beautiful large Gothic fireplace, with clustered columns and a low, pointed arch, was disclosed in the north gable, and many rich fragments of Gothic ornament were found built into the walls, remains no doubt of the original hospital buildings, used in the enlargement and repair of the college." The whole area occupied by the church and collegiate buildings of the Holy Trinity was then included in the original termini of the Edinburgh and Glasgow, the North British, the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee lines of railway.



GROUND PLAN OF TRINITY COLLEGE CHURCH, 1814.

After the Trinity College Hospital, the next beneficent institution in Edinburgh (apart from the Craigcrook one, which dates from 1720), seems to have been the Horn Charity, of which we have the following succinct account in the *Scots Magazine* for 1805:—

"In 1741 Captain Alexander Horn, of the city of London, by his last will bequeathed £3,500, old and new South Sea Annuities, to be disposed of at the discretion of the Lord Provost, Bailies, Dean of Guild, and Treasurer of the city of Edinburgh, on account of their early appearance and noble stand in the cause of liberty (was this a reference to the Porteous mob?) as follows:—The interest of £1,500 on Christmas-day yearly, to such day labourers of Edinburgh as by the inclemency of the weather may be set idle and reduced to want; interest of £1,000 to day labourers as aforesaid, in the Potter Row, Bristo, and West Port; and

TRINITY HOSPITAL. (*From a View published in* 1845.)

the interest of £1,000 to day labourers as aforesaid of the neighbouring parish of Liberton; £100 to the Royal Infirmary; £100 to the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge; and no family to receive above £5 sterling per annum, or under fifty shillings."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE WEST BOW.

The West Bow—Quaint Character of its Houses—Its Modern Aspect—Houses of the Templar Knights—The Bowfoot Well—The Bow Port—The Bow-head—Major Weir's Land—History of Major Thomas Weir—Personal Appearance—His Powerful Prayers—The "Holy Sisters"—The Bowhead Saints—Weir's Reputed Compact with the Devil—Sick-bed Confession—Arrest—Search of his House—Prison Confession—Trial of Him and His Sister Grizel—Execution—What was Weir?—His Sister undoubtedly Mad—Terrible Reputation of the House—Untenanted for upwards of a Century—Patullo's Experience of a Cheap Lodging—Weir's Land Improved Out of Existence—Hall of the Knights of St. John—A Mysterious House—Somerville Mansion—The Assembly Rooms—Opposed by the Bigotry of the Times—The Lady-Directress—Curious Regulations.

No part of Edinburgh was so rich in quaint old houses as "the sanctified bends of the Bow"—singular edifices, many of them of vast and unknown antiquity, and all more or less irregular, with stone gables and dovecot gablets, timber-galleries, outshots, and strange projections, the dormer windows, patches and additions made in the succession of centuries, overhanging the narrow and tortuous street, which took the windings of the zig-zag road that led of old from the wooded waste to Dunedin, the fort on the slope, at the gates of which King David dispensed justice to his people, and his queen daily distributed bread to the poor. Among the last charters of David II. is one to Thomas Webster, of "ane land in the West Bow."

Its antique tenements, covered with heraldic carvings and quaint dates, half hidden by signboards or sordid rags drying on poles, its nooks, crooks, trap-doors, and gloomy chambers, abounded with old memories, with heroic stories of ancient martial families, and with grim legends and grandmother's tales of ghosts and of diablerie; but to those who see it now, or all that remains of it, where it abuts on the Grassmarket, cut asunder by Victoria Terrace, replaced in one part by a flight of stairs, in another by the Free Church of St. John, and sloping away eastward into Victoria Street, it is impossible to realise what the old West Bow, which served as a connecting link between the High and the Low Town, the Lawnmarket and the Grassmarket, really was. The pencil of the artist alone may reproduce its features.

At its lower end were the houses that belonged to the Knights of the Temple, whereon, to mark them as beyond the reach of corporation enactments, the iron cross of St. John was placed so lately as the eighteenth century, by the Bailie of Lord Torphichen, as proprietor of the lands of St. John of Jerusalem; and there flows, as of old, the Bowfoot Well, built by Robert Mylne in 1681, just where it is shown in Edgar's map of the city when the Bow was then, as it had been centuries before, the principal entrance to the city from the west.

One of the chief relics in the West Bow was an enormous rusty iron hook, on which hung an ancient gate of the city wall, the upper Bow Port, built in 1450. It stood in the wall of a house at the first angle on the east side, about four feet from the ground. When Maitland wrote his history in 1753, two of these hooks were visible; but by the time that Chambers wrote his "Traditions," in 1824, the lower one had been buried by the level of the street having been raised.

Among those slain at the Battle of Pinkey, in 1547, we find the name of John Hamilton (of the house of Innerwick), a merchant in the West Bow. This John Hamilton was a gallant gentleman, whose eldest son was ancestor of the Earls of Haddington, and whose second son was a secular priest, Rector of the University of Paris, and one of the Council of the League that offered the crown of France to the King of Spain in 1591.

Opposite St. John's Free Church and the General Assembly Hall there stood, till the spring of 1878 that wonderfully picturesque old tenement, with a description of which we commenced the story of the houses on the south side of the Lawnmarket; and lower down the Bow was another, demolished about the same time.

The latter was a stone land, without any timber additions, having a dark grey front of polished ashlar, supposed to have been built in the days of Charles I. String-courses of moulded stone decorated it, and on the bed-corbel of its crow-stepped gable was a shield with the letters I. O., I. B., with a merchant's mark between them, doubtless the initials of the first proprietor and of his wife.

From its gloomy history and better architecture, the next tenement, which stood a little way back—for every house in the Bow was built without the slightest reference to the site of its neighbour—is more worthy of note, as the alleged abode of the terrible wizard, and bearing the name of Major Weir's Land—but in reality the dwelling of the major stood behind it.

The city motto appeared on a curious dormer window over the staircase, and above the elaborately moulded entrance door, which was only five feet six inches in height by three feet six in breadth, were the legend and date,

SOLI . DEO . HONOR . ET
GLORIA. D.W. 1604.

In the centre were the arms of David Williamson, a wealthy citizen, to whom the house belonged. This legend, so common over the old doorways of the city, was the fashionable grace before dinner at the tables of the Scottish noblesse during the reigns of Mary and James VI., and like others noted here, was deemed to act as a charm, and to bar the entrance of evil. But the turnpike stair within, says Chambers, "was said to possess a strange peculiarity—namely, that people who ascended it felt as if going down, and not up a stair."

A passage, low-browed, dark, and heavily vaulted, led, until February, 1878, through this tall tenement into a narrow court eastward thereof, a gloomy, dark, and most desolate-looking place, and there abode of old with his sister, Grizel, the notorious wizard whose memory is so inseparably woven up with the superstitions of old Edinburgh.

Major Thomas Weir of Kirktown was a native of Lanarkshire, where the people believed that his mother had taught him the art of sorcery, before he joined (as Lieutenant) the Scottish army, sent by the Covenanters in 1641 for the protection of the Ulster colonists, and with which he probably served at the storming of Carrickfergus and the battle of Benburb; and from this force he had been appointed, when Major in the Earl of Lanark's Regiment, and Captain-Lieutenant of Home's Regiment, to the command of that ancient gendarmerie, the Guard of Edinburgh, in which capacity he attended the execution of the great Montrose in 1650.

He was a grim-featured man, with a large nose, and always wore a black cloak of ample dimensions. He usually carried a staff, the supposed magical powers of which made it a terror to the community. He pretended to be a religious man, but was in reality a detestable hypocrite; and the frightful story of his secret life is said to have furnished Lord Byron with the plot of his tragedy *Manfred;* and his evil reputation, which does not rest on obscure allusions in legendary superstition, has left even to this day, a deep-rooted impression on the popular mind.

A powerful hand at praying and expounding, "'he became so notoriously regarded among the Presbyterian sect, that if four met together, be sure Major Weir was one,'" says Chambers, quoting Fraser's MS. in the Advocate's Library; "'at private meetings he prayed to admiration, which made many of that stamp court his converse. He never married, but lived in a private lodging with his sister Grizel Weir. Many resorted to his house to join with him, and hear him pray; but it was observed that he could not officiate in any holy duty without the black staff, or rod, in his hand, and leaning upon it, which made those who heard him pray, admire his flood in prayer, his ready extemporary expression, his heavenly gesture, so that he was thought more an angel than a man, and was termed by some of the holy sisters, ordinarily *Angelical Thomas.*'"

"Holy sisters," in those days abounded in the major's quarter; and, indeed, during all the latter part of the 17th century the inhabitants of the Bow enjoyed a peculiar fame for piety and zeal in the cause of the National Covenant, and were frequently subjected to the wit of the Cavalier faction; Dr. Pitcairn, Pennycook, the burgess bard, stigmatised them as the "Bow-head Saints," the "godly plants of the Bow-head," &c.; and even Sir Walter Scott, in describing the departure of Dundee, sings:—

> "As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
> Ilka carline was flyting and shaking her pow;"

and it was in this quarter that many of the polemical pamphlets and sermons of Presbyterian divines have since been published.

Major Weir, "after a life characterised externally by all the graces of devotion, but polluted in secret by crimes of the most revolting nature, and which little needed the addition of wizardry to excite the horror of living men, fell into a severe sickness, which affected his mind so much that he made open and voluntary confession of all his wickedness."

According to Professor Sinclair, the major had made a compact with the devil, who of course outwitted his victim. The fiend had promised, it was said, to keep him scatheless from all peril, but a single "burn;" hence the accidental naming of a man named Burn, by the sentinels at the Nether Bow Port, when he visited them as commander of the Guard, cast him into a fit of terror; and on another occasion, finding Libberton Burn before him, was sufficient to make him turn back trembling.

His sick-bed confession, when he was now verging on his seventieth year, seemed at first so incredible that Sir Andrew Ramsay of Abbotshall, who was Lord Provost from 1662 to 1673, refused for a time to order his arrest. Eventually, however, the major, his sister (the partner of one of his crimes), and the black magical staff, were all taken into custody and lodged in the Tolbooth.

The staff was secured by the express request of his sister, and local superstition still records how it was wont to perform all the major's errands for any article he wanted from the neighbouring shops; that it answered the door when "the pin was tirled," and preceded him in the capacity of a link-boy at night in the Lawnmarket. In his house several sums of money in dollars were found wrapped up in pieces of cloth. A fragment of the latter, on being thrown on the fire by the bailie in charge, went up the wide chimney with an explosion like a cannon, while the dollars, when the magistrate took them home, flew about in such a fashion that the demolition of his house seemed imminent.

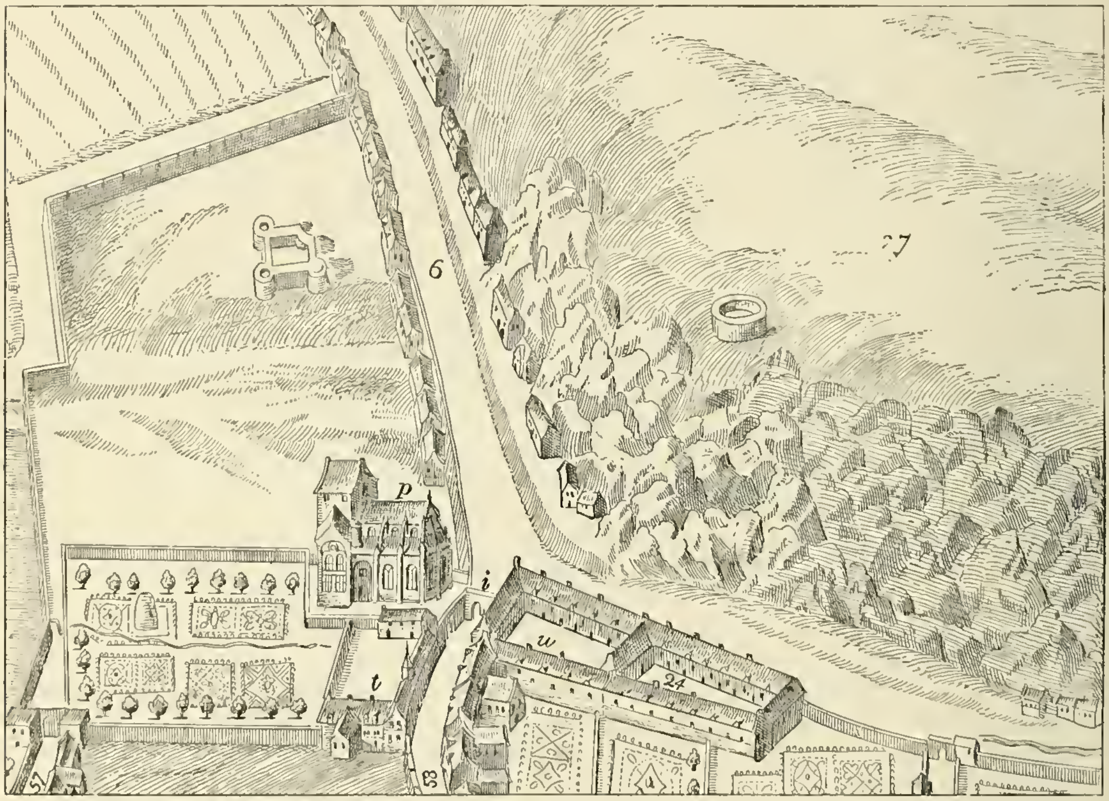
While in prison he confessed, without scruple, that he had been guilty of crimes alike possible and impossible. Stung to madness by conscience, the unfortunate wretch seemed to feel some comfort in sharing his misdeeds with the devil, yet he refused to address himself to Heaven for pardon. To all who urged him to pray, he answered by wild screams. "Torment me no more—I am tortured enough already!" was his constant cry; and he declined to see a clergyman of any creed, saying, according to "Law's Memorials," that "his condemnation was sealed; and since he was to go to the devil, he did not wish to anger him!"

When asked by the minister of Ormiston if he had ever seen the devil, he answered, "that any fealling he ever hade of him was in the dark."

He and his sister were tried on the 9th of April, 1670, before the Justiciary Court; he was sentenced to be strangled and burned, between Edinburgh and Leith, and his sister Grizel (called Jean by some), to be hanged in the Grassmarket.

When his neck was encircled by the fatal rope at the place of execution, and the fire that was to consume his body—the "burn" to which, as the people said the devil had lured him—he was bid to say, "Lord, be merciful to me!" but he only replied fiercely and mournfully, "Let me alone—I will not; I have lived as a beast and must die like a beast." When his lifeless body fell from the stake into the flaming pyre beneath, his favourite stick, which (according to *Ravaillac Redivivus*) "was all of one piece of thornwood, with a crooked head," and without the aid of which he could perform nothing, was cast in also, and it was remarked by the spectators that it gave extraordinary twistings and writhings, and was as long in burning as the major himself. The place where he perished was at Greenside, on the sloping bank, whereon, in 1846, was erected the new church, so called.

If this man was not mad, he certainly was a singular paradox in human nature, and one of a kind somewhat uncommon—outwardly he exhibited the highest strain of moral sentiment for years, and during all that time had been secretly addicted to every degrading propensity; till eventually, unable to endure longer the sense of secret guilt and hypocrisy, with the terrors of sickness and age upon him, and death seeming near, he made a confession which some at first believed, and on that confession alone was sentenced to die.



TRINITY CHURCH AND HOSPITAL, AND NEIGHBOURHOOD. (*From Gordon of Rothiemay's Map.*)

57, Halkerston's Wynd; 58, Leith Wynd; 6, St. Ringan's Suburbs, or the Beggar Row; 27, the North Craigs, or Neil's Craigs; 24, the Correction House; *p*, the College Kirk; *t*, Trinity Hospital; *i*, Leith Wynd Port; *u*, St. Paul's Work.

If Weir was not mad, the ideas and confessions of his sister show that she undoubtedly was. She evidently believed that her brother's stick was one possessed of no ordinary power. Professor Sinclair tells us, that on one of the ministers returning to the Tolbooth from Greenside, she would not believe that her brother had been burned till told that it had perished too; "whereupon, notwithstanding her age, she nimbly, and in a furious rage, fell upon her knees, uttering words horrible to be remembered." She assured her hearers that her mother had been a witch, and that when the mark of a horse-shoe—a mark which she herself displayed—came on the forehead of the old woman, she could tell of events then happening at any distance, and to her ravings in the Tolbooth must some of the darkest traditions of the West Bow be assigned.

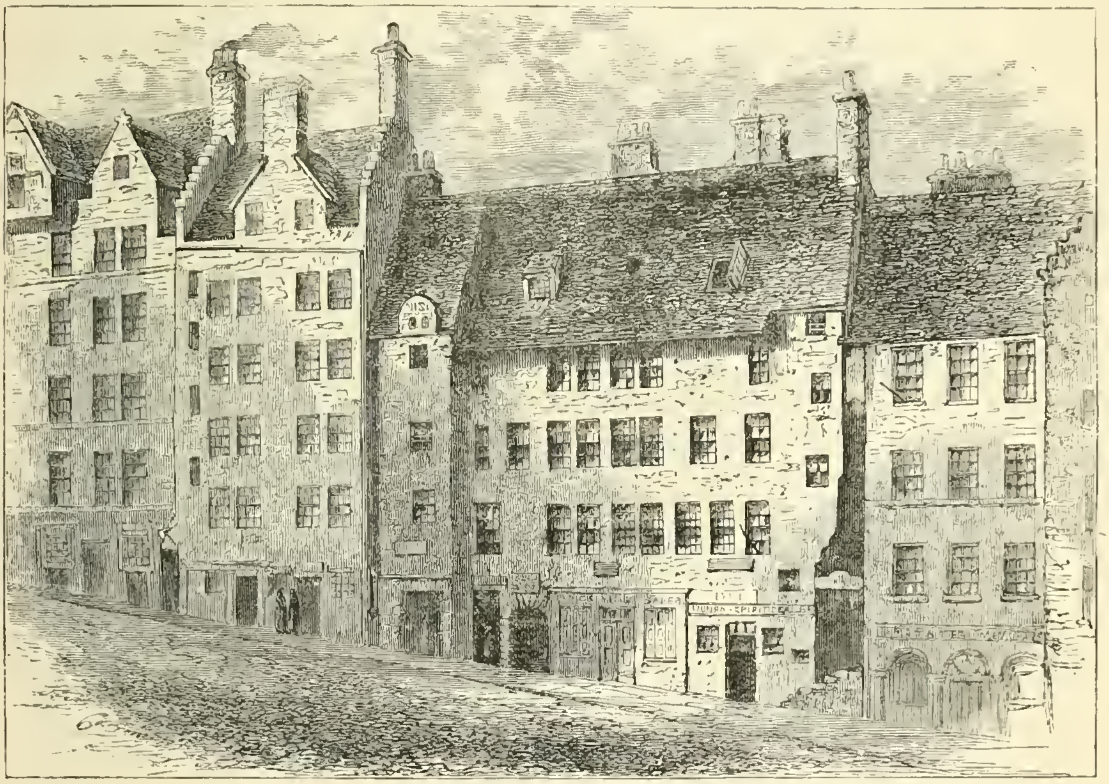
She confessed that she was a sorceress, and among other incredible things, said that many years before a fiery chariot, unseen by others, came to her brother's house in open day; a stranger invited them to enter, and they proceeded to Dalkeith. While on the road another stranger came, and whispered something in the ear of her brother, who became visibly affected; and this intelligence was tidings of the defeat of the Scottish army, that very day, at Worcester. She stated, too, that a dweller in Dalkeith had a familiar spirit, who span for her an extraordinary quantity of yarn, in the time that it would have taken four women to do so.

At the place of execution in the Grassmarket a frenzy seized her, and the wretched old creature began to rend her garments, in order, as she shrieked, that she might die "with all the shame she could!"

Undeterred by her fate, ten other old women were in the same year burned in Edinburgh for alleged dabbling in witchcraft.

The reverend Professor who compiled "Satan's Invisible World," relates that a few nights before the major made his astounding confession, the wife of a neighbour, when descending from the Castle Hill towards the Bow-head, saw three women in different windows, shouting, laughing, and clapping their hands. She passed on, and when abreast of Major Weir's door, she saw a woman of twice mortal stature arise from the street. Filled with great fear, she desired her maid, who bore a lantern, to hasten on, but the tall spectre still kept ahead of them, uttering shouts of "unmeasurable laughter," till they came to the narrow alley called the Stinking Close, into which the spectre turned, and which was seen to be full of flaming torches, as if a multitude of people were there, all laughing merrily. "This sight, at so dead a time of night, no people being in the windows belonging to the close, made her and her servant haste home, declaring all that they saw to the rest of the family."

"For upwards of a century after Major Weir's death he continued to be the bugbear of the Bow, and his house remained uninhabited. His apparition," says Chambers, "was frequently seen at night, flitting like a black and silent shadow about the street. His house, though known to be deserted by everything human, was sometimes observed at midnight to be full of lights, and heard to emit strange sounds, as of dancing, howling, and, what is strangest of all, spinning. Some people occasionally saw the major issue from the low close at midnight, mounted on a black horse without a head, and gallop off in a whirlwind of flame. Nay, sometimes the whole inhabitants of the Bow would be roused from their sleep at an early hour in the morning by the sound of a coach and six, first rattling up the Lawnmarket, and then thundering down the Bow, stopping at the head of the terrible close for a few minutes, and then rattling and



MAJOR WEIR'S LAND.

(From a Measured Drawing by Thomas Hamilton, published in 1830.)

thundering back again; being neither more nor less than Satan come in one of his best equipages to take home the major and his sister after they had spent a night's leave of absence in their terrestrial dwelling."

Scott also tells us in his "Letters on Demonology," that bold indeed was the urchin who approached the gloomy house, at the risk of seeing the major's enchanted staff parading the desolate apartments, or hearing the hum of the necromantic wheel which procured for his sister such a reputation as a spinner.

About the beginning of the present century, according to the author above quoted, when Weir's house was beginning to be regarded with less superstitious terror, an attempt was made by the luckless proprietor to find one bold enough to become his tenant, and such an adventurer was procured in the person of a dissipated old soldier named William Patullo, whose poverty rendered him glad to possess a house at any risk, on the low terms at which it was offered; and the greatest interest was felt by people of all ranks in the city, on its becoming known that Major Weir's house was about to have a mortal tenant at last!

Patullo and his spouse felt rather flattered by the interest they excited; but on the first night, as the venturesome couple lay abed, fearful and wakeful, "a dim uncertain light proceeding from the gathered embers of their fire, and all being silent around them—they suddenly saw a form like that of a calf, which came forward to the bed, and setting its fore-feet upon the stock, looked steadfastly at the unfortunate pair. When it had contemplated them thus for a few minutes, to their great relief it took itself away, and, slowly retiring, vanished from their sight. As might be expected, they deserted the house next morning; and for another half century no other attempt was made to embank this part of the world of light from the aggressions of the world of darkness."

But even the world of spirits could not withstand the Improvement Commission, and the spring of 1878 saw the house of the wizard numbered with the things that are no more in this quarter of Edinburgh, and to effect the removal of which the Commissioners gave freely the sum of £400,000.

Behind the abode of the major in the West Bow, but entered from Johnstone's Close, Lawnmarket, was another very remarkable old house which was demolished about the same time.

Of this building Wilson says in his "Memorials," that it exhibits an interior "abounding with plain arched recesses and corbelled projections, scattered throughout in the most irregular and lawless fashion, and with narrow windows thrust into the oddest corners, or up even above the very cornice of the ceiling, in order to catch every wandering ray of light, amid the jostling of its pent-up neighbourhood. A view of the largest apartment is given in the Abbotsford edition of the Waverley novels, under the name of the 'Hall of the Knights of St. John, St. John's Close, Canongate.'" But he adds that he had failed in every attempt to obtain any clue to the early history of this mysterious edifice which tradition thus associated with the soldier-monks of Torphichen.

Discoveries made in the course of its demolition added to the mystery concerning it. In the stair leading from the court to the hall there was a quaint holy-water font; and in clearing out the interior, it was found that the ceiling had at one time been beautifully painted with flowers and geometric designs. In the great open chimney-place of the hall there were, singularly enough, two small windows; and in the heart of the massive walls were found secret stairs that led from the hall to rooms above it.

In addition to these secret passages, the walls disclosed four recesses that had been faced with stone, and which concealed the relics of more than one crime or mystery that will never be unravelled. One held the skeleton of a child, with its cap and part of its dress; and in the other there were quantities of human bones. In a built-up cupboard a large vertebral bone of a whale was discovered. "The beams of the hall," says the *Scotsman* of 8th February, 1878, "and indeed of the whole house, were of oak, which, according to tradition, was grown on the Burghmuir, and, with the exception of the ends which had been built into the wall, the wood was found to be perfectly sound and beautifully grained."

Immediately opposite the close that led to the house of Major Weir, and occupying nearly the site of the present St. John's Free Church, stood an old tenement, which bore the date 1602, with the arms of the Somerville family, and the initials P. S. and J. W., being those of a once worthy and wealthy magistrate and his wife, whose son Bartholomew Somerville was a benefactor to the University of Edinburgh, when that institution was in its infancy. The architrave of the door bore also the legend

IN . DOMINO . CONFIDO.

A narrow spiral stair led to a lofty wainscoted room, with a fine carved oak ceiling, on the second floor. This was the first Edinburgh Assembly Room, off which was a closet or recess, forming an out-shot over the street, wherein the musicians could retire for refreshments, or to rosin their bows. Here then did the fair dames of Queen Anne's time, in their formal stomachers, long gloves, ruffles and lappets, meet in the merry country dance, or the stately *minuet de la cour*, the beaux of the time, with their square-cut velvet coats and long-flapped waistcoats, with sword, ruffles, and toupee in tresses, when the news was all about the battle of Almanza, the storming of Barcelona, or the sinking of the Spanish galleons by Benbow in the West Indies, or it might be—in whispers—of the unfurling of the standard on the Braes of Mar.

The regular assembly, according to Arnot, was first held in the year 1710, and it continued entirely under private management till 1746, but though the Scots as a nation are passionately fond of dancing, the strait-laced part of the community bitterly inveighed against this infant institution. In the Library of the Faculty of Advocates there is a curious little pamphlet, entitled, a "Letter from a Gentleman in the Country to his Friend in the City, with an Answer thereto concerning the New Assembly," which affords a remarkable glimpse of the bigotry of the time :—

"I am informed that there is lately a society erected in your town, which I think is called an Assembly. The speculations concerning this meeting have of late exhausted the most part of the public conversation in this countryside : some are pleased to say that 'tis only designed to cultivate polite conversation, and genteel behaviour among the better sort of folks, and to give young people an opportunity of accomplishing themselves in both ; while others are of opinion that it will have quite a different effect, and tends to vitiate and deprave the minds and inclinations of the younger sort."

The author, who might have been Davie Deans himself, and who writes in 1723, adds that he had been much stirred on this matter by the approaching solemnity of the Lord's Supper, and that he had been "informed that the design of this (weekly) meeting was to afford some ladies an opportunity to alter the station that they had long fretfully continued in, and to set off others as they should prove ripe for the market."

The old Presbyterian abhorrence of "promiscuous dancing" was only held in check by the less strait-laced spirit of the Jacobite gentry ; but so great was the opposition to the Edinburgh Assembly, as Jackson tells us in his "History of the Stage," that a furious rabble once attacked the rooms, and perforated the closed doors with red-hot spits.

Arnot says that the lady-directress sat at the head of the room, wearing the badge of her office, a gold medal with a motto and device, emblematic of charity and parental tenderness.

After several years of cessation, under the effect of local mal-influence, when the Assembly was re-constituted in 1746, among the regulations hung up in the hall, were two worth quoting :—

"No lady to be admitted in a *night-gown* (*negligé ?*), and no gentleman in boots."

"No misses in skirts and jackets, robe-coats, nor staybodied-gowns, to be allowed to dance in country dances, but in a set by themselves."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE WEST BOW (*concluded*).

A Hand to Hand Combat in the Bow—Murder in 1605 in the Bow—The House of Lord Ruthven—The Hidden Sword—Processions in the Bow—The Jacobite Prisoners—House of Provost Stewart—A Secret Entertainment to Prince Charlie—Donaldson the Printer—State of Printing and Publishing in his Day—The *Edinburgh Advertiser*—Splendid Fortune of his Descendant—Town House of the Napiers of Wrightshouse—Trial of Barbara Napier for Witchcraft—Clockmaker's Land—Paul Romieu—The Mahogany Land—Duncan Campbell, Chirurgeon—Templar Houses.

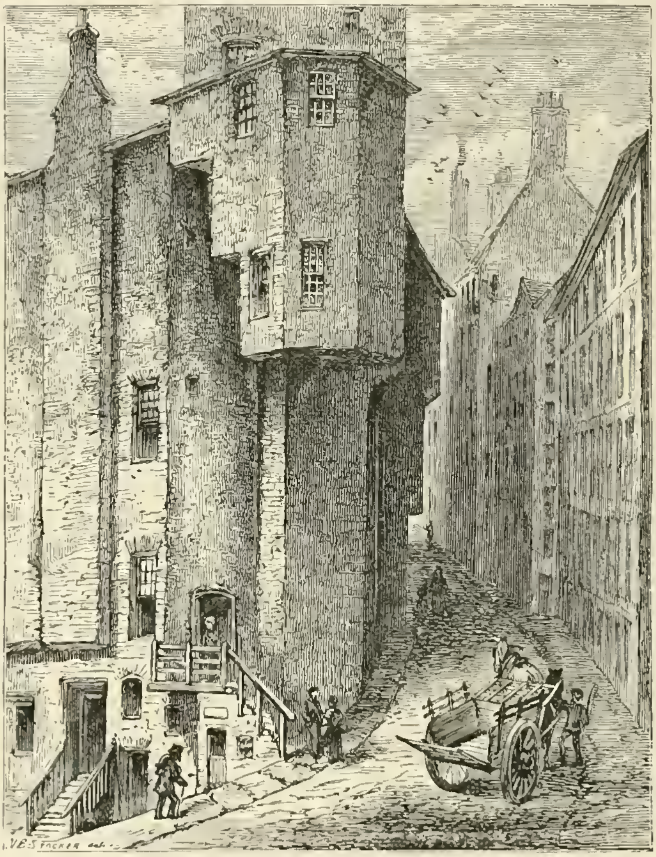
A BITTER personal quarrel had existed for some years between James Johnstone of Westerhall and Hugh (from his bulk generally known as Braid Hugh) Somerville of the Writes, and they had often fought with their swords and parted on equal terms. Somerville, in the year 1596, chancing to be in Edinburgh on private business, was one day loitering about the head of the Bow, when, by chance, Westerhall was seen ascending the steep and winding street, and at that moment some officious person said, "There is Braid Hugh Somerville of the Writes."

Westerhall, conceiving that his enemy was lingering there either in defiance, or to await him, drew his sword, and crying, "Turn, villain!" gave Somerville a gash behind the head, the most severe wound he had ever inflicted, and which, according to the "Memoirs of the Somervilles," was "much regrated eftirwards by himself."

Writes, streaming with blood, instantly drew his sword, and ere Westerhall could repeat the stroke, put him sharply on his defence, and being the taller and stronger man of the two, together with the advantage given by the slope, he pressed him sorely. Keeping on the defensive, Westerhall gave way step by step, seeking to gain the advantage of the ascent, and thus supply the defect of his stature, which Writes perceiving, he bore in close upon him hand to hand. Thus they continued in close and mortal combat for about a quarter of an hour, "clearing the causeway," so that none could venture near them, or leave the shop doors; neither dared any man attempt to part them, for every thrust and stroke of their swords threatened all who came near.

Westerhall eventually was driven down, fighting every inch of the way to the foot of the Bow; and, having on—for riding, probably—a pair of long black boots drawn close up, was becoming quite weary, and stepping within a shop door, stood there on his defence; and then the last stroke given by Hugh Somerville nearly broke his good sword, as it struck the stone lintel of the door, where the mark remained for years after.

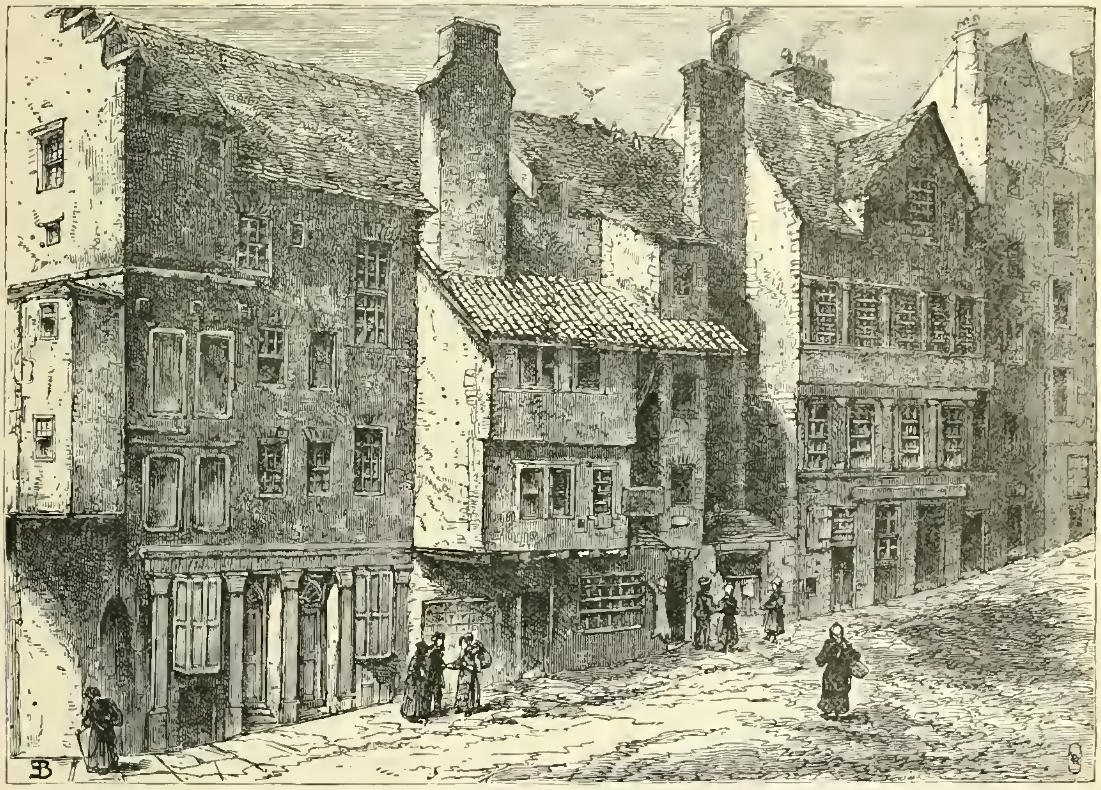
"The toune being by this tyme all in an uproar," they were separated by a party of halberdiers, and conveyed to their lodgings. Their wounds were slight, save that which Writes had just received on his head, from which several pieces of bone came away. After he was cured, and after the death of Hugh Lord Somerville, Privy Councillor to James VI. (an event which occurred in 1597), these combatants were reconciled, and their feud committed to oblivion.



ASSEMBLY ROOMS, WEST BOW, LOOKING TOWARDS THE LAWNMARKET.
(*From a Drawing by James Skene of Rubislaw*).

Eleven years after this, in the month of June, 1605, William Thomson, a dagger-maker in the Bow, was slain by a neighbour of his own, named John Waterstone, who, being taken red hand, was next day beheaded on the Castle Hill. The Earl of Dunfermline was at that time Provost.

The arched gate at the foot of the first bend in the Bow is distinctly shown in Rothiemay's map (*see p.* 112). Within this and the old city wall, on the west side, was an ancient timber-fronted tenement, known as "Lord Ruthven's Land," being the residence of the gloomy and daring Patrick third Lord Ruthven, whose son was the first Earl of Gowrie—the same dark and terrible lord who rose from his sick-bed (a few months after to be his death-bed, though he fled to Newcastle in the interim), and, donning his armour, drew back the arras of the Queen's chamber, looking like a pale spectre under his steel-barred helmet, on that fatal night in the March of 1566, when he planted his dagger into David Rizzio, whose death was mainly his contrivance; and in the demolition of this house a singular relic of him apparently was discovered. "Between the ceiling and floor in one of the apartments, a large and beautifully chased sword was found concealed, with the scabbard almost completely decayed, and the blade, which was of excellent temper, deeply corroded with rust half-way towards the hilt." Was this the corrosion of blood? "The point of it," says Daniel Wilson, "was broken off, but it still measured $32\frac{1}{4}$ inches long. The maker's name, WILHELM WIRSBERG, was inlaid in brass upon the blade. His device, seemingly a pair of pincers, was engraved on both sides, surmounted by a coronet, and encircled on one side with a motto partly defaced, and on the other with his name repeated, and the words *in.sol.ingen.* Various other mottoes were engraved amid the ornamental work with which the blade was covered, such as *Vincere aut mori*, *Fide sed cui fied*, and *Soli Deo Gloria.* The manner of its concealment, and the fierce character of the old Lord Ruthven, within whose ancient lodging it was discovered, may readily suggest to the fancy its having formed the instrument of some dark and bloody deed ere it was consigned to its strange hiding-place."



ASSEMBLY ROOMS, WEST BOW.

(*From a Measured Drawing by T. Hamilton, published in* 1830).

He died at the close of 1566, or early in the following year; and a curious key, which was found in the demolition of his house, was procured by the Society of Antiquaries in 1848.

Up the West Bow for centuries did all that was regal, noble, and diplomatic, advance on entering the city; and down it, for 124 years—between the Restoration and 1784—went more criminals than can be reckoned, to their doom, and many a victim of misrule, such as the luckless and unflinching Covenanters, testifying to the last and glorying in their fate.

Down the Bow, on the 3rd of September, 1716, there were marched from the Castle, *en route* for trial at Carlisle, eighty-nine Jacobite prisoners. "The departing troop was followed by a wail of indignant lament from the national heart, the

Jacobites pointing to it with mingled howls and jeers, as a proof of the enslavement of Scotland."

Outside the archway of the Bow Port, and on the west side of the street, was the house of Archibald Stewart, Lord Provost of Edinburgh in the ever memorable year 1745. Its upper windows overlooked the Grassmarket, and it was as full of secret stairs, trap-doors, little wainscoted closets, and concealed recesses, as any haunted mansion in a nursery tale. In one apartment there stood a cabinet, or what appeared to be such, but which in reality was the entrance to a trap-stair. It is unknown whether Provost Stewart—whose Jacobite proclivities are well known, as they brought him before a court on charges of treason—contrived this means of retreat, or whether (which is more probable) it had been a portion of the original design of the house; but local tradition avers that he turned it to important use on one occasion.

It is said that during the occupation of Edinburgh by the Highland army in 1745 he gave a secret entertainment to Prince Charles and some of the chiefs of his army; and it was not conducted so secretly but that tidings of it reached the officer commanding in the adjacent Castle, which was then garrisoned chiefly by the 47th or Lascelles Regiment. A party of the latter was sent to seize the Prince if possible, and, to do so, came down the Bow from the street of the Castle Hill. Fortunately, their own appearance created an alarm, and before they gained admission the guests of the Provost had all disappeared by the secret stair.

Tradition has never varied in the relation of this story, but the real foundation of it is difficult of discovery. This house stood at the foot of Donaldson's Close, and Archibald Stewart was the third chief magistrate of Edinburgh who had inhabited it.

In subsequent years it came into possession of Alexander Donaldson, the well-known bookseller, whose litigation with the trade in London made much noise at one time, as he was in the habit of deliberately reprinting the most modern English works in Edinburgh, where, before his epoch, both printing and publishing were at the lowest ebb. Referring to the state of this branch of industry at the time he wrote (1779), Arnot says:—"Till within these forty years, the printing of newspapers and of school-books, of the fanatic effusions of Presbyterian clergymen, and the law-papers of the Court of Session, joined to the patent Bible printing, gave a scanty employment to four printing-houses. Such, however, has been the increase of this trade by the reprinting of English books, that there are now no fewer than twenty-seven printing-offices in Edinburgh." In our own time there are about eighty.

From his printing-house in the Castle Hill, Alexander Donaldson issued the first number of his once famous newspaper, *The Edinburgh Advertiser*, on the 3rd of January, 1764. It was a large quarto, and was also issued and sold from his shop, "near Norfolk Street in the Strand, London;" and his first number contains the following curious advertisement, among others:—

"Any young woman not under 15, nor much over 30 years of age, that is tolerably handsome, and would incline to give her hand to a Black Prince, upon directing a letter to F. Y., care of the Publisher, will be informed particularly as to this matrimonial scheme, which they may be assured is a good one in every respect, the colour of the husband only excepted. If desired, secresy may be depended on."

For a long course of years this journal, prominent as a Conservative organ, proved a most lucrative speculation; and as all his other undertakings prospered, he left, together with his old house in the Bow, a rich inheritance to his son, the late Mr. James Donaldson, who eventually realised a large fortune, the mass of which (about £240,000) at his death, in 1840, he bequeathed to found the magnificent hospital which bears his name at the west end of the city.

Six years before his death the old house in the Bow, where he and his father had resided for so many years, and wherein they had entertained most of the literati of their time, was burned to the ground.

Lower down than the house of the Donaldsons was an ancient edifice, with a timber front of picturesque aspect, in former times the town mansion of the Napiers of Wrightshouse—a family which passed away about the close of the 17th century, but was of some importance in its time.

Alexander Napier of Wrightshouse appears as one of an inquest in 1488. His coat armorial was a bend, charged with a crescent between two mullets. He married Margaret Napier of Merchiston, whose father, Sir Alexander, was slain at Flodden, and whose brother (his heir) was slain at Pinkie. In 1581, among the names of the Commissioners appointed by James VI., "anent the cuinze," that of William Napier of the Wrightshouse appears; and in 1590 his sister Barbara Napier was accused of witchcraft on the 8th of May, and of being present at the great meeting of Scottish witches held by the devil in North Berwick.

The wife of Archibald Douglas (brother of the Laird of Carshoggil), her trial was one of great length, involving that of many others; but a portion of the charges against her will suffice as a sample of the whole, from "Pitcairn's Trials."

"Satan had informed the witches that James VI. of Scotland was the greatest enemy he had, and the latter's visit to Norway, to bring over his queen, seemed to afford an opportunity for his destruction. Accordingly, Dr. Fiar of Tranent, the devil's secretary, summoned a great gathering of witches on Hallow Eve, when 200 of them embarked, each in a riddle or sieve, with much mirth and jollity; and after cruising about somewhere on the ocean with Satan, who rolled himself before them on the waves, dimly seen, but resembling a huge haystack in size and aspect, he delivered to one of the company, named Robert Grierson, a cat, which had been drawn previously nine times through a crook, giving the order to 'cast the same into the sea.'"

This remarkable charm was intended to raise such a furious tempest as would infallibly drown the king and queen, then on their homeward voyage from Christiania, which, if any credit may be given to the declaration of James (who greedily swallowed the story), was not without some effect, as the ship which conveyed him encountered a furious contrary wind, while all the rest of the fleet had a fair one and a smooth sea.

On this, Barbara Napier and her infernal companions, after regaling themselves with wine out of their sieves, landed, and proceeded in procession to North Berwick Kirk, where the devil awaited them in the pulpit, singing as they went—

> "Cummer go ye before, cummer go ye;
> Gif ye winna gang before, cummer let me."

Sir James Melville gives us a most distinct account of the devil's appearance on this auspicious occasion. His body was like iron; "his faice was terrible; his nose like the bek of an egle;" he had claws like those of a griffin on his hands and feet. He then called the roll to see that all were present, and all did him homage in a manner equally humiliating and indecorous, which does not admit of description here.

All this absurdity being proved against Barbara Napier, she was sentenced, with many others, on the 11th of May, 1590, to be burnt "at a stake sett on the Castle Hill, with barrells, coales, heather, and powder;" but when the torch was about to be applied, pregnancy was alleged, according to "Calderwood's Historie," as a just and sufficient cause for staying proceedings; the execution was delayed, and ultimately the unfortunate creature was set at liberty by order of James VI. Now nothing remains of these Napiers but their tomb and burial-place on the north side of the choir of St. Giles's.

In the basement of the house which was once theirs was the booth from which the rioters, on the night of the 7th September, 1736, obtained the rope with which they hanged Porteous. It was then rented by a woman named Jeffrey, a dealer in miscellaneous wares, who offered them the rope gratis when she learned for what purpose it was required, but one of the conspirators threw a guinea on the counter as payment. The house of the Napiers was demolished in 1833.

Opposite the mansion of Provost Stewart, and also outside the Bow Port, but on the east side of the bend, was a tenement known as "the Clockmaker's Land," which was demolished in 1835, to make way for what is now Victoria Street, but which took its name from an eminent watchmaker, a native of France, named Paul Romieu, who is said to have occupied it from the time of Charles II. (about 1675) till the beginning of the eighteenth century. In front of the house there remained, until its demolition, one of the wonders of the Bow—a curious piece of mechanism, which formed the sign of the ingenious Paul Romieu. It projected over the street from the third storey—a gilded ball representing the moon, which was made to revolve by means of clockwork. A large iron key of antique form, which was found among the ruins of this house, is preserved in the Museum of Antiquities.

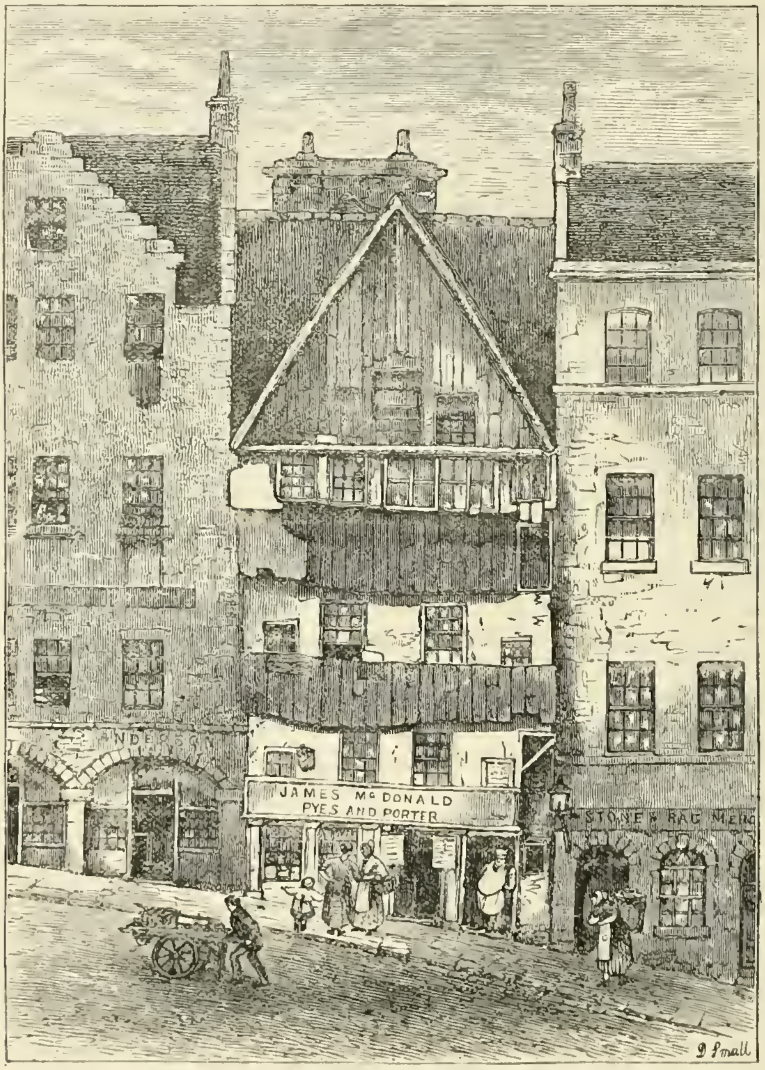
Among the oldest edifices in this part of the street was one which bore the singular name of the "Mahogany Land," having an outer stair protected by a screen of wood. There was no date to record its erection, but its ceilings were curiously adorned by paintings precisely similar to those which were found in the palace of Mary of Guise in the Castle Hill; and no record remained of its generations of inmates, save that, like others about to be mentioned, it bore the iron cross of the Temple, and also the legend—which, from being a simply moral apophthegm, and not Biblical, was supposed to be anterior to the Reformation—*He . yt. tholis . overcommis.* (*i.e.*, "He that bears overcomes.") There was also a half-obliterated shield.

For ages the Bow was famous as the chief place for whitesmiths, and till about the time of its demolition there was scarcely a shop in it occupied by any other tradesmen, and even on Sunday the ceaseless clatter of their hammers on all hands rang from morning till night.

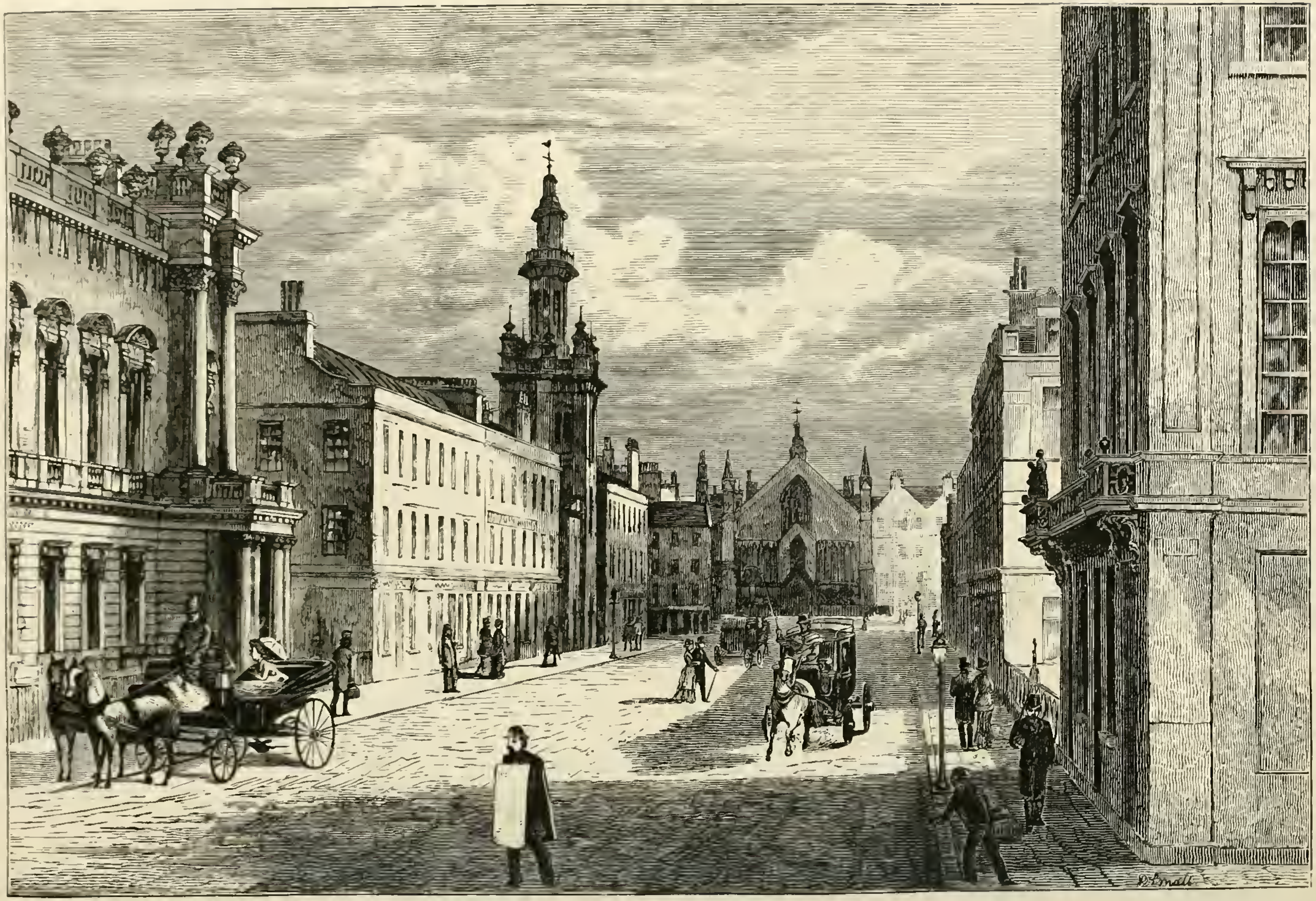
Behind the Mahogany Land "lay several steep, narrow, and gloomy closes, containing the most singular groups of huge, irregular, and diversified tenements that could well be conceived. Here a stunted little timber dwelling black with age, and beyond it a pile of masonry, rising, storey above storey, from some murky propound that left its chimneys, scarcely rivalling those of its dwarfish neighbours, after climbing thus far from their foundations in the depths below."

The *Edinburgh Gazette* for July, 1702, informed the public that Duncan Campbell, of Ashfield, chirurgeon to the city of Glasgow, was receiving patients in his lodging at the foot of the West Bow, and that he was great in operations for stone, having "cutted nine score persons without the death of any, except five"; and one astounding case of his is thus reported by Lord Fountainhall, under date July 6th, 1709:—

"Duncan Campbell, of Ashfield, giving himself out to be the best lithotomist and cutter for the stone, pursues Mungo Campbell, of Netherplace, that he being under the insupportable agony of the gravel, and was kept down in his bed by two servants, sent for the said Duncan to cure him, who leaving the great employment he had, waited on him for several weeks; and by an emaciating diet, fitted him for the operation, then cut him and brought away a big stone of five ounces' weight, and since that time he has enjoyed better health, for which extraordinary cure all he got in hand was seventeen guineas; whereas, by his attendance



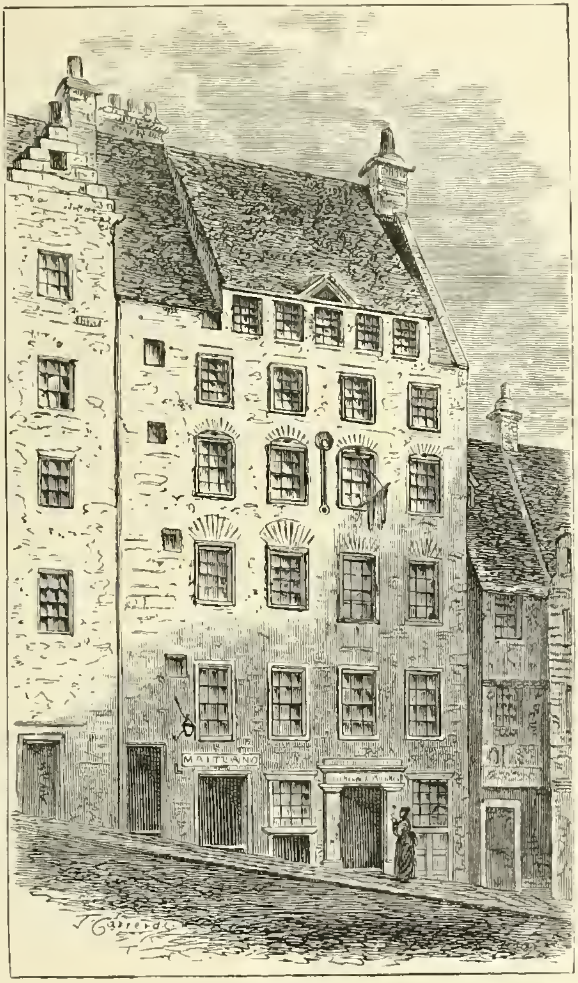
MAHOGANY LAND.
(*From a Measured Drawing by T. Hamilton, published in 1830.*)



GEORGE IV. BRIDGE.

and diversion from other patients, and his *lucrum assans*, he has lost more than £50 sterling, and craves that sum as his fee and the recompense of his damage."

But as it was represented for the Laird of Netherplace, that he had done his work unskilfully, and caused much agony to the patient, the Lords held that the sum of seventeen guineas was sufficient payment.



ROMIEU'S HOUSE.
(*From a Measured Drawing by T. Hamilton, published in* 1830.)

At the foot of the Bow, and on the west side chiefly, were a few old tenements, that, in consequence of being built upon ground which had originally belonged to the Knights of the Temple, were styled Templar Lands, and were distinguished by having iron crosses on their fronts and gables. In the "Heart of Midlothian," Scott describes them as being of uncommon height and antique appearance; but of late years they have all disappeared.

It was during the Grand Mastership of Everhard de Bar, and while that brave warrior, with only 130 knights of the order, was fighting under the banner of Louis VII. at Damascus, that the Grand Priory of Scotland was instituted, and the knight who presided over it was then styled *Magister Domus Templi in Scotiâ*, when lands were bestowed on the order, first by King David I., and then by many others. To all the property belonging to the Temple a great value was attached, from the circumstance that it afforded, until the extinction of heritable jurisdictions in 1747, the benefit of sanctuary; thus the Temple tenements in Fifeshire are still termed houses of refuge.

In the city the order possessed several flat-roofed tenements, known as the Temple Lands, and one archway, numbered as 145, on the south side of the Grassmarket, led to what was called the Temple Close, but they have all been removed. It was a lofty pile, and is mentioned in a charter of Lord Bynning, dated 1623, as "the fore-and-back Tempillands, lyand next ye Gray Friers' Yard;" and in 1598, "a temple tenement lyand near the Gray Friars' Yett" was confirmed to James Kent (Torphichen Charters). On these the iron cross was visible in 1824.

On the dissolution of the order all this property in Scotland was bestowed upon their rivals, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; and the houses referred to became eventually a part of the barony of Drem (of old a Temple Priory) in Haddingtonshire, the baron of which used to hold courts in them occasionally, and here, till 1747, were harboured persons not free of the city corporations, to the great annoyance of the adherents of local monopoly; but so lately as 1731, on the 24th of August, the Temple vassals were ordered by the Bailie of Lord Torphichen, to erect the cross of St. John "on the Templelands within Burgh, amerciating [fining] such as did not affix the said cross." This was a strange enactment in a country where it is still doubtful whether such an emblem can figure as an ornament upon a tomb or church. Clearly there must have been some disinclination to affix the crosses, otherwise the regulation would scarcely have been passed.

CHAPTER XL.

EDINBURGH IN 1745.

Provost Stewart—Advance of the Jacobite Clans—Preparations for Defence—Capture of the City—Lochiel's Surprise——Entrance of Prince Charles—Arrival at Holyrood—James VIII. Proclaimed at the Cross—Conduct of the Highland Troops in the City—Colquhoun Grant—A Triumphal Procession—Guest's Council of War—Preston's Fidelity.

We have referred to the alleged narrow escape of Prince Charles Edward in the house of Provost Stewart in the West Bow. Had he actually been captured there, it is difficult to tell, and indeed useless to surmise, what the history of the next few years would have been. The Castle would probably have been stormed by his troops, and we might never have heard of the march into England, the fields of Falkirk or Culloden. One of the most singular trials consequent upon the rising of 1745 was that of Provost Stewart for "neglect of duty, misbehaviour in public office, and violation of trust and duty."

From his house in the Bow he had to proceed to London in November, 1745. Immediately upon his arrival he sent notice of it to the Secretary of State, and underwent a long and vexatious trial before a Cabinet Council. He was taken into custody, but was liberated upon the 23rd of January, 1746, on bail to the extent of £15,000, to appear, as a traitor, before the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh.

Whether it was that Government thought he was really culpable in not holding out the extensive and mouldering walls of Edinburgh against troops already flushed with success, and in opposition to the wishes of the majority of the inhabitants, or whether they meant only to intimidate the disaffected, we shall not determine, says Arnot. Provost Stewart was brought to trial, and the court "found it relevant to infer the pains of law, that the panel, at the time and place libelled, being then Lord Provost of the City of Edinburgh, wilfully neglected to pursue, or wilfully opposed, or obstructed when opposed by others, such measures as were necessary for the defence of the city against the rebels in the instances libelled, or so much of them as do amount to such wilful neglect."

After a trial, which occupies 200 pages of an octavo volume (printed for Crawford in the Parliament Close, 1747), on the 2nd of November, the jury, the half of whom were country gentlemen, returned a verdict, unanimously finding Provost Stewart not guilty; but he would seem to have left the city soon after. He settled in London, where he became an eminent merchant, and died at Bath, in 1780, in the eighty-third year of his age.

No epoch of the past has left so vivid an impression on the Scottish mind as the year 1745; history and tradition, poetry and music, prove this from the days of the Revolution down to those of Burns, Scott, and others; for the whole land became filled with melodies for the lost cause and fallen race; while it is a curious fact, that not one song or air can be found in favour of the victors.

Considerable discontent preceded the advent of the Highlanders in Edinburgh, which then had a population of only about 40,000 inhabitants. Kincaid tells us that there was an insurrection there in 1741 in consequence of the high price of food; and another in 1742, in consequence of a number of dead bodies having been raised. The former of these was not quelled without bloodshed, and in the latter the houses of many suspected persons were burned to the ground; and that imaginary tribulation might not be wanting, we learn from the autobiography of Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk, that people now began to recall a prophecy of Peden the pedlar, that the Clyde should run with blood in 1744.

A letter from the Secretary of State to the Town Council had made that body aware, so early as the spring of 1744, that it was the intention of Prince Charles to raise an insurrection in the Highlands, and they hastened to assure the king of their loyalty and devotion, to evince which they prepared at once for the defence of the city, by augmenting its Guard to 126 men, and mustering the trained bands. After landing in the wilds of Moidart, with only seven men, and unfurling his standard in Glenfinnan, on the 19th of August, 1745, Charles Edward soon found himself at the head of 1,200 followers, whose success in a few petty encounters roused the ardour and emulation of the Macdonalds, McLeans, and other warlike septs, who rose in arms, to peril life and fortune for the last of the old royal race.

The news of his landing reached Edinburgh on the 8th of August, and it was quickly followed by tidings of the muster in Glenfinnan, and the capture of a company of the 1st Royal Scots, at the Spean Bridge, by Major Macdonald of Teindreich. Early in July 5,000 stand of arms had been placed in the Castle, which Lieutenant-General Sir John Cope ordered to be provisioned, while he reinforced its ordinary garrison by two companies of the 47th regiment; and the Lieutenant-Governor, Lieutenant-General Preston, of Valleyfield (who had been appointed thereto in 1716), mustered the out-pensioners of Chelsea, and officered them, locally, from the half-pay list.

Doubtful of the faith of Preston, as a Scotsman, the Government superseded him in command, and sent in his place Lieutenant-General Joshua Guest, an Englishman, who proved a staunch Jacobite, and on the approach of the Highlanders he was the first to propose a capitulation, a measure vigorously opposed by Preston, a resolute Whig of the old King William school, who thereupon undertook the defence, with a garrison which consisted only of the old Castle company, the two companies of the 47th, each mustering about seventy bayonets, under Major Robertson, the Chelsea Pensioners, and Lieutenant Brydone's artillery company, which had landed at Leith on the 4th of September, and marched in with a great quantity of the munitions of war.

The other troops in Scotland at this time consisted only of the 13th and 14th Light Dragoons at Edinburgh, the company of the Royals captured at Spean Bridge, the 6th Foot at Aberdeen, two companies of the 21st Scots Fusiliers at Glasgow, the 25th Edinburgh regiment in Fifeshire, two companies of the 42nd at Crieff, five of the 44th in the West, and another five at Berwick, the 46th (known as "Murray's Bucks") scattered over the Highlands, Loudon's Highlanders (disbanded in 1749) stationed in the north; in all not quite 4,000 men; but, collecting these, Sir John Cope prepared to bar the Prince's way into the Lowlands.

Quitting Perth at the head of little more than 2,000 men,[*] only the half of whom had arms, the latter, on the 11th September, resumed his adventurous march southward, and crossing the Forth by the perilous fords of Frew, to avoid the guns of Stirling, he held on his way by the Scottish Marathon, by the Torwood and Linlithgow, traversing scenes that he, the heir of the ancient regal line, could not have beheld without emotion, engaged, as he was, on an enterprise more daring and more desperate than had ever been undertaken by any of his ancestors since Bruce fought the battle of Dalry.

On the 17th he was at Corstorphine, less than four miles distant from the capital, and to avoid exposing his troops to the Castle guns in advancing, he wheeled southward towards Slateford, and fixed his quarters at Gray's Mill, two miles from the city.

Great was now the excitement within the walls. The militia, called the trained bands, consisted of sixteen companies, or 1,000 men, entirely undisciplined, and many of them entirely disloyal to the Hanoverian cause. In their own armoury the citizens had 1,250 muskets and 200 bayonets, 300 sets of accoutrements, a considerable quantity of ammunition, with seventy-five stand of arms and Lochaber axes belonging to the City Guard. On Sunday, 16th September, Hislop, keeper of this arsenal, issued 500 rounds of ball ammunition and sixty firelocks to each company of the trained bands, thirty-nine firelocks to the additional company of the City Guard, and twenty-four to the company of the Canongate-head, 500 rounds of ball to the Seceders, whose muster-place was the Infirmary, and 450 lbs. of powder for the cannon on the walls. All the rest he sent to the Castle. The banner borne by the Seceders is now in the Museum of Antiquities, and was once used at Bothwell Brig. It is blue, with a white St. Andrew's saltire, charged with five roses, and the motto, *Covenants, Religion, King, and Kingdoms.*

Towards the end of the preceding month the more zealous citizens had proposed to raise a regiment 1,000 strong for the defence of the town; but the royal permission therefor was not accorded till the 9th of September, and by the time that the Prince drew near only 200 men had been enrolled, all of the most dissolute character, and tempted by the proffered pay alone. In addition to these was the regiment of Edinburgh Volunteers, 400 strong, divided into six companies, and drilled regularly twice daily. Cannon from the ships at Leith were mounted on the walls together with swivels or pateraroes (*i.e.*, small cannon). The ports were barricaded; there was much military bluster, with much singing of psalms; but as the Highlanders drew nearer all this show of valour died away.

When the Prince's vanguard was at Kirkliston, it was proposed by General Guest that the two Light Dragoon regiments, supported by the City Guard, the so-called Edinburgh Regiment, and 250 volunteers, should march out and give battle to the insurgents!

The signal was given; on the forenoon of Sunday the 15th of September the clang of the alarm bells came during sermon, and the people rushed forth from the churches to find the detailed force drawn up under arms in the High Street; but the

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[*] A true account of the strength of the Highland army, 27th August, 1745

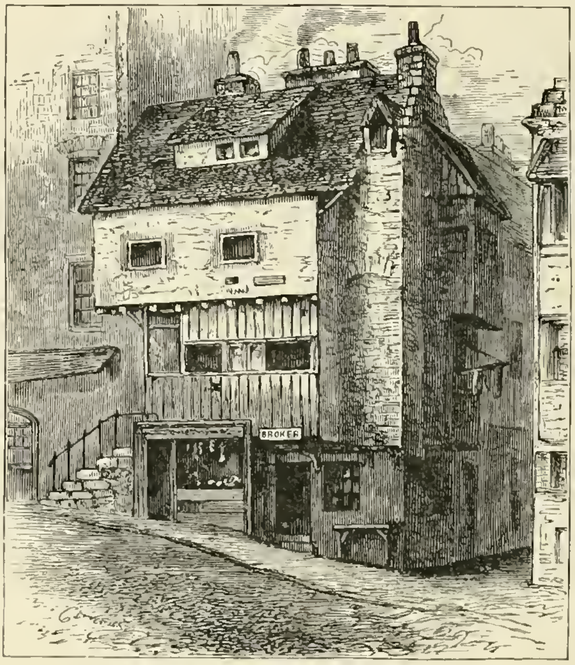
Lochiel	700
Clanronald, having men of his Islands	250
The Stewarts of Appin under Ardsheil	250
Keppoch	260
Glengarry's men, including Knoydart, Glencoe, and the Grants of Glenmorriston	600
	2,060

("Culloden Papers.")

"The Highlanders were not more than 1,800, and the half of them only were armed." ("Autobiography of Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk.")

summons (said Sir Walter Scott, in the *Quarterly Review*,) instead of rousing the hearts of the volunteers, like the sound of a trumpet, rather reminded them of a passing knell. Most pitiful was the bearing of the volunteers, according to Dr. Carlyle of Inveresk, who was one of them on this occasion. "The ladies in the windows treated us very variously; many with lamentation, and even with tears, and some with scorn and derision. In one house on the south side of the street there was a row of windows full of ladies, who appeared to enjoy our march to danger with much mirth and levity." He adds that these civic warriors were about to fire on these ladies; but they pulled their windows down.

Summoned from Leith, the 14th Dragoons came spurring up the street, huzzaing and clashing their swords in silly bravado; the volunteers began their march, with wives and children clinging to them, imploring them not to risk their lives against wild Highland savages; but resolutely enough their commander ex-Provost Drummond led the way, till the most ludicrous cowardice was exhibited by all. "In descending the famous West Bow, they disappeared by scores under doorways or down wynds, till, when their commander halted at the West Port and looked behind him, he found, to his surprise and mortification, that nearly the whole of his valiant followers had disappeared, and that only a few of his personal friends remained. The author of a contemporary pamphlet—alleged to be David Hume—afterwards compared their march to the course of the Rhine, which at one place is a majestic river, rolling its waves through fertile fields, but being continually drawn off by little canals, dwindles into a small streamlet, and is almost lost in the sands before reaching the ocean." It was said that the volunteers rushed about in the sorest tribulation, bribing with sixpences every soldier they met to take their arms to the Castle.



OLD HOUSES, WEST BOW.

(*From a Measured Drawing by T. Hamilton, published in* 1830.)

The preposterous idea of meeting the Highlanders in the open field was abandoned; the remains of the force were led to the College yards and dismissed for the evening; but the City Guard, the men of the Edinburgh Regiment, and the cavalry, went out to reconnoitre as far as Corstorphine. Seeing nothing of the enemy, the famous and pious Colonel Gardiner of the 13th Dragoons, who commanded the whole, halted in the fields between Edinburgh and Leith, leaving a small party to watch the west road, while fresh volunteers came into the city from Musselburgh and Dalkeith. That night Brigadier Fowkes arrived from London to assume the command, and he at once led the cavalry towards Coltbridge, which spans the Leith, about two miles distant from the then city.

Here a few Highland gentlemen, forming the Prince's van, fired their pistols, on which a dreadful panic at once seized the 13th and 14th Dragoons, who went "threes about," and, laden with all the property they could "loot" from Corstorphine and Bell's Mills, were seen from the Castle and the city, flying in wild disorder eastward by the Lang Gate. At Leith they halted for a few minutes till a cry was raised, in mockery, that the Highlanders were at hand, when again they resumed their flight as far as Preston Pans. Then a cry from one of their comrades, who fell into a disused coalpit, filled these cravens with such ungovernable terror, that they fled to North Berwick. The road by which they galloped was strewn, according to Dr. Carlyle, with their swords, pistols, carbines, and skull-caps, which the mortified Colonel Gardiner, who had passed the night at his own house at Bankton, caused to be gleaned up and sent in covered carts to Dunbar.

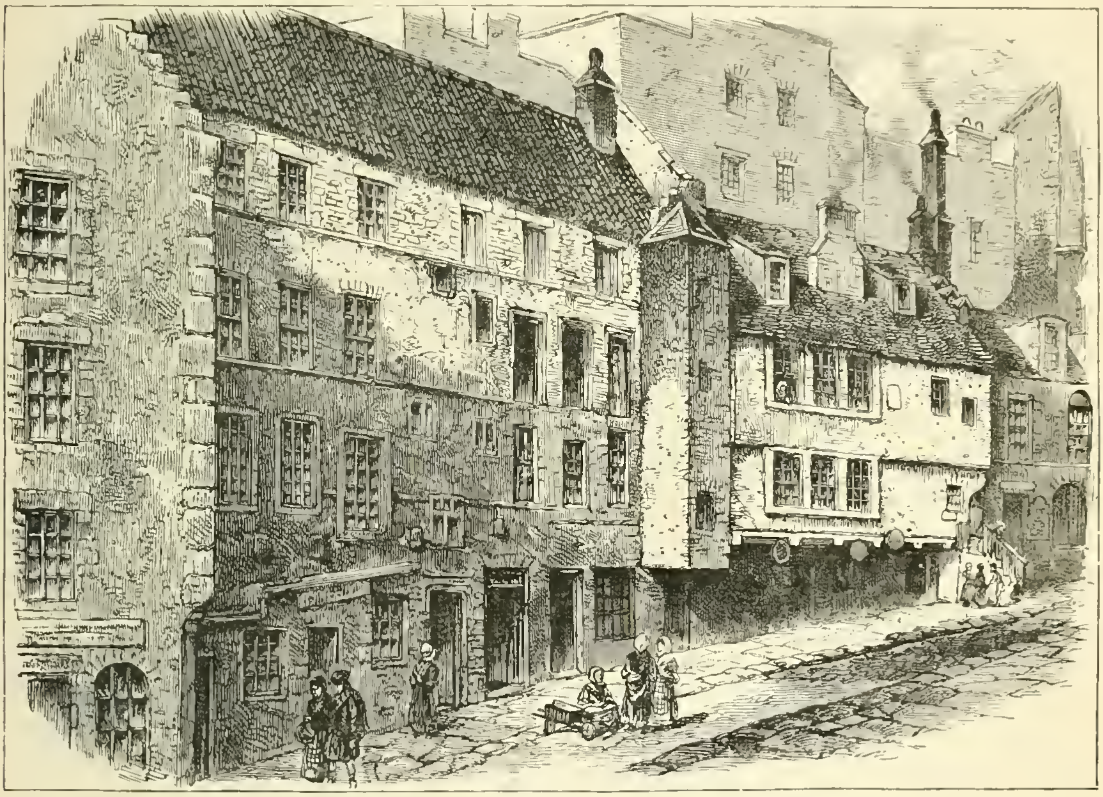
General Guest sent a detachment into the city to spike the cannon, which in his heart he had no wish should be used against the Prince, to save them for whom the Provost declined all permission that they should either be touched or removed; thus eventually the whole, with 1,200 stand of arms, became the prize of the Highlanders. Meanwhile the whole of the volunteers, "riff raff," as the General stigmatised them, vanished. The Dalkeith men stole ladders, scaled the walls, and fled in the night; and the Seceders, who were the last to abandon their colours, eventually followed them. Then all hope of defending the city was abandoned; but still the gates were kept closed and guarded. The Whigs were utterly depressed, while the Jacobites were in a state of elation which they were at no pains to conceal, and from the ladies at their spinets, and the gallants in the street, was heard that song which Dr. Charles Mackay tells us was the most popular or fashionable one in the city during 1745-6, and of which two verses will suffice:

"To daunton me, and me sae young,
And gude King James's eldest son!
Oh that's the thing that never can be,
For the man's unborn that'll daunton me!
Oh, set me ance on Scottish land,
With my gude broadsword in my hand,
And the bonnet blue aboon my bree,
Then show me the man that'll daunton me!"

"But to wanton me, to wanton me,
O ken ye what maist would wanton me?—
To see King James at Edinburgh Cross,
With fifty thousand foot and horse,
And the vile usurper forced to flee,
Oh, this is what maist would wanton me!"

Certain commissioners were sent to Gray's Mill to treat with the Highland chiefs for the deliverance of the keys of the city on the best terms; but of what passed at that conference little is known, save that at ten at night they returned with a letter from Charles, demanding a peaceable admittance into his father's capital; but, aware that prompt measures were necessary, as Cope's army in a fleet of transports was already at Dunbar, he detailed a detachment of 900 men under Lochiel, Ardsheil, and Keppoch, to advance upon the city, carrying with them powder to blow in one of the gates.

Crossing the Burghmuir by moonlight, they reached the vicinity of the Nether Bow Port, by entering under the archway near St. John's Street; and the narrative of Provost Stewart's trial records what followed then. The sentry at the gate stopped a hackney coach that approached it from the inside



PROVOST STEWART'S LAND, WEST BOW.
(*From a Measured Drawing by T. Hamilton, published in* 1830.)

—the identical vehicle in which the deputies had returned from Gray's Mill, and the driver of which wanted to pass out at that critical juncture. "Open the port," he cried, "for I behove to get out." "You cannot," replied the sentinel, "without an order from Provost Stewart." "Let the coach out instantly," said James Gillespie, under-keeper of the gate, "for I have an order to that effect." "Oh, sir, 'tis very well; you have the keys of the port and must answer for it," replied the soldier, as he pulled back the ponderous gate in the arch between its two massive towers.

At that moment a Highlander sprang in and wrested his musket from him; it was the chief of Lochiel; and immediately the whole clan Cameron advanced up the street, with swords drawn and colours flying, their pipes playing

> "We'll awa to Shirramuir,
> And haud the Whigs in order."

Other noise there was none, and no bloodshed; not an armed man was to be seen on the streets, to the astonishment of the Highlanders, who saw only the people in their night-dresses, at the windows, by the light of the early dawn.

They seized the Guard-house, disarmed the Guard, captured the cannon and arsenal, placed pickets at the eight principal gates with the utmost order and regularity, while the magistrates retired to their houses, aware that their authority was ended.

Generals Guest and Preston hoisted the royal standard on the Castle, and fired a few cannon to warn all to keep from its vicinity, and, meanwhile, after two hours' sleep, Charles prepared to take possession of the palace of his forefathers. Making a tour to the south, to avoid the fire of the Castle till he reached Braidsburn, he turned towards the city as far as the Hare Stone, a mass of granite on the turnpike road near Morningside—the old banner stone of the Burghmuir. He then wheeled to the east by the beech-shaded Grange Loan (now bordered by villas, sequestered and grassy then), which leads by the old house of the Grange to the Causewayside

Near Priestfield he entered the royal parks by a breach that had been made in the wall, and traversed the Hunter's Bog, that had echoed so often to the bugles of his ancestors. Leaving his troops to take up their camp, about noon he rode —with what emotions we may imagine—towards old Holyrood, of a thousand stirring memories, attended by the Duke of Perth and Lord Elcho, with a train of gentlemen and the veterans of his Highland guard—veterans of Sherriffmuir and Glenshiel—eighty in number, at the very time that Sir John Cope's armament was disembarking at Dunbar.

"On reaching the eminence below St. Anthony's chapel and well, when for the first time he came in sight of the old palace, he alighted from his horse, and paused to survey the beautiful scene. Then descending to the Duke's Walk (so called because it had been a favourite resort of his grandfather, to whose flagrant misgovernment he owed his exile) he halted for a few minutes to show himself to the people, who now flocked around him in great numbers with mingled feelings of curiosity and admiration. Loud huzzas came from the crowd, and many of the enthusiastic Jacobites knelt down and kissed his hand. He then mounted his horse—a fine bay gelding, presented to him by the Duke of Perth—and rode slowly towards the palace. On arriving in front of Holyrood he alighted, and was about to enter the royal dwelling, when a cannon ball fired from the Castle struck the front of James V.'s tower, and brought down a quantity of rubbish into the court-yard. No injury was done, however, by this gratuitous act of annoyance, and the Prince, passing in at the outer gate, and proceeding along the piazza, and the quadrangle, was about to enter the porch of what are called the Duke of Hamilton's apartments, when James Hepburn of Keith, who had taken part in the rising of 1715, 'a model of ancient simplicity, manliness, and honour,' stepped from the crowd, bent his knee in token of homage, and then drawing his sword, raised it aloft, and marshalled the way before Charles up-stairs."

On this day Charles wore a short tartan coat, with the star of St. Andrew, a blue velvet bonnet, and white cockade, a blue ribbon over his shoulder, scarlet breeches, and military boots. Tall, handsome, fair, and noble in aspect, he excited the admiration of all those fearless Jacobites, the ladies especially. "All were charmed with his appearance," says Home; "they compared him to Robert Bruce, whom he resembled, they said, in his figure and fortune. The Whigs looked upon him with other eyes; they acknowledged that he was a goodly person, but observed that even in that triumphant hour, when about to enter the palace of his fathers, the air of his countenance was languid and melancholy; that he looked like a gentleman and man of fashion, but not like a hero or conqueror." He adds, however, that he was greeted with acclaim by the peasantry, who, whenever he went abroad, sought to kiss his hands, and even to touch his clothes.

At one o'clock on the same day a body of the Cameron clansmen was drawn up around the venerable Market Cross, with the heralds, pursuivants, and the magistrates (many most unwillingly) in their robes, while Mr. David Beath proclaimed "James VIII., King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland," in the usual old form, and read the Commission of Regency, dated 1743, with the manifesto of the Prince, dated at Paris, May 16th, 1745. A number of ladies on horseback, with swords drawn, acted as a guard of honour. "A great multitude of sympathising spectators was present at the ceremony, and testified their satisfaction by cordial cheers. In the evening the long-deserted apartments of Holyrood were enlivened by a ball, at which the Jacobite ladies were charmed with the elegant manners and vivacity of the youthful aspirant to the throne."

But few took up arms in his cause. On the following day Lord Nairne came in with the Athol Highlanders; old Lord Kellie came in with only an aged serving man; the Grants of Glenmorriston, 250 strong, marched in on the morning of the 20th, but the main body of the clan stood aloof, though Lord Balmerino and many other noble and disinherited gentlemen (who came almost unattended) joined the standard.

The Highlanders remained within their camp, or when in the city behaved themselves with the utmost order and decorum; no outrages occurred, and no brawls of any kind ensued; meanwhile, the garrison remained close within the Castle, and till after the battle of Preston Pans, no collision took place between them and the troops.

Their quiet, orderly, and admirable conduct formed a marked difference between them and most of the merciless ruffians, who, under Hawley, Huske, and Cumberland, disgraced the British uniform; for the little army of Charles Edward was as orderly as it was brave, and organised in a fashion of its own—the discipline of the modern system being added easily to the principle of clanship, and the whole—then only 3,000—were now completely equipped with the arms found in the city. The pay of a captain was 2s. 6d. daily; of a lieutenant, 2s.; ensign, 1s. 6d.; of a private, 6d. In the clan regiments every company had a double set of officers. The *Leine chrios* (shirt of mail) or chosen men, were in the centre of each battalion, to defend the chief and colours. The front rank, when in line, consisted of the best blood of the clan and the best armed—particularly those who had targets. All these received 1s. daily while the Prince's money lasted.

The battle of Preston Pans is apart from the history of Edinburgh; but there, on the 20th September, the Highlanders, suffering under innumerable disadvantages, gained a signal victory, in a few minutes, over a well-disciplined and veteran army, sweeping it from the field in irretrievable confusion. The cavalry escaped by the speed of their horses, but all the infantry were killed or taken, with their colours, cannon, baggage, drums, and military chest containing £6,000. Charles, who, the night before the victory, slept in a little house still shown at Duddingston, bore his conquest with great moderation and modesty, even proposing to put the wounded—among whom was the Master of Torphichen, suffering from twenty sword wounds, of which he died—in Holyrood, but the Royal Infirmary was preferred, as the palace was required for the purposes of royalty.

On the 21st, preceded by 100 pipers playing "The king shall enjoy his own again," the prisoners, to the number of 1,500, of whom 80 were officers, were marched through Edinburgh (prior to their committal to Logierait and the Castle of Doune), together with the baggage train, which had been taken by the Camerons, and the colours of the 13th and 14th Light Dragoons, the 6th, 44th, 46th, 47th, and Loudon's Corps. The Prince had the good taste not to accompany this triumphal procession. The officers were for a time placed in Queensberry House in the Canongate.

Curiously enough, Sir John Cope's cannon were all captured on a tramway, or line of wooden rails, the first of the kind known in Europe, and belonging to some coal-pits in the vicinity of the field.

The pusillanimity of the regulars was very singular, but none more so than that of a party of light dragoons commanded by Major Caulfield, who fled from the field to the Castle of Edinburgh, a distance of ten miles, permitting themselves to be pursued by a single horseman, Colquhoun Grant of Burnside—a little property near Castle Grant—who, in the battle, at the head of twenty-eight Highlanders, captured two pieces of cannon. He pursued the fugitives to the very gates of the Castle, which received them, and were closed at his approach. After this he leisurely rode down the street, and, after being measured for a tartan suit in the Luckenbooths, left the city by the Nether Bow—his resolute aspect, "bloody sword, and blood-stained habiliments" striking terror into all who thought of opposing him. Grant was selected as one of the Prince's Life Guards, under Lord Elcho. The dress of these Guards was blue faced with red, and scarlet waistcoats laced with gold; the horse-furniture the same. He lived long after these events as a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, where he died in 1792. He resided in Gavinloch's

Land, according to P. Williamson's Directory for 1784.

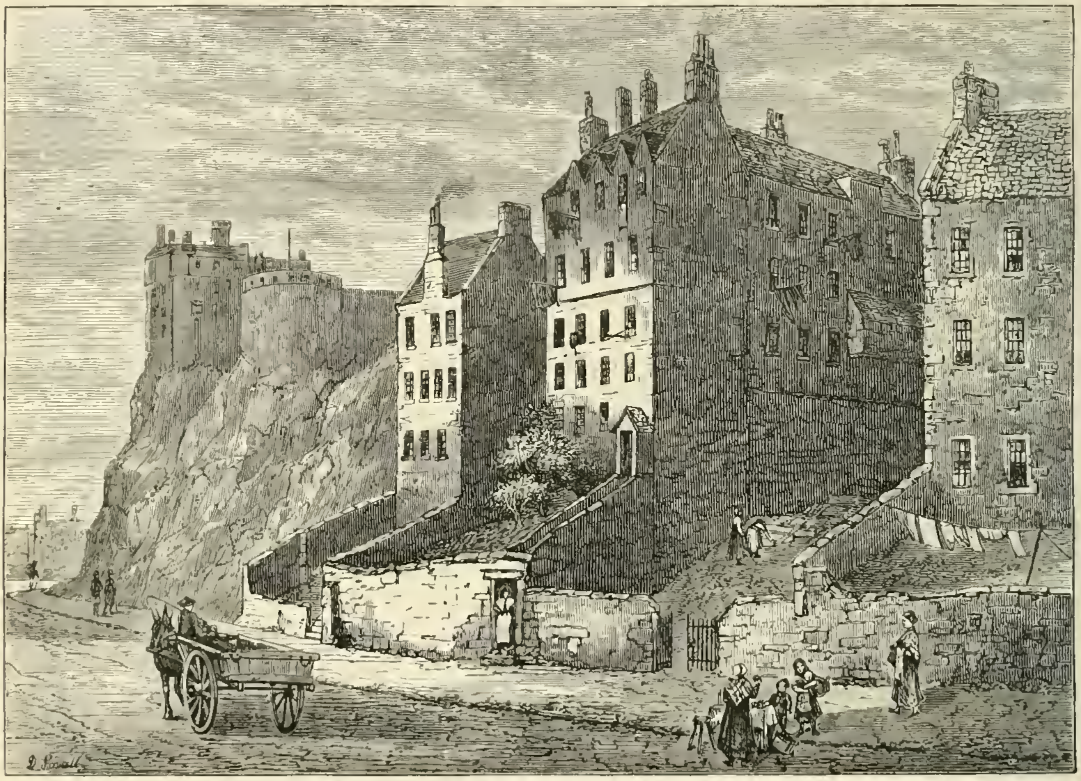
Amid the tumultuous excitement of the Highlanders entering the city with their trophies, they repeatedly fired their muskets in the air. One being loaded with ball, the latter grazed the forehead of Miss Nairne, a young Jacobite lady, who was waving her handkerchief from a balcony in the High Street. "Thank God!" exclaimed the fair enthusiast, as soon as she was able to speak, "that this accident has happened to me, whose true principles are known. Had it befallen a Whig, they would have said it was done on purpose."*

This victory annihilated the only regular army in the kingdom, and made Charles master of it all, with the exception of the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, and a few petty Highland forts. It caused the greatest panic in London, and a serious run upon the Bank of England.

The fugitives who reached the Castle numbered 105. To close it up, guards were now placed at all the avenues. The strongest of these was near the Weigh-house, where the Highland picket—at whom was fired the 32 lb. cannon ball still shown, and referred to in an early chapter—occupied the residence of a fugitive, the Rev. George Logan, a popular preacher, famous controversialist, and author of several learned treatises.

The noise made by the Highlanders in the city, the din of so many pipes in the lofty streets. and the acclamations of the Jacobites, had such an effect upon the wavering mind of General Guest, that he called a council of war, at which he urged upon the officers, "that as the fortress was indefensible, with a garrison so weak, terms for capitulating to the Scottish prince should at once be entered into."

To this proposal every officer present assented, and it would have been adopted, had not General Preston, the man whom the authorities had just superseded, demanded to be heard. Stern, grim, and tottering under wounds won in King William's wars, and inspired by genuine hatred of the House of Stuart, he declared that if such a measure was adopted he would resign his commission as a disgrace to him. On this, Guest handed over to him the command of the fortress,



THE CASTLE ROAD. (*From a Drawing by James Drummond, R.S.A.*)

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* Note to chap LI., "Waverley."

CHARLES EDWARD IN HIS YOUTH.
(*From the Portrait by Tocque.*)

to defend which he instantly adopted the most vigorous measures. He wrote to the Secretary of State, acquainting him that if not soon relieved he would be compelled to surrender, as his stock of provisions was so small. This letter fell into the hands of the Prince, by whom the Castle was never formally summoned. Preston had now been seventy years in the service. He was in his eighty-seventh year, and was so enfeebled by time and wounds as to be unable to walk; yet so constant was his vigilance, that every two hours he was wheeled round the posts to see that his sentinels were on the alert, and whenever a Highlander could be seen, a gun loaded with grape was fired at him.

CHAPTER XLI.

EDINBURGH IN 1745 (*concluded*).

General Guest's "Bravery"—Popularity of the Prince—Castle Blockaded—It Fires on the City—Leith Bombarded—End of the Blockade—Departure of the Highland Army for England—Prisoners in the Castle—Macdonald of Teindreich—Duke of Cumberland in Edinburgh—Burning of the Standards.

General Joshua Guest took no active part in the operations subsequent to his council of war, though the inscription on his tomb in Westminster eulogises the bravery of his defence of the Castle, when "besieged by the rebels."

The officers of state had now fled from Edinburgh to England or the remote districts of Scotland. The old Chevalier was proclaimed as James VIII., in all large towns where, and particularly in the capital, the concealed friends of his cause avowed their sentiments, and joined the old Jacobites in drinking deep potations to a prince, who, as his organ the *Caledonian Mercury*, had it, "could eat a dry crust, sleep on pease straw, take his dinner in four minutes, and win a battle in five." The ladies especially, by their enthusiasm, contributed not a little to produce great action in his favour. "All Jacobites," wrote President Forbes at this time, to Sir Andrew Mitchell, "how prudent soever, became mad; all doubtful people became Jacobites; all bankrupts became heroes, and talked of nothing but hereditary rights and victory. And what was more grievous to men of gallantry—and, if you will believe me, much more mischievous to the public—all the fine ladies, if you will except one or two, became passionately fond of the young adventurer, and used all their arts and industry for him in the most temperate manner."

Meanwhile the garrison in the Castle obtained from certain Whig friends a supply of provisions, which, by ropes, they drew up in barrels and baskets, on the west side of the rock , but neither the Highlanders nor the citizens suffered any molestation till the night of the 25th September, when the veteran Preston, on going his rounds in a wheel-chair, being alarmed by a sound like that of goats scrambling among the rocks, he declared it to be a Highland escalade, and opened a fire of musketry and cannon from Drury's battery, beating down several houses in the West Port.

In consequence of this the prince strengthened his picket at the Weigh-house, to prevent all intercourse with the fortress, upon which Preston wrote to Provost Stewart, intimating that unless free communication was permitted he would open a heavy cannonade. On this, the town council represented to the prince the danger in which the city stood. "Gentlemen," he replied, "I am equally concerned and surprised at the barbarity of those who would bring distress upon the city for what its inhabitants have not the power to prevent; but if, out of compassion, I should remove my guards from the Castle, you might with equal reason require me to abandon the city."

He also assured them that the injuries of the citizens would be repaid out of the estates of the officers in the Castle, "and that reprisals would be made upon all who were known abettors of the German government." General Preston being further informed that his brother's house at Valleyfield would be destroyed, he replied that in that case he would cause the war-ships in the Forth to burn down Wemyss Castle, the seat of Lord Elcho's father; but after some altercation with the council, the grim veteran agreed to suspend hostilities till he received fresh orders from London. Next day, however, owing to some misunderstanding, the Highland picket fired on certain persons who were conveying provisions into the Castle, the guns of which opened on the Weigh-house, killing and wounding several in the streets. Charles retaliated by enforcing a strict blockade; and, in revenge, Preston's garrison fired on every Highlander that came in sight.

On this, by order of the Adjutant-General, Lord George Murray, the picket was removed to the north side of the High Street; but, as it was found inconvenient to relieve the post by corps, the gallant Lochiel undertook the entire blockade with his Camerons, who for that purpose were placed in the Parliament House.

Several loose characters, among whom was Daddie Ratcliff—who occupies so prominent a post in Scott's "Heart of Midlothian"—dressed as Highlanders, committed some outrages and robberies; but all were captured and shot, chiefly by Perth's Regiment, on Leith Links.

Charles contemplated the summons of a Scottish Parliament, but contented himself with denouncing, on the 3rd of October, "the pretended Parliament summoned by the Elector of Hanover at Westminster," and declaring it treason for the Scots to attend. On the preceding day the following proclamation was issued from Holyrood.

"CHARLES P. R. being resolved that no communication shall be open between the Castle and town of Edinburgh during our residence in the capital, and to prevent the bad effects of reciprocal firing, from thence and from our troops, whereby the houses and inhabitants of our city may innocently suffer, we hereby make public notice, that none shall dare, without a special pass, signed by our secretary, upon pain of death, either resort to, or come from the said Castle, upon any pretence whatsoever; with certification of any persons convicted of having had such intercourse, after this our proclamation shall immediately be carried to execution. Given at our palace of Holyrood House, 2nd Oct., 1745. (Signed) J. MURRAY."

Another guard was posted the next day at the West Church, while the Camerons began to form a trench and breastwork below the reservoir across the Castle Hill, but were compelled to retire under a fire of cannon from the Half-moon, and musketry from the *tête-du-pont*, with the loss of some killed and wounded. Among the former was one officer. Another picket was now placed at

Livingstone's Yard, where a Highlander was assassinated by a soldier, who crept towards him with a pistol. The same night a party of the 47th made a sally against the same post, and captured Captain Robert Taylor and thirty privates.

On the morning of the 4th Preston commenced a wanton and destructive bombardment, chiefly in the direction of James's Court, and continued it till dusk, when, "led by Major Robertson, a strong party, with slung muskets, sallied with spades and axes to the Castle Hill, where they formed a trench fourteen feet broad and sixteen deep, midway between the gate and the reservoir. From the breastwork formed by the débris that night 200 muskets, besides field pieces, continued to blaze upon the city, in unison with the heavy 32-pounders, which from the lofty batteries above swept the entire length of the High Street with round shot, grape, and canister. Many persons were killed and wounded; but the following night the same operations were renewed with greater vigour. Under this tremendous fire the 47th (then numbered as the 48th) made another sally, pillaged all the houses in their vicinity, and, after obtaining a supply of bread and ale, and several barrels of water from the reservoir, set on fire several houses, and a deserted foundry, after which they retired behind their trench. Many of the poor citizens who attempted to extinguish the flames were killed, for once more the batteries opened with greater fury than ever. The glare of the burning houses, the boom of so many field and battery guns, the hallooing of the soldiers, the crash of masonry and timber as chimneys and outshots came thundering down on all sides, together with the incessant roar of 200 muskets, struck the inhabitants with such consternation, that, abandoning their houses, goods, and chattels, they thought only of saving themselves by flight. A miserable band of half-clad and terrified fugitives, bearing their children, their aged parents, their sick and infirm friends, to the number of many hundreds, issued from the Nether Bow Gate, and fled towards Leith, but were met midway by the inhabitants of that place, flying from similar destruction, for at that time the *Fox*, and *Ludlow Castle*, two frigates (whose captains, from the Roads, had heard the cannonading, and seen the blaze of the conflagration) were hauled close in-shore, and lay broadside towards Leith, and with a villainous cruelty—for which English hostility towards Scotland was no apology—were raking and bombarding the streets with the most fatal effects. When the fugitives met 'all was perplexity and dismay; the unhappy citizens stood still, wringing their hands, and execrating the cruel necessities of war.' Fourteen days after, the *Fox* was wrecked on the rocks of Dunbar, when Captain Edmond Beavor and all his crew perished."

The Highlanders maintained their posts without flinching amid all this peril and consternation, and at five o'clock next evening, in defiance of field and battery guns, led by their officers, and inspired by their pipers, they stormed the breastwork by one wild rush, sword in hand, driving in the garrison, which retired firing by platoons; but the capture was made with such rapidity that the Prince lost only one officer and twenty privates. As the trench was too exposed, it was abandoned. Several balls went through the Luckenbooths, and many lodged in the walls of the Weigh-house, where they were found on its demolition in 1822; and Charles Edward, seeing the misery to which Preston exposed the people, generously withdrew the blockade; and thus ended the last investment of the Castle of Edinburgh; and it was said to be about this time that he made the narrow escape from capture in the Provost's house in the West Bow.

An act of hostility was committed by General Preston on the 21st September, when, overhearing some altercation in the dark at the West Port, where the Highland guard made some delay about admitting a lady in a coach drawn by six horses, he ordered three guns to be loaded with grape, depressed, and fired. Though aimed at random, the coach was pierced by several balls, and its fair occupant, Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of the modern version of the "Flowers of the Forest," had a narrow escape, while William Earl of Dundonald, captain in Forbes's Foot, who rode by her side, had his horse shot under him. At that moment, Mrs. Cockburn, who was returning from Ravelston, and who was a keen Whig, had in her pocket a burlesque parody on one of Prince Charles's proclamations, to the air of "Clout the Cauldron."

Another hostile act was committed when the Highland army, now increased to double its first strength, was reviewed on the Links of Leith prior to the march for England, when the guns from the Argyle Battery compelled Charles to change the scene of his operations to the Links of Musselburgh, at a time when the Forth was completely blocked up by ships of war. On the 30th the Prince slept at Pinkie House, and "on the 31st he commenced his memorable invasion of England, with an army only six thousand in number, but *one* in rivalry and valour. They departed in three columns; at the head of the third Charles marched on foot, clad in the Highland garb, with his claymore in his hand, and a target slung over his left shoulder."

General Preston saluted with cannon the officers of State who returned to Edinburgh on the 13th November, and hauled down his colours, which had been flying since the 16th of September. Guest then assumed the command, and was nobly rewarded, while Preston was consigned to neglect, and the humble memorial of his long service was laid in vain before the Duke of Cumberland. Thus he reaped no advantage from his loyal adherence to the House of Hanover, whose policy it was then to slight the Scots in every way.

THE WEIGH-HOUSE.
(From a Drawing by Storer, published in 1820.)

By a letter from the Lord President to the Marquis of Tweeddale (the last Scottish Secretary of State), we learn that at this crisis bank notes had ceased to be current, that all coin was locked up, "so that the man of best credit in this country cannot command a shilling;" that bills on Edinburgh or London were of no value; and that bills drawn for the subsistence of the Earl of Loudon's regiment had been returned protested.

On the departure of the Prince the Castle was crowded with those persons who had fallen under the suspicion of Government; among these were Alexander Earl of Kellie, and upwards of sixty gentlemen, all of whom were heavily ironed, closely confined in damp vaults, and treated by the irritated soldiers with every indignity and opprobrium. To these were soon added a multitude of prisoners of all ranks, belonging to the regiments of Buckley, Berwick, and Clare, of the Irish Brigade in the French service, captured by the *Milford Haven* (40 guns), on board the *Louis XV.*, off Montrose. On the 9th December, Lord John Drummond, *en route* to join the Prince in England, marched through Edinburgh, with 800 men and a train of 18-pounders. He sent a drummer to the Castle to effect an exchange of these prisoners, without avail; and sixteen who were proved to have been deserters from our army in Flanders were thrown into the Castle pit, from whence four were taken to the gallows in the Grassmarket. In the same month young Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, aide-de-camp to the Prince, was treacherously captured in the night, near Lesmahago, by the Reverend Mr. Linning, who, as the price of his blood, received the incumbency of that parish, according to "Forbes's Memoirs"; and from the Castle he was taken to Carlisle, where he was hanged, drawn, and quartered.

About the end of November, when the Highlanders, after their retreat from England, were besieging Stirling, Lord Tweeddale wrote to General Guest, stating that they meant to take the capital again. On this, the Edinburghers at once held a solemn council of war, and valiantly resolved to defend the city; and once more all their plate and valuables were committed to the care of General Guest. It was arranged that a store of provisions should be immediately laid in, that the cannon should be mounted on travelling carriages, that the walls and gates should be more completely fortified, that a corps of really resolute soldiers should be embodied; and again arms were issued to the Seceders, and all who required them; but on hearing that Charles had actually made a requisition for horses to draw his battering train, their courage evaporated a second time, and all ideas of fighting were abandoned; but the arrival of General Hawley's army relieved them from immediate apprehension.

CHARLES EDWARD IN HIS LATER YEARS.
(*From a Portrait by Ozias Humphry, R.A., taken at Florence*, 1776.)

Erecting an enormous gallows in the Grassmarket, whereon to hang all prisoners he might take, Hawley, who had served as a major at Sheriffmuir, and always expressed contempt for the Highlanders, marched with fourteen battalions, besides cavalry and artillery, to Falkirk, where his army was routed as completely as that of Cope had been, and all his guns were taken, save one brought off by the 4th Regiment.

In the Castle he lodged his sole trophy, the brave Major Donald Macdonald of Teindreich, who struck the first blow in the revolt at the Spean Bridge, and who had been captured in the smoke at Falkirk. He was brought in bound with ropes, and kept in a dungeon till he was sent in chains to Carlisle, to be butchered with many others. He was a handsome man, and bore his sufferings with great cheerfulness.

"It was principle, and a thorough conviction of its being my duty to God, my injured king and oppressed country," said he, "which induced me to take up arms under the standard of his Royal Highness Charles Prince of Wales, and I solemnly declare I had no bye views in drawing my sword in his just and honourable cause." His wife pleaded for his pardon at the feet of George II. in vain, and, like the others, "he died with his last breath imploring a blessing on Prince Charles."

Lord Arundel of Wardour relates the following anecdote:—"Many years after the Stuart rising, the Duke of Cumberland being present at a ball at Bath, indicated as a person with whom he would like to dance, a beautiful girl, the daughter of Major Macdonald who was executed at Carlisle, and the circumstances of whose last moments supplied Sir Walter Scott with the incidents of M'Ivor's execution in 'Waverley.' The lady rose in deference to the prince, but replied in a tone which utterly discomfited his Royal Highness, 'No, sir, I will never dance with the *murderer of my father!*'"

The Duke, with an army overwhelming in numbers, as contrasted with that of Charles, passed through Edinburgh on the 21st of February, 1746, not marching at the head of his troops, like the latter, but travelling in a coach-and-six presented to him by the Earl of Hopetoun; and on being joined by 6,000 Hessians, who landed under the Landgrave at Leith, he proceeded to obliterate "all memory of the last disagreeable affair" as the rout at Falkirk was named. As he passed up the Canongate and High Street he is said to have expressed great surprise at the number of broken windows he saw; but when informed that this was the result of a recent illumination in his honour, and that a shattered casement indicated the residence of a Jacobite, he laughed heartily, remarking, "that he was better content with this explanation, ill as it omened to himself and his family, than he could have been with his first impression, which ascribed the circumstance to poverty or negligence."

A vast mob followed his coach, which passed through the Grassmarket, and quitted the city by the West Port, *en route* to Culloden, and "at midnight on Saturday the 19th of April Viscount Bury, colonel of the 20th Regiment, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland, reined up his jaded horse at the Castle gate, bearer of a despatch to the Lieutenant-General, announcing the victory; and at two o'clock on the morning of Sunday a salute from the batteries informed the startled and anxious citizens that, quenched in blood on the Muir of Drummossie, the star of the Stuarts had sunk for ever."

The standard of Charles, which Tullybardine unfurled in Glenfinnan, and thirteen others belonging to chiefs, with several pieces of artillery and a quantity of arms, were brought to the Castle and lodged in the arsenal, where some of the latter still remain; and one field-piece, which was placed on a battery to the westward, was long an object of interest to the people. With a spite that seems childish now, by order of Cumberland those standards, whose insignia were all significant of high descent and old achievement, were carried in procession to the Cross. The common hangman bore that of Charles, thirteen Tronmen, or sweeps, bore the rest, and all were flung into a fire, guarded by the 44th Regiment, while the heralds proclaimed the name of each chief to whom they belonged—Lochiel, Clanranald, Keppoch, Glengarry, and so forth; while the crowd looked on in silence. By this proceeding, so petty in its character, Cumberland failed alike to inflict an injury on the character of the chiefs or their faithful followers, among whom, at that dire time, the bayonet, the gibbet, the torch, and the axe, were everywhere at work; and, when we consider his blighted life and reputation in the long years that followed, it seems that it would have been well had the Young Chevalier, the "bonnie Prince Charlie" of so much idolatry, found his grave on the Moor of Culloden.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE NORTH BRIDGE.

The New Town projected by James VII.—The North Bridge and other Structures by the Earl of Mar, 1728—Opposed in 1759—Foundation Stone Laid—Erection Delayed till 1765—Henderson's Plan—William Mylne appointed Architect—Terms of the Contract—Fall of the Bridge—Repaired and Completed—The Upper and Lower Flesh-Markets—Old Post Office—Adam Black—Ann Street—The Ettrick Shepherd and the "Noctes"—The Bridge Widened.

One of the most important events in the annals of Edinburgh was the erection of the North Bridge, by means of which, in spite of years of opposition, the long-suggested plan for having a new and enlarged city, beyond the walls and barriers of the old one, was eventually and successfully developed to an extent far beyond what its enthusiastic and patriotic projectors could have foreseen; we say long-suggested, for, though not carried out till the early years of George III.'s reign, it had been projected in the latter end of the reign of Charles II.

The idea was first suggested when James VII., as Duke of Albany and York, was resident Royal Commissioner at Holyrood, in the zenith of the only popularity he ever had in Scotland. Vast numbers of the Scottish nobility and gentry flocked around him, and the old people of the middle of the eighteenth century used to recall with delight the magnificence and brilliance of the court he gathered in the long-deserted palace, and the general air of satisfaction which pervaded the entire city.

Despite the recent turmoils and sufferings consequent on the barbarous severity with which the Covenanters had been treated, Edinburgh was prosperous, and its magistrates bestowed noble presents upon their royal guest; but the best proof of the city's prosperity was the new and then startling idea of having an extended royalty and a North Bridge, and this idea the Duke of Albany warmly patronised and encouraged, and towards it gave the citizens a grant in the following terms:—

"That, when they should have occasion to enlarge their city by purchasing ground without the town, or to build bridges or arches for the accomplishing of the same, not only were the proprietors of such lands obliged to part with the same on reasonable terms, but when in possession thereof, they are to be erected into a regality in favour of the citizens; and after finishing the Canongate church, the city is to have the surplus of the 20,000 merks given by Thomas Moodie, in the year 1649, with the interest thereof; and as all public streets belong to the king, the vaults and cellars under those of Edinburgh being forfeited to the Crown, by their being built without leave or consent of his majesty, he granted all the said vaults or cellars to the town, together with a power to oblige the proprietors of houses, to lay before their respective tenements large flat stones for the conveniency of walking."

James VII. had fully at heart the good of Edinburgh, and but for the events of the Revolution the improvements of the city would have commenced seventy-two years sooner than they did, but the neglect of subsequent monarchs fell heavily alike on the capital and the kingdom. "Unfortunately," says Robert Chambers, "the advantages which Edinburgh enjoyed under this system of things were destined to be of short duration. Her royal guest departed, with all his family and retinue, in May, 1682. In six years more he was lost both to Edinburgh and Britain; and 'a stranger filled the Stuart's throne,' under whose dynasty Scotland pined long in undeserved reprobation."

The desertion of the city consequent on the Union made all prospect of progress seem hopeless, yet some there were who never forgot the cherished idea of an extended royalty. Among various plans, the most remarkable for its foresight was that of John eighteenth Lord Erskine and eleventh Earl of Mar, who was exiled for his share in the insurrection of 1715.

His sole amusement during the years of the long exile in which he died at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732 was to draw plans and designs for the good of his beloved native country and its capital; and the paper to which we refer is one written by him in 1728, and mentioned in vol. 8 of the "Old Statistical Account of Scotland," published in 1793.

"All ways of improving Edinburgh should be thought on; as in particular, making *a large bridge of three arches*, over the ground betwixt the North Loch and Physic Gardens, from the High Street at Liberton's Wynd to the Multersey Hill, where many fine streets might be built, as the inhabitants increased. The access to them would be easy on all hands, and the situation would be agreeable and convenient, having a noble prospect of all the fine ground towards the sea, the Firth of Forth, and coast of Fife. One long street in a straight line, where the Long Gate is now (Princes Street?); on one side of it would be a fine opportunity for gardens down to the North Loch, and one, on the other side, towards Broughton. No houses to be on the bridge, the breadth of the North Loch; but selling the places or the ends for houses, and the vaults and arches below for warehouses and cellars, the charge of the bridge might be defrayed.

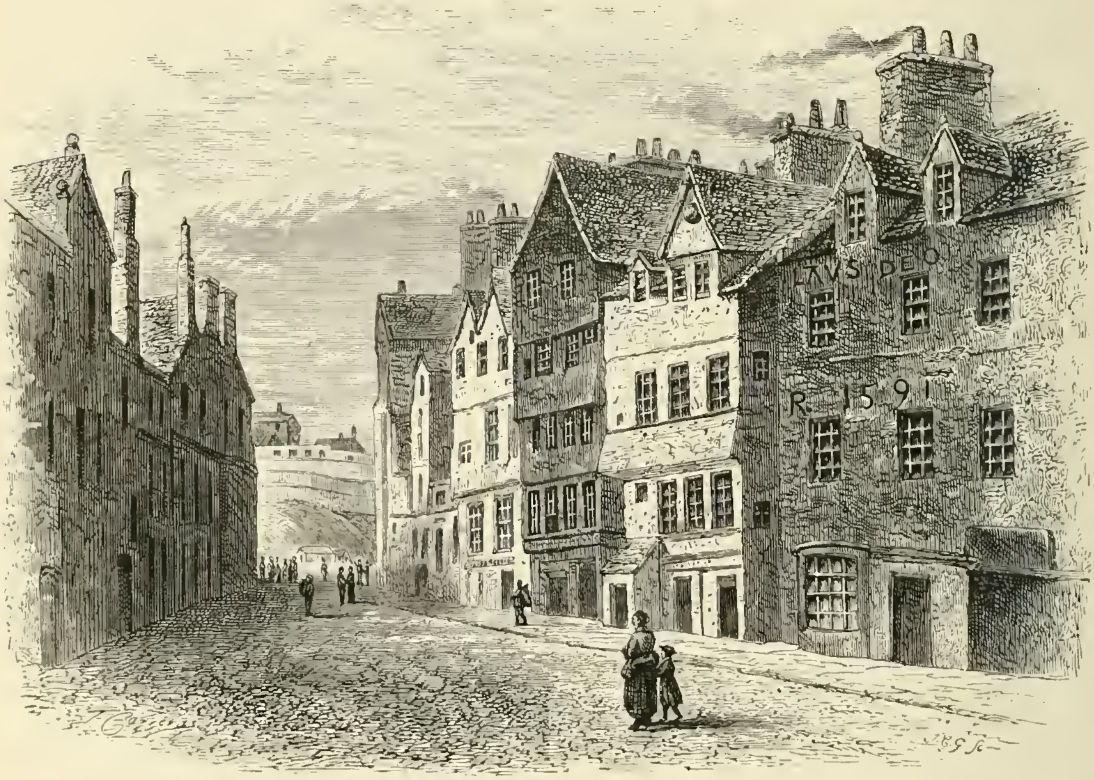
"Another bridge might also be made on the other side of the town, and almost as useful and commodious as that on the north. The place where it could most easily be made is St. Mary's Wynd, and the Pleasance. The hollow there is not so deep, as where the other bridge is proposed, so that it is thought that two storeys of arches might raise it near the level with the street at the head of St. Mary's Wynd. Betwixt the south end of the Pleasance and the Potter-row, and from thence to Bristo Street, and by the back of the wall at Heriot's Hospital, are fine situations for houses and gardens. There would be fine avenues to the town, and outlets for airing and walking by these bridges; and Edinburgh, from being a bad incommodious situation, would become a very beneficial and convenient one; and to make it still more so, a branch of that river, called the Water of Leith, might, it is thought, be brought from somewhere about Coltbridge, to fill and run through the North Loch, which would be of great advantage to the convenience, beauty, cleanliness, and healthiness of the town."

In the next paragraph this far-seeing nobleman suggests the canal between the Forth and Clyde; but all that he projected for Edinburgh, by means of his bridges, has been accomplished to the full, and more than he could ever have dreamt of.

The North Bridge, as a preliminary to the formation of the New Town, was first planned by Sir William Bruce of Kinross, architect to Charles II., and his design "is supposed to be now lying in the Exchequer," wrote Kincaid in 1794; but another plan would seem to have been prepared in 1752, yet no steps were taken for furthering the execution of it till 1759, when the magistrates applied for a Bill to extend the royalty over the ground on which the New Town stands, but were defeated by the vigorous opposition of the landholders of the county.

After four years' delay the city was obliged to set about building the bridge without having any Bill for it. By the patriotic exertions of Provost Drummond a portion of the loch was drained in 1763, and a proper foundation sought for the erection, which, however, is only indicated by two dotted parallel lines in Edgar's plan of the city, dated 1765, which "shew ye road along ye intended bridge," which was always spoken of as simply a new way to Leith.

The first stone was deposited on the 1st of October, 1763, and Kincaid relates that in 1794 "some people very lately, if not yet alive, have positively asserted that Provost Drummond declared to them that he only began to execute what the Duke, afterwards James VII., proposed."



PALACE OF MARY OF GUISE, CASTLE HILL. (*From a Drawing by W. B. Scott*).

This auspicious event was conducted with all the pomp and ceremony the city at that time afforded. George Drummond, the Lord Provost, was appointed, as being the only former Grand-Master present to act in this position, in the absence of the then Grand-Master, the Earl of Elgin. The various lodges of the Freemasons assembled in the Parliament House at two in the afternoon; from thence, escorted by the City Guard and two companies of militia, they marched three abreast, with all their insignia, the junior lodges going first, down Leith Wynd, from the foot of which they turned westward along the north bank of the old loch, to the excavation where the stone lay. As they proceeded a "band of the fraternity," says the *Edinburgh Museum* for 1763, "accompanied with French horns and other instrumental music, sung several fine airs, marches, &c. The Grand-Master, surrounded by about 600 brethren, and in view of an infinite crowd of spectators, after having applied severally the square, the plumb, level, compass, and the mallet, and used other ceremonies and symbols common on such occasions, laid the stone, amid the acclamation and applause of all present."

There were placed in the cavity of the stone three medals struck for the occasion. On one was an elevation of the intended bridge, on another a profile of George III. The last one bore a repetition of the inscription, which is cut on the stone in large capital letters.

By five o'clock the ceremony was over, and the brethren marched in procession to the Assembly Hall, where they passed the evening "with that social cheerfulness for which the society is so eminently distinguished."

Still the bridge was not proceeded with, and there would seem to have been some indecision as to who was to be the architect thereof, as in the *Edinburgh Advertiser* of 19th February, 1765, we read that "the committee appointed to judge of the several plans given in for erecting a bridge over the North Loch, determined in favour of No. 5. This turns out to be the performance of Mr. David Henderson, mason and architect at Sauchie, near Alloa, who lately published proposals for printing a book of architecture. On account of his plan he is entitled to the reward of thirty guineas."

Henderson's design, however, was not adopted. It had been forwarded in consequence of the following advertisement, which appeared in the Scottish papers in the January of that year:—

"The Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Edinburgh, being sensible of the great advantage which will accrue to this city and to the public in general from having a proper communication *between the High Street and the fields on the north*, have unanimously resolved to follow out the design of making one, and have appointed a committee of their number for carrying the scheme into execution.

"This public notice is therefore made, inviting all architects and others to give in plans and elevations for making a communication, *by bridge or otherwise*, from the Cap-and-Feather Close, in a straight line to the opposite side, leading to the Multer's Hill, with an equal declivity of one foot in eighteen to one in seventeen. Such persons as intend to give in plans and elevations must send them sealed, addressed to the Lord Provost, to the care of Mr. James Tait, or Mr. Alexander Duncan, Depute Town Clerks, at the Council Chamber; on or before the first day of February next. Within the plan, upon a separate piece of paper, sealed up, the person offering the plan will write his name, the seal of which paper is not to be broke [*sic*] up, unless the plan it belongs to is approven.

"The person whose plan is approved of will receive thirty guineas, or a medal of that value. . . . . It is expected that the plans to be given in will be done in such a manner as that estimates of expense may be made from them; and it is required that the breadth of the bridge betwixt the parapets be 40 feet" (*Edinburgh Advertiser*, vol. iii. p. 22).

On the 1st of August, 1765, the contract for the erection of the bridge was signed, the parties being the magistrates of Edinburgh on the one hand, and on the other William Mylne, architect, descendant of the hereditary Master Masons of Scotland, and brother of Robert Mylne. The work was to be completed by Martinmas, 1769, and to be upheld for ten years, for the sum of £10,140; but of the great sum which it is said to have cost, viz., £28,000, after selling the areas, on the east, west, and at the south end, which drew about £3,000, there remained £25,000 of nett expenditure.

By the contract, the bridge was to consist of five arches, three of 27 feet span, and two of 20 each; the four piers to be 13 feet 6 inches thick in the body. There were to be two abutments, 8 feet thick, with wing walls and parapets; those on the west to terminate at Mylne's Square; those on the east to be carried no farther than Shearer's Land. The length from the north to the south pedestal on the west side to be 1,134 feet, with 40 feet between the parapets; but 50 to be between them from the north end of the south abutment to the north end of Mylne's Square. This difference is apparent on the bridge to the present day.

"The earth to be dug out at the charge of Mr. Mylne, and to be by him moved to such places as shall be necessary to fill up any part of the spaces over the arches. The foundations to be sunk to the rock, or natural earth, which has never been moved; or if the natural foundation be bad, it is to be properly assisted and made good by art."

So actively and diligently did Mr. Mylne set about his work, that by the midsummer of 1769 the arches were all completed, the keystone of the first of the three larger ones "was struck on Saturday, May 21, 1768."

An unforeseen difficulty occurred, however, in the course of the work. As the north part of the hill on which the old city stands is extremely steep, it had been found convenient in early times to throw the earth dug from the foundations of the ancient wynds and closes towards the North Loch; thus the whole mass then consisted almost entirely of travelled earth. Unaware of this, to some extent, Mylne ceased to dig at a place where there were no less than eight feet of this loose earth between his shovels and the natural solid clay. Another error seems to have been committed in not raising the piers to a sufficient height; and to remedy this he raised about eight feet of earth upon the vaults and arches at the south end, causing thereby a regular, but still unsightly slope.

The result of all this was that on the 3rd of August, 1769, this portion gave way, by the mass of earth having been swollen by recent rains. The abutments burst, the vaults yielded to the pressure, and five persons were buried in the ruins, out of which they were dug at different times.

This event caused the greatest excitement in the city, and had it happened half an hour sooner might have proved very calamitous, as a vast multitude of persons of every religious denomination was assembled in Orphan Hospital Park, northward of the Trinity College church, to hear a sermon preached by Mr. Townsend, an Episcopal clergyman; and after it was over some would have had to cross the bridge, and others pass beneath it, to their homes. Three or four scattered houses were already erected in the New Town; but after this event it was some time before people took courage to erect more.

The bridge was repaired by pulling down the side walls, rebuilding them with chain bars, removing the vast masses of earth, and supplying its place with hollow arches, and by raising the walls that crossed the bridge, so that the vaults which sprang from them might bring the road to a proper elevation. Strong buttresses and counterforts were added to the south end, and on these are erected the present North Bridge Street. At the north end there is only one counterfort on the east side; but ere all this was done there had been a plea in law between the contracting parties before the Court of Session, and an appeal to the House of Lords, in both of which Mr. Mylne was unfortunate. The expense of completion amounted to £17,354. The height of the great arches from the top of the parapet to the base is 68 feet.

The bridge was first passable in 1772; but the balustrades being open, a complaint was made publicly in 1783 that "passengers continue to be blown from the pavement into the mud in the middle of the bridge." Those at the south end were closed in 1782, thus screening the eyes "of passengers from the blood and slaughter," in the markets below, according to the appendix to Arnot's "History;" and regarding the tempests of wind, to which Edinburgh is so subject, elsewhere he tells us that in 1778 "the Leith Guard, consisting of a sergeant and twelve men of the 70th Regiment, were all there *blown off* the Castle Hill, and some of them sorely hurt."

In 1774 the magistrates proclaimed that all beggars found in the streets would be imprisoned in the dark vaults beneath the North Bridge, and there fed on bread and water.

From the then new buildings erected on the south-west end of the bridge, a flight of steps upward gives access to Mylne's Court; and two flights downward lead to the old market at the foot of the Fleshmarket Close.

In Edgar's plan, 1765, the Upper and Lower Fleshmarkets are both shown as being in this quarter, and also that the bridge had run through a great portion of the ancient Greenmarket. Kincaid thus describes them in his time (1794) as consisting of three divisions forming oblong squares. "The uppermost is allotted for the veal market, and as yet only finished on the north side; the middlemost is occupied by the incorporation of fleshers, and is neatly fitted up and arched all round, and each division numbered; the other, called the Low Market, is likewise arched round, but not numbered, and allotted for those that are not of the incorporation. Few cities in Britain are better supplied with butcher meat of all kinds than this city, an instance of which occurred in 1781. Admiral Parker, with a fleet of 15 sail of the line, 9 frigates, and 600 merchantmen, lay nearly two months in Leith Roads, and was supplied with every kind of provisions, and the markets were not raised one farthing, although there could not be less than 20,000 men for nearly seven weeks. Merchants from different parts of Britain who, either from motives of humanity, or esteeming it a profitable adventure, had sent four transports with fresh provisions to the fleet, had them returned without breaking bulk." The market is now much more complete and perfect than in the days referred to, and smaller town markets than the central suite are open in other quarters.

In the block of buildings next the north market stair the General Post Office for Scotland was established, after its removal from Lord Covington's house; after which, in 1821, it was transferred to a new edifice on the Regent Bridge, at which period, we are told, the despatch of the mails was conducted in an apartment about thirty feet square, and purposely kept as dark as possible, in order to derive the full advantage of artificial light employed in the process of examining letters, to see whether they contained enclosures or not. At this time James Earl of Caithness was Deputy Postmaster-General for Scotland.

The same edifice was latterly, and until their removal in 1850 to a handsome and more spacious one, built in a kind of old Scoto-English style of architecture, on the opposite side, and on the site of a portion of Halkerston's Wynd, and numbered as 6 in the street, the establishment of the old and well-known firm of publishers, Adam Black and Son. The former, long a leading citizen, magistrate, and member of the city, was born in 1784, and died on the 24th of January, 1874.

Educated at the High School and University of his native city Edinburgh, though but the son of a humble builder, Adam Black raised himself to affluence, and is said to have more than once declined the honour of knighthood. After serving his apprenticeship, he started in business as a bookseller, and among other important works brought out the "Encyclopædia Britannica," under the joint conduct of Professor Macvey Napier and James Browne, LL.D.; and to this his own pen contributed many articles. From the beginning of his career he took an active part in the politics of the city, and in the early part of the present century was among the boldest of the slender band of Liberals who stood up for burgh reform, as the preliminary to the great measure of a Parliamentary one.

When the other well-known firm of Constable and Co. failed, the publication of *The Edinburgh Review* passed into the hands of Adam Black, and thus drew the Liberal party more closely by his side. He was Provost of the city from 1843 to 1848, and filled his trust so much to the satisfaction of the citizens, that they subscribed to have his portrait painted to ornament the walls of the Council Room. He was proprietor, by purchase, of the copyright of "The Waverley Novels," and many other works by Sir Walter Scott. It was when he was beyond his seventieth year that he was returned to the House of Commons as member for the city, in succession to Lord Macaulay; and being a member of the Independent body, he was ever an advocate for unsectarian education, absolute freedom of trade, and the most complete toleration in religion; but the cradle of his fortunes was that little shop which till 1821 was, as we said, deemed ample enough for the postal establishment and requirements of all Scotland.

The new buildings along the west side of the North Bridge, from Princes Street to the first open arch, were erected between 1817 and 1819, with a range of shops then deemed magnificent, but far outshone by hundreds erected since in their vicinity. These buildings are twice the height in rear that they are to the bridge front, and their erection intercepted a grand view from Waterloo Place south-westward to the Castle, and thus roused a spirited, but, as it eventually proved, futile resistance, on the part of Cockburn and Cranston, Professor Playfair, Henry Mackenzie, James Stuart of Dunearn, and others, who spent about £1,000 in the work of opposition.

Their erection led to the demolition of a small edificed thoroughfare named Ann Street, which once contained the house of a well-known literary citizen, John Grieve, who gave free quarters to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, when the latter arrived in Edinburgh in 1810, and published a little volume of poems entitled "The Forest Mintrel," from which he derived no pecuniary benefit. Poverty was pressing sorely on Hogg, "but," says a biographer, "he found kind and steady friends in Messrs. Grieve and Scott, hatters, whose well-timed benevolence supplied all his wants."

While he was still in obscurity, John Grieve obtained him introductions to Professor Wilson and other local literati, which ultimately led to his becoming a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine.* Mr. Grieve is referred to in the quarrel between the Shepherd and the Blackwoods concerning the famous *Noctes Ambrosianæ.* He ceased to contribute, whereupon Wilson wrote thus to Grieve on the subject:—

"If Mr. Hogg puts his return to 'Maga' on the ground that 'Maga' suffers from his absence from her pages, and that Mr. B. must be very desirous of his re-assistance, that will be at once a stumbling-block in the way of settlement; for Mr. B., whether rightly or wrongly, will not make the admission. No doubt Mr. H.'s articles were often excellent, and no doubt 'Noctes' were very popular, but the magazine, however much many readers must have missed Mr. Hogg and the 'Noctes,' has been gradually increasing in sale, and therefore Mr. B. will never give in to that view of the subject.

"Mr. Hogg in his letter to me, and in a long conversation I had with him in my own house yesterday after dinner, sticks to his proposal of £100 settled on him, on condition of writing, and becoming again the hero of the 'Noctes' as before. I see many difficulties in the way of such an arrangement, and I know that Mr. Blackwood will never agree to it in any shape, for it might eventually prove degrading and disgraceful to both parties, appearing to the public to be a bribe given and taken dishonourably."

"My father," adds Mrs. Gordon, whose life of the Professor we quote, "never wrote another 'Noctes' after the Shepherd's death, which took place in 1835."

In consequence of the increase of population and traffic by its vicinity to the railway termini, after numerous schemes and suggestions, the North Bridge was widened in 1873, after designs by Messrs. Stevenson. The average number of foot-passengers traversing this bridge daily is said to be considerably in excess of 90,000, and the number of wheeled vehicles upwards of 2,000.

The ground at the north-east end of the bridge has been so variously occupied in succession by an edifice named Dingwall's Castle, by Shakespeare Square, and the old Theatre Royal, with its thousand memories of the drama in Edinburgh, and latterly by the new General Post Office for Scotland, that we must devote a chapter or two to that portion of it alone.

CHAPTER XLIII.

EAST SIDE OF THE NORTH BRIDGE.

Dingwall's Castle—Whitefield's "Preachings"—History of the Old Theatre Royal—The Building—David Ross's Management—Leased to Mr. Foote—Then to Mr. Digges—Mr. Moss—Mrs. Yates—Next Leased to Mr. Jackson—The Siddons *Furore*—Reception of the Great Actress—Mrs. Baddeley—New Patent—The Playhouse Riot—"The Scottish Roscius"—A Ghost—Expiry of the Patent.

Built no one knows when, but existing during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, there stood on the site now occupied by the new General Post Office, an edifice named Dingwall's Castle. In 1647, Gordon of Rothiemay, in his wonderfully distinct and detailed bird's-eye view of the city, represents it as an open ruin, in form a square tower with a round one at each angle, save on the north-east, where one was fallen down in part. All the sloping bank and ground between it and the Trinity College church are shown as open, but bordered on the west by a line of houses, which he names *Niniani Suburbium seu mendicorum Platea* (known latterly as the Beggar's Row), and on the west and north by high walls, the latter crenellated, and by a road which descends close to the edge of the loch, and then runs along its bank straight westward.

This stronghold is supposed to have derived its name from Sir John Dingwall, who was Provost of the Trinity College church before the Reformation; and hence the conclusion is, that it was a dependency of that institution. He was one of the first Lords of Session appointed on the 25th May, 1532, at the formation of the College of Justice, and his name is third on the list.

Of him nothing more is known, save that he existed and that is all. Some fragments of the castle are still supposed to exist among the buildings on its site, and some were certainly traced among the cellars of Shakespeare Square on its demolition in 1860.

During the year 1584, when the Earl of Arran was Provost of the city, on the 30th September, the Council commissioned Michael Chisholm and others to inquire into the order and condition of an ancient leper hospital which stood beside Dingwall's Castle; but of the former no distinct trace is given in Gordon's view.

In Edgar's map of Edinburgh, in 1765, no indication of these buildings is given, but the ground occupied by the future theatre and Shakespeare Square is shown as an open park or irregular parallelogram closely bordered by trees, measuring about 350 feet each way, and lying between the back of the old Orphan Hospital and the village of Multrie's Hill, where now the Register House stands.

It was in this park, known then as that of the Trinity Hospital, that the celebrated Whitefield used yearly to harangue a congregation of all creeds and classes in the open air, when visiting Edinburgh in the course of his evangelical tours. On his coming thither for the first time after the Act had passed for the extension of the royalty, great was his horror, surprise, and indignation, to find the green slope which he had deemed to be rendered almost sacred by his prelections, enclosed by fences and sheds, amid which a theatre was in course of erection.

The ground was being "appropriated to the service of Satan. The frantic astonishment of the Nixie who finds her shrine and fountain desolated in her absence, was nothing to that of Whitefield. He went raging about the spot, and contemplated the rising walls of the playhouse with a sort of grim despair. He is said to have considered the circumstance as a positive mark of the increasing wickedness of society, and to have termed it a plucking up of God's standard, and a planting of the devil's in its place."

The edifice which he then saw in course of erection was destined, for ninety years, to be inseparably connected with the more recent rise of the drama in Scotland generally, in Edinburgh in particular, and to be closely identified with all the artistic and scenic glories of the stage. It was long a place replete with interest, and yet recalls happy reminiscences and bright associations in the minds of thousands; and it was one of the very few theatres that, escaping the ravages of fire, attain to a good old age.

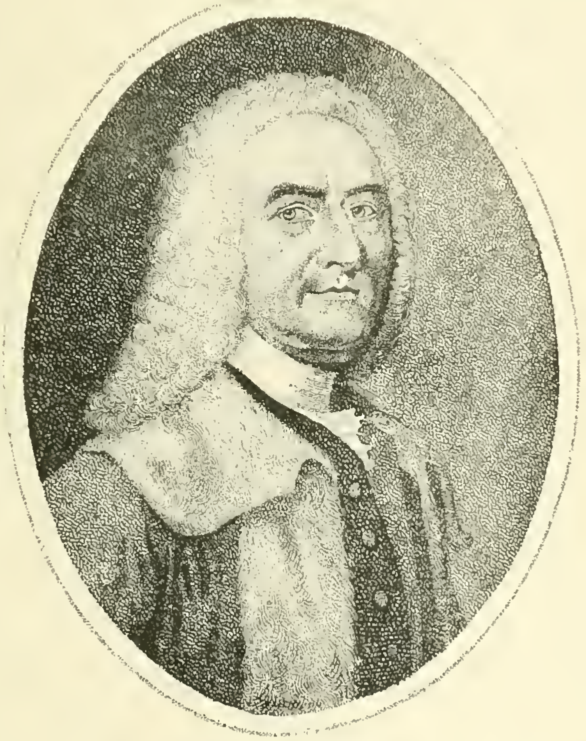
Prior to the reign of George III. there was not a single theatre in Scotland countenanced by the law of the land. One which was erected in Glasgow in 1752, and on which a military guard mounted nightly, was demolished about two years after, by a mob when returning from one of Whitefield's sermons; but when the New Town of Edinburgh was projected, a clause was introduced into the Act empowering the Crown to grant royal letters patent for the establishment of a theatre in Edinburgh.

Mr. David Ross, manager of a small one then existing, amid many difficulties, in the Canongate, and latterly of Covent Garden Theatre—a respectable man, who had managed two houses in London—obtained the patent, and the foundation-stone of the new theatre was laid on the 16th of March, 1768. In the stone was laid a silver plate, inscribed thus:—

> "The first stone of this new theatre was laid on the 16th day of March, in the year of our Lord 1768, by David Ross, patentee and first proprietor of a licensed stage in Scotland. May this theatre tend to promote every moral and every virtuous principle, and may the representations be such
>
> "To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
> Live on each scene and be what they behold."

But Mr. Ross's first legitimate performances as a licensed manager took place in the old theatre, which opened unusually late in the season, owing to a dreadful riot that happened in January, and the repairs incident to which occupied ten months, during which there were no representations whatever. Ross opened then, with the patented company on the 9th of December, 1767, with the tragedy of the *Earl of Essex*. He spoke the prologue, which was written by James Boswell, who, in the following lines, referred to the new theatre as the first one licensed in Scotland:—

> "Whilst in all points with other lands she vied,
> The stage alone to Scotland was denied:
> Mistaken zeal, in times of darkness bred,
> O'er the best minds its gloomy vapours spread;
> Taste and religion were opposed in strife,
> And 'twas a sin to view this glass of life!
> When the muse ventured the ungracious task,
> To play elusion with unlicensed mask,
> Mirth was restrained by statutory awe,
> And tragic greatness feared the scourge of law;
> Illustrious heroes errant *vagrants* seemed,
> And gentlest nymphs were *sturdy beggars* deemed."



GEORGE DRUMMOND, LORD PROVOST.

(*From the Engraving by Mackenzie, after the Original in the Royal Infirmary.*)

By the proposals for building this new theatre, according to the *Scots Magazine* for 1768, Mr. Ross had to raise £2,500 by twenty-five shares, at £100 per share, for which the subscribers were to receive 3 per cent., and free access to all performances and every part of the house, *except* behind the scenes. "The house is to be 100 feet in length by 50 broad. To furnish new scenes, wardrobe, and necessary decorations will, it is computed, cost £1,500 more. and the whole building, &c., is to be insured for £4,000, and mortgaged as security to pay the interest. As it would be impossible to procure good performers should the tickets continue at the low prices now paid, it is proposed to make the boxes 4s., the pit 3s., the first gallery 2s., and the upper 1s. For these prices, says Mr. Ross, this stage shall vie with those of London and Dublin. There shall be five capital men-actors, one good man-singer, one second ditto; three capital women-actresses, two capital women-singers, one capital man-dancer, and one woman ditto; the rest as good as can be had: the orchestra shall be conducted with a good first fiddler, as a leader, a harpsichord, and the rest of the band persons of merit."

Soon after, Mr. Ross advertised that he found "the general voice incline that the boxes and pit should be an equal price. As that is the case, no more than sixpence will be added to the tickets: boxes and pit 3s., galleries 2s. and 1s. The manager's first plan must therefore be in some degree contracted; but no pains, care, or expense, will be spared to open the new theatre on the 14th of November next with as complete a company as can be got together."

Arnot, writing of the view of the edifice as seen from the bridge, truly averred that "it produces the double effect of disgusting spectators by its own deformity, and obstructing the view of the Register Office, perhaps the handsomest building in the nation."

Its front was somewhat better, being entirely of polished ashlar, presenting a gable and moulded pediment, with three large circular-headed windows, opening upon a spacious balcony and balustrade, which crowned the portico. The latter consisted of six plain Doric pillars with a cornice. This faced the green slope of Multree's Hill, on which the Register House was not built till 1772.

The theatre was opened in December, 1769, at the total expense of £5,000, and at the then rates of admission the house held £140. Its rival in the Canongate, when the prices were 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., and 1s., held from £70 to £80.

The downfall of the bridge was the first difficulty with which Mr. Ross had to contend, as it cut off the only tolerable communication with the city; so there stood the theatre on the lonely slope, no New Town whatever beside it; only a straggling house or two at wide intervals; and the ladies and gentlemen obliged to come from the High Street by the way of Leith Wynd, or by Halkerston's Wynd, which, in the slippery nights of winter, had to be thickly strewn with ashes, for the bearers of sedan chairs. Moreover, the house was often so indifferently lighted, that when a box was engaged by a gentleman he usually sent a pound or so of additional candles.

Owing to these and other reasons Mr. Ross had two unsuccessful seasons. "The indifference of the company which the manager provided," says Arnot, "gave little inducement to people at the expense of such disagreeable access to visit his theatre; but he loudly exclaimed in his own defence that good performers were so discouraged by the fall of the bridge that they would not engage with him, and his popularity not being equal to his merit as an actor, but rather proportioned to his indolence as a manager, he made but an unsuccessful campaign. The fact is," adds Arnot, and his remark suits the present hour, "Edinburgh does not give encouragement to the stage proportionable to the populousness of the city."

Losing heart, Mr. Ross leased the house for three years to the celebrated Samuel Foote, patentee of the Haymarket Theatre, at 500 guineas per annum, and he was the first great theatrical star that ever appeared on the Edinburgh stage. Co-operating with Messrs. Woodward and Weston, and a good company, he opened the house for the next season, and, after paying the proprietor his rent, cleared £1,000. He opened it on the 17th of November, 1770, with his own comedy, entitled, *The Commissary*. "The audience was numerous and splendid, and the performance highly relished. The plays are regularly continued every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday."*

On the 24th of the same month, before Robert Dundas of Arniston, Lord President of the Court, and a distinguished audience, he produced his comedy of *The Mirror*, in which the characters of Whitefield and other zealous ministers are held up to a ridicule amounting almost to blasphemy, particularly in the case of the former, who figures under the name of Dr. Squintum. On the following day Dr. Walker of the High Church, from the pulpit, made a keen and bitter attack upon Foote "for the gross profanation of the theatre on the preceding evening." The difficulty of managing two theatres so far apart as one in London and another in Edinburgh, induced Foote to think of getting rid of his lease of the latter, prior to which he had a dispute with Ross, requiring legal interference, in which he had the worst of it. Ross's agent called on Foote in London, to receive payment of his bill, adding that he was about to return to Edinburgh.

"How do you mean to travel?" asked Foote, with a sneer. "I suppose, like most of your countrymen, you will do it in the most economical manner?"

"Yes," replied the Scot, putting the cash laughingly into his pocket; "I shall travel on *foot* (Foote)."

And he left the wit looking doubly rueful and angry.

Foote conveyed the lease to Messrs. West, Digges, and Bland, who at its expiry obtained a renewal of it from Ross for five years, at 500 guineas per annum. They made a good hit at first, and cleared £1,400 the first season, having opened with the well-known Mrs. Hartley. Digges had once been in the army, was a man of good connections, but a spendthrift. He was an admirable performer in fashionable comedy, and had been long a favourite at the Canongate Theatre.

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* *Scots Mag.*, 1770.

Bland was also well connected; he had been a Templar, an officer in the army at Fontenoy, and in the repulse of the British cavalry by the Highlanders on Cliftonmoor in 1745. For twenty-three years he continued to be a prime favourite on these old boards; he was the uncle of Mrs. Jordan; and Edmund Glover, so long a favourite also in Edinburgh and Glasgow, was nearly related to him. In 1774 Foote came from Dublin to perform here again. "We hear," says *Ruddiman's Magazine*, "that he is to perform seven nights, for which he is to receive £250. *The Nabob, The Bankrupt, The Maid of Bath*, and *Piety in Pattens*, all of which have been written by our modern Aristophanes, are the four pieces that will be exhibited."

In these new hands the theatre became prosperous, and the grim little enclosure named Shakespeare Square sprang up near it; but the west side was simply the rough rubble wall of the bridge, terminating in later years, till 1860, by a kind of kiosk named "The Box," in which papers and periodicals were sold. It was simply a place of lodging-houses, a humble inn or two, like the Red Lion tavern and oyster shop.

At intervals between 1773 and 1815 Mr. Moss was a prime favourite at the Royal. One of his cherished characters was Lovegold in *The Miser;* but that in which he never failed to "bring down the house" was Caleb, in *He would be a Soldier*, especially when in the military costume of the early part of George III.'s reign, he sang his song, "I'm the Dandy O."

Donaldson, in his "Recollections," speaks of acting for the benefit of poor Moss in 1851, at Stirling, when he—who had delighted the audience of the then capital in the *Merchant of Venice*—was an aged cripple, penniless and poor. "Moss," he adds, "caught the inspiration from the renowned Macklin, whose *Jew*, by Pope's acknowledgment, was unrivalled, even in the days of David Garrick, and he bequeathed to his protégé Moss that conception which descended to the most original and extraordinary Shylock of any period—Edmund Kean."

During the management of West Digges most of the then London stars, save Garrick, appeared in the old Royal. Among them were Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Barry, Mr. and Mrs. Yates, and, occasionally, Foote.

Of Mrs. Yates Kay gives an etching in the character of the *Duchess of Braganza*, a play by an obscure author named Henry Crisp. The period to which his print refers was 1785, when—though she was well advanced in years, having been born in 1729 (in London, but of Scottish parents)—she was paid at the rate of a hundred guineas per night by Mr. Jackson. From Mr. Digges she and her husband received seven hundred guineas at the end of one season. "The gentlemen of the bar and some even of the bench had been zealous patrons of the drama since the Canongate days, even to the taking a personal concern in its affairs. They continued to do this for many years after this time. Dining being then an act performed at four o'clock, the aristocracy were free to give their attendance at half past six, and did so in great numbers whenever there was any tolerable attraction. So fashionable, indeed, had the theatre become, that a man of birth and fashion named Mr. Nicholson Stewart came forward one night, in the character of Richard III., to raise funds for the building of a bridge over the Carron, at a ford where many lives had been lost. On this occasion the admission to all parts of the house was five shillings, and it was crowded by what the journals of the day tell us was a *polite* audience. The gentleman's action was allowed to be just, but his voice too weak." *

In 1781 the theatre passed into the hands of Mr. John Jackson, author of a rather dull "History of the Scottish Stage, with a Narrative of Recent Theatrical Transactions." It was published at Edinburgh in 1793. Like his predecessors in the management he was a man of good education, and well connected, and had chosen the stage as the profession he loved best. In the second year of his rule Siddons appeared in the full power of her talent and beauty as Portia, at Drury Lane; and Jackson, anxious to secure her for Edinburgh, hastened to London, and succeeded in inducing her to make an engagement, then somewhat of an undertaking when the mode of travel in those days is considered; and on the 22nd of May, 1784, she made her appearance at the Theatre Royal, when, as the *Edinburgh Weekly Magazine* records, "the manager took the precaution, after the first night, to have an officer's guard of soldiers at the principal door. But several scuffles having ensued, through the eagerness of the people to get places, and the soldiers having been rash enough to use their bayonets, it was thought advisable to withdraw the guard on the third night, lest any accident had happened from the pressure of the crowd, who began to assemble round the doors at eleven in the forenoon."

Her part was Belvidera, Jaffier being performed

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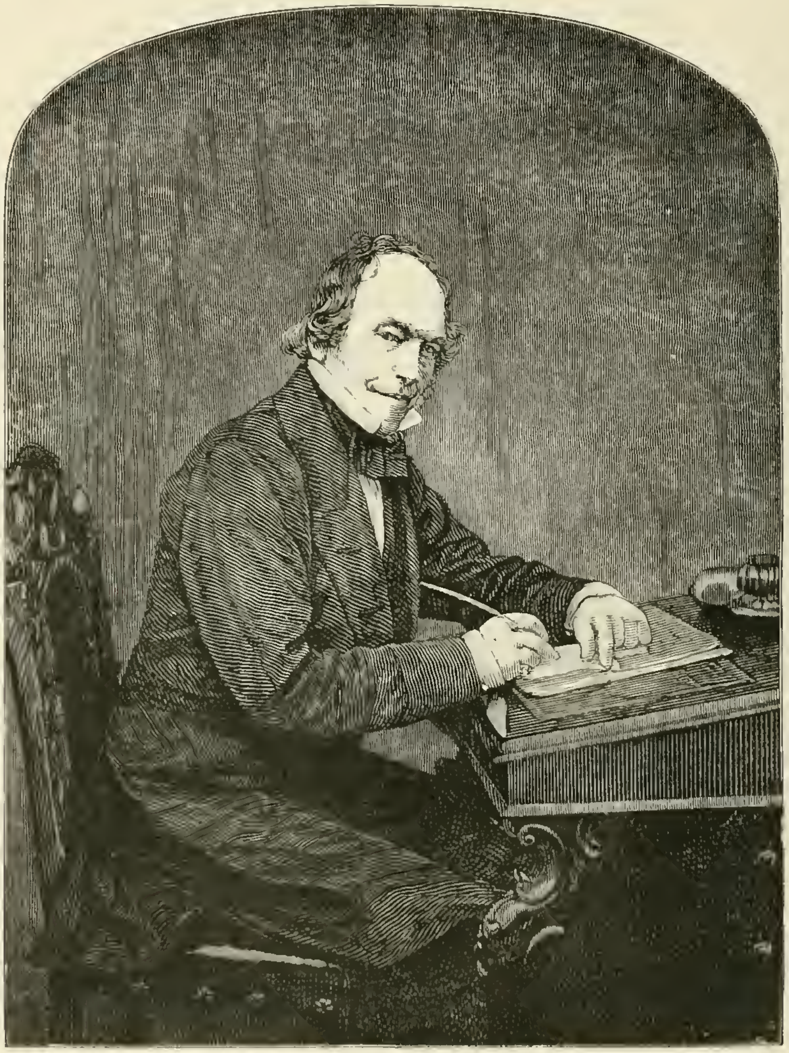
* "Sketch of the Theatre Royal," 1859.

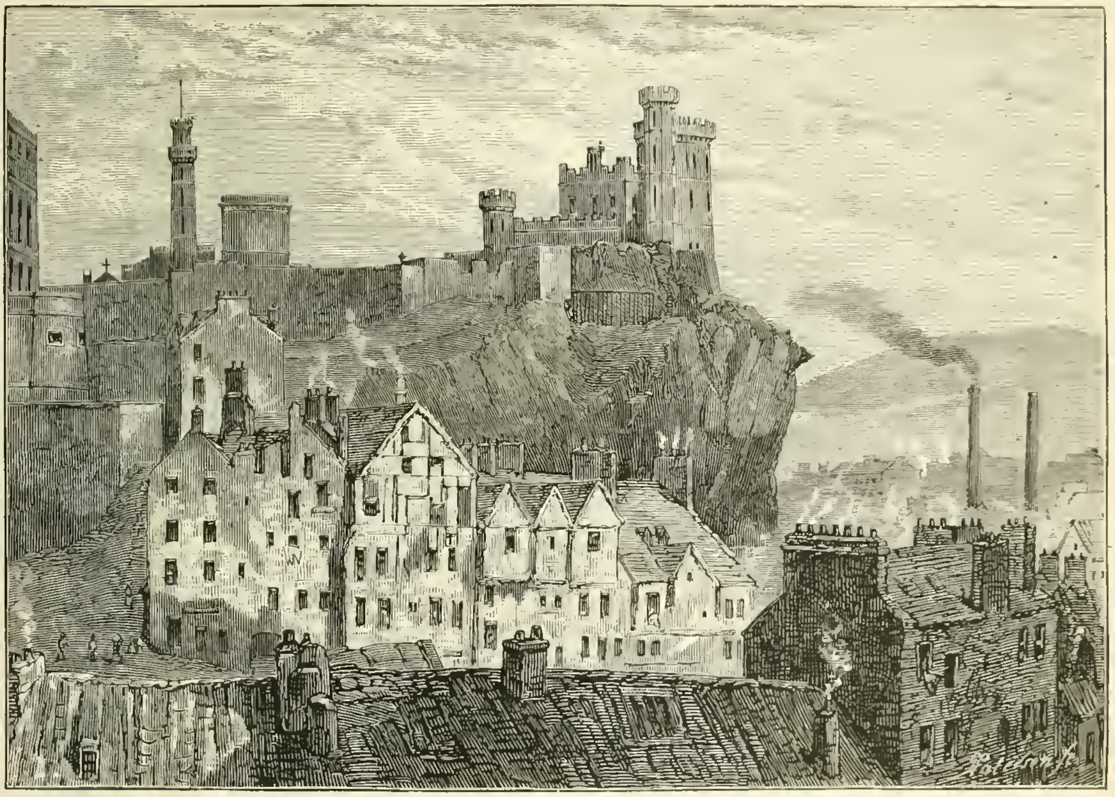


ADAM BLACK. (*From a Photograph by Messrs. Maull & Co.*)

by Mr. Joseph Wood, a very reputable actor, long well-known on the Edinburgh stage. Thomas Campbell thus relates the reception, memorable in the annals of the Drama, of Mrs. Siddons, as he learned it from her own lips :—"The grave attention of my Scottish countrymen," he writes, "and their canny reservation of praise till they were sure she had deserved it, had well-nigh worn out her patience. She had been used to speak to animated audiences, but now she felt that she had been speaking to stones. Successive flashes of her elocution that had always been sure to electrify the South, fell in vain on these Northern flints. At last, as I well remember, she told me she coiled up all her power to the most emphatic possible utterance of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart, that if *this* could not touch the Scots she would never again cross the Tweed! When it was finished she paused, and looked to the audience. The deep silence was broken only by a single voice exclaiming, '*That's no bad!*' This ludicrous parsimony of praise convulsed the audience with laughter. But the laugh was followed by such thunders of applause, that, amidst her stunned and nervous agitation, she was not without fear of the galleries coming down."

Mr. Yates, and other players, had remarked the extreme coldness or quietness of the Edinburgh audience, and while they thought it might indicate a deep and appreciative feeling regarding the play, they deprecated the loss of those bursts of hearty applause which greeted their efforts elsewhere. In her first engagement the appearances of Mrs. Siddons were as follows:—

May 22nd, Venice Preserved.
" 24th, The Gamester.
" 26th, Venice Preserved.
" 27th, The Gamester.
" 29th, Mourning Bride.
June 1st, Douglas.
" 3rd, Isabella.
" 5th, Jane Shore.
June 7th, Douglas.
" 9th, Grecian Daughter (her benefit).
" 10th, Mourning Bride.
" 11th. Grecian Daughter (for the benefit of the Charity Workhouse).



VIEW FROM THE BACK OF SHAKESPEARE SQUARE. *(After Ewbank.)*

Kay gives us an etching of her appearance as Lady Randolph, in a powdered toupee; but costume was not a study then, nor for long after. Indeed, Donaldson, in his "Recollections of an Actor," mentions, "In 1815, in Scotland, I have seen Macbeth dressed in a red officer's coat, sash, blue pants, Hessian boots, and cocked hat!"

On the 12th of June Mrs. Siddons departed for Dublin. She had shared £50 for ten nights; at her benefit she drew £350, and was presented with a magnificent piece of plate. The *Courant* tells us that during her performance of Lady Randolph "there was not a dry eye in the whole house." During the summer of 1785 she was again in Edinburgh, and played on eighteen nights, her receipts being more than handsome, averaging about £120 per night, and £200 for the *Gamester.*

Never did the old theatre behold such a *furore* as Mrs. Siddons excited, and during the time of her second engagement nothing was thought of or talked of but her wondrous power as an actress, and vast crowds gathered not at night, but in the day, hours before the doors were open, to secure places. It became necessary to admit them at three in the afternoon; then the crowds began to gather at twelve to obtain admittance at three; and a certain set of gentlemen, by subscribing £200 as a guarantee beforehand, considered themselves very fortunate in securing a private and early entrance to the pit; and eventually the General Assembly of the Church, then in session, were compelled to arrange their meetings with reference to the appearance of Mrs. Siddons. "People came from distant places, even from

Newcastle, to witness what all spoke of with wonder. There were one day applications for 2,557 places, while there were only 630 of that kind in the house. Porters and servants had to bivouac for a night in the streets, on mats and palliasses, in order that they might get an early chance to the box-office next day. The gallery doors had to be guarded by detachments of military, and the bayonets, it is alleged, did not remain unacquainted with blood. One day a sailor climbed to a window in front of the house, for a professional and more expeditious mode of admission; but he told afterwards that he no sooner got into the port-hole than he was knocked on the head, and tumbled down the hatchway. Great quantities of hats, wigs, and shoes, pocket-books, and watches, were lost in the throng, and it was alleged that a deputation of London thieves, hearing of the business, came down to ply their trade." *

So much were the audience moved and thrilled, that many ladies fainted, particularly when Mrs. Siddons impersonated Isabella in the *Fatal Marriage*, and she had to portray the agony of a wife, on finding, after a second marriage, that her first and most loved husband, Biron, is alive; and concerning this a curious story is told. A young Aberdeenshire heiress, Miss Gordon of Gicht, was borne out of her box in hysterics, screaming the last words she had caught from the great actress, "Oh, my Biron! my Biron!" There was something of an omen in this. In the course of a short time after she was married to a gentleman whom she had neither seen nor heard of at the epoch of Mrs. Siddons' performance, the Honourable John Byron, and to her it proved a "fatal marriage," in many respects, though she became the mother of the great Lord Byron. A lady who was present in the theatre on that night died so recently as 1855.

In 1786 there died in her apartments in Shakespeare Square an actress who had come to fulfil an engagement, Mrs. Baddeley, a lady famous in those days for her theatrical abilities, her beauty, and the miseries into which she plunged herself by her imprudence. Her Ophelia and many other characters won the admiration of Garrick; but her greatest performances were Fanny in the *Clandestine Marriage*, and Mrs. Beverley in the *Gamester*.

In 1788 a new patent was procured in the names of the Duke of Hamilton and Henry Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville, with the consent of Mr. Jackson, at the expense of whom it was taken out.

Mr. Jackson, the patentee, having become bankrupt, Mr. Stephen Kemble leased the theatre for one year, and among those he engaged in 1792 were Mr. and Mrs. Lee Lewes, of whom Kay gives us a curious sketch, as "Widow Brisk" and the "Tight Lad" in the *Road to Ruin*. They had previously appeared in Edinburgh in 1787, and became marked favourites. Towards the close of their second season Kemble played for a few nights, while Mrs. Lewes took the parts of Lady Macbeth and Lady Randolph.

Mrs. Esten, an actress greatly admired, now became lessee and patentee, while Stephen Kemble, disappointed in his efforts to obtain entirely the Theatre Royal, procured leave to erect a rival house, which he called a circus, at the head of Leith walk, the future site of many successive theatres. Mrs. Esten succeeded in obtaining a decree of the Court of Session to restrain Kemble from producing plays; but the circus was nevertheless permanently detrimental to the old theatre, as it furnished entertainments for many years too closely akin to theatrical amusements.

The "Annual Register" for 1794 records a riot, of which this theatre was the scene, at the time when the French Revolution was at its height. The play being *Charles the First*, it excited keenly the controversial spirit of the audience, among whom a batch of Irish medical students in the pit made some of their sentiments too audible. Some gentlemen whose ideas were more monarchical, rose in the boxes, and insisted that the orchestra should play *God Save the King*, and that all should hear it standing and uncovered; but the young Irish democrats sat still, with their hats on, and much violence ensued.

Two nights afterwards a great noise was made all over the house, and it became evident that much hostility was being engendered. On the subsequent Saturday the two sets of people having each found adherents, met in the house for the express purpose of having a "row," and came armed with heavy sticks, for there was a wild feeling abroad then, and it required an outlet.

When the democrats refused to pay obeisance to the National Anthem and respond to the cry of "Off hats," they were at once attacked with vigour—chiefly by officers of the Argyleshire Fencibles—and a desperate fray ensued; heads were broken and jaws smashed on both sides, and many were borne out bleeding, and conveyed away in sedans; and conspicuous in the conflict on the Tory side towered the figure of young Walter Scott, then a newly-fledged advocate. "He never after ceased to feel a glow of pleasure at the recollection of this youthful frolic; and it was a rich treat to hear him tell of a Highland solicitor's apprentice, who, on hearing some one express a hope there would be no blows, exclaimed, "Plows, by Got!" and fell on. At a distance of thirty years, on an opportunity occurring of speaking a good word in favour of an application of this person for a situation in the Exchequer, Scott felt bound to use his influence, from a friendly feeling about the *Playhouse Row*."

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* "Sketch of the Theatre Royal," privately printed.

In 1797 there appeared in the Edinburgh Theatre Henry Erskine Johnston, known in his time as "The Scottish Roscius," from the circumstance of his having been born in the High Street, where his father was a barber; the latter happened to be shaving Henry Erskine, when intelligence was brought that his wife had just presented him with a son, whom he named from the learned barrister then under his hands. Old Johnston afterwards kept an oyster tavern in Shakespeare Square, where he died in 1826.

Quitting a writer's office in which he was a clerk, his son came forth as an actor, his favourite parts being those of Hamlet and Norval, and he was nightly the attraction of Scottish playgoers, whom he was wont to astonish by playing the Danish Prince and Harlequin alternately. A young lady who saw him acting in a piece called *The Storming of Seringapatam* fell deeply in love with him, "and after a short, albeit impassioned courtship, she became Mrs. Johnston, although at that period only about fifteen." From Edinburgh he went to Dublin and elsewhere. We shall have to recur to him as manager of the rival theatre in the city. Prior to that his story was a painful one. His young wife became, as an actress, the rage in London, and, unhappily for him, yielded to the temptations thrown in her way—she shone for a few short years in the theatrical atmosphere of the English metropolis, and then sank into insignificance, while poor Johnston became a houseless and heart-broken wanderer.

The old Theatre Royal had an unpleasant tenant in the shape of a ghost, which made its appearance, or rather made itself heard first during the management of Mr. Jackson. His family occupied a small house over the box-office and immediately adjoining the theatre, and it was alleged that long after the latter had closed and the last candle been snuffed out, strange noises pervaded the entire building, as if the mimic scenes of the plays were being acted over again by phantoms none could see. As the story spread and grew, it caused some consternation. What the real cause of this was has never been explained, but it occurred for nights at a time.

Between 1794 and 1809 the old theatre was in a very struggling condition. The debts that encumbered it prevented the management from bringing to it really good actors, and the want of these prevented the debts from being paid off.

For the sum of £8,020 Mr. Jackson, the old manager, became the ostensible purchaser of the house in 1800, and for several years after that date it was conducted by Mr. Rock, who, though an able and excellent actor, could never succeed in making it an attractive or paying concern. "One of the few points of his reign worthy of notice was the appearance here of the *Young Roscius*, a boy who, for a brief space, passed as a great actor. The Edinburgh public viewed with intense interest this lad playing young Norval on the stage, and the venerable author of the play blubbering in the boxes, and declaring that until now his conception of the character had never been realised."

Many old favourites came in succession, whose names are forgotten now. Among these was Mrs. Charters, a sustainer, with success, of old lady parts. Her husband, who died in 1798, had been a comic actor on the same boards, in conjunction with Mr. Henderson, in 1784. He had by nature an enormous nose, and was deemed the perfection of a Bardolph, in which character Kay depicts him, with a three-cocked hat and knee breeches; and Henderson, as Falstaff, in long slop-trousers, and armed with a claymore! Mrs. Charters died in 1807, and her obituary is thus recorded in the Edinburgh papers of the day:—

"Died here on Monday last, with the well-merited reputation of an honest and inoffensive woman, Mrs. Charters, who has been in this theatre for more than thirty years. She succeeded the much-admired Mrs. Webb, and for many years after that actress left the city was an excellent substitute in Lady Dacre. Juliet's Nurse, Deborah Woodcock, Dorcas, Mrs. Bunale, &c., &c."

In her own line she was worthily succeeded by Mrs. Nicol, who retired from the Theatre Royal in 1834, after a brilliant career of twenty-seven years, and died in 1835. In her old lady parts she was ably succeeded by her daughter, Miss Nicol, whose name is still remembered with honour and regard by all the old playgoers of Edinburgh.

Another Edinburgh favourite for upwards of thirty years was Mr. Woods, the leading actor, whom the public strenuously opposed every attempt on the part of the management to change. He retired from the boards in April, 1802, intending to open an elocution class in the city, but died in the December of that year. For his benefit in 1784, he appeared as "Young Riot" in a local musical farce, entitled *Hallow Fair*, which is not included in the "Biographia Dramatica." Burns wrote a prologue for him, attracted to him by his having been a friend of his own predecessor, Robert Fergusson.

With the old house whose history we have been recording all the eminent literary men of Edinburgh whose names have been of note between 1769 and 1859 have been intimately associated, and none more than he who was the monarch of them all—Sir Walter Scott. A lover of the drama from his earliest years, as soon as he had a home of his own the chief objects of his lavish hospitality were the leading actors, and among the first of his theatrical friends was the famous tragedian Charles Young; and soon after he was on intimate terms with Mrs. Siddons and Mr. John Kemble. When the twenty-one years of the patent expired in 1809, it was transferred to certain assignees, two of whom were Mr. Walter Scott, and Henry Mackenzie author of "The Man of Feeling;" and it was at the suggestion of the former that Mr. Henry Siddons, only son of the great tragedienne, applied for the patent, which was readily granted to him and at the same time an arrangement was entered into for the possession of the house.

Now, indeed, commenced the first part of the most brilliant history of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, the second being unquestionably that of the management of Mr. R. H. Wyndham.

CHAPTER XLIV.

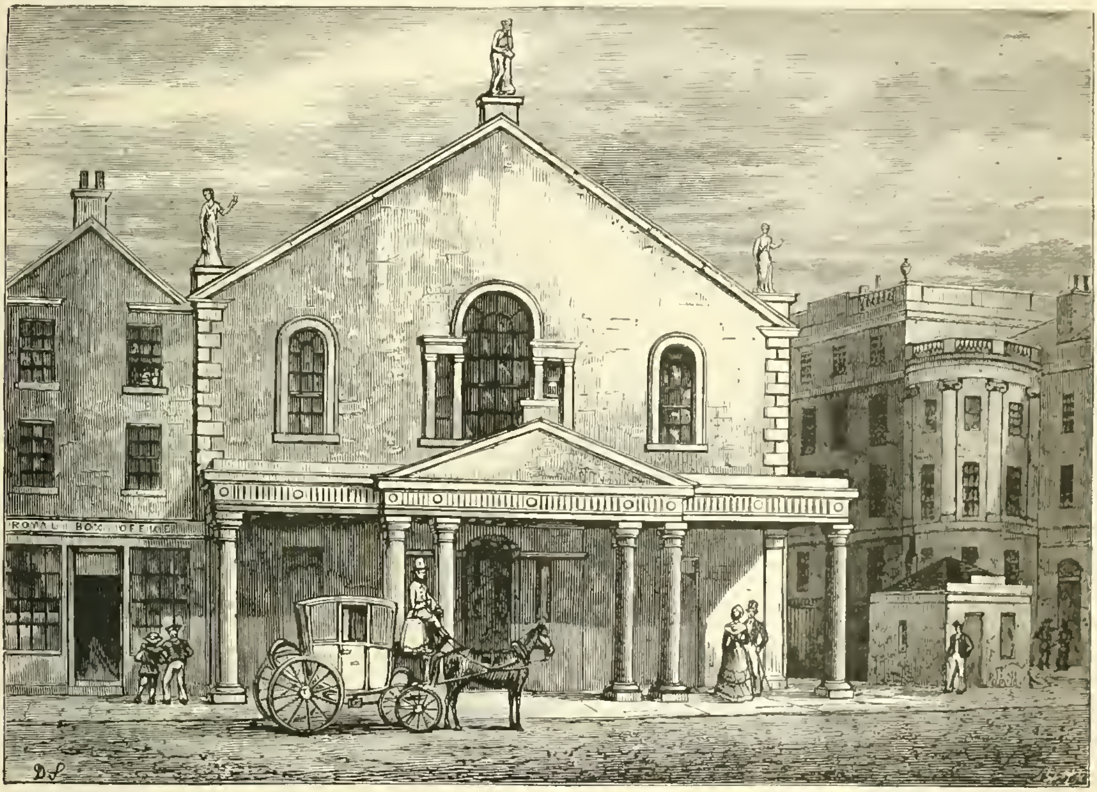
EAST SIDE OF NORTH BRIDGE (*continued*).

Old Theatre Royal—Management of Mr. Henry Siddons—Mr. Murray—Miss O'Neill—Production of *Rob Roy*—Visit of George IV. to the Theatre—Edinburgh Theatrical Fund—Scott and his Novels—Retirement of Mr. Murray—The Management of Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham—The Closing Night of the Theatre.

Mr. Siddons' powers as an actor were very respectable; moreover, he was a scholar, a man of considerable literary ability, and a well-bred gentleman; and though last, not least, he possessed a patrimony which he was not afraid to risk in the new speculation. He hoped that his mother and his uncle John would aid him by their powerful influence, and to have them acting together on these boards would be a great event in the history of the theatre. Mr. Siddons agreed to be content with half the profits of the house and a free benefit; Kemble asked the same terms, and added that he would be glad to come North and play for some time. "It was indeed a brilliant time for the house when it had Mr. H. Siddons for Archer, Belcour, and Charles Surface; Mr. Terry for Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Anthony Absolute, and Lord Ogleby; Mr. Mason for stern guardians and snappish old men in general; William Murray for almost anything requiring cleverness and good sense; Mr. Berry for low comedy; Mrs. Henry Siddons equally for Belvidera and Lady Teazle; Mrs. Nicol for Mrs. Malaprop, and an endless variety of inexorable old aunts and duennas; and Mrs. William Peirson for Audrey, Priscilla Tomboy, and William in Rosina; when Mrs. Joanna Baillie had a play brought out on our stage, prologued by Henry Mackenzie and epilogued by Scott, and whenever the scenery and decorations were in the hands of artists of such reputation as Mr. Nasmyth and Mr. J. F. Williams. Mrs. Siddons came in March, 1810, and performed a round of her great parts—still appearing in the eyes of our fathers the female Milton of the stage, as she had done twenty-six years before in the eyes of their fathers. Mr. John Kemble," continues this account, written in 1859, "stalked on in July, the first time he had graced the boards for ten years. But the glories of the season were not yet exhausted. The handsome Irish Johnstone, with his inimitable Major O'Flaherty and Looney McTwolter; Emery, with his face like a great copper kettle, in such English rustic parts as Tyke and John Lump; Mrs. Jordan with her romping vivacity and good-nature in the Country Girl and other such parts, were among the rich treats presented to the Edinburgh public in 1810."

In 1815 Mr. Henry Siddons, after conducting the theatre in the same spirited and generous manner, died prematurely of hard work and anxiety, deeply regretted by the Edinburgh people of every class, and his mother, who had been living in retirement, and was then in her sixty-second year, appeared for a few nights for the benefit of his family, whom he left somewhat impoverished.

His widow carried on the house in conjunction with her brother, the well-known William Murray, as stage-manager, and it continued still to possess an excellent company. The beautiful young Irish girl, Miss Elizabeth O'Neill, "who seemed designed by nature to catch the tragic mantle as it fell from Mrs. Siddons' shoulders," appeared in the theatre in August, 1815—two months after Waterloo. The characters in which she always achieved the greatest success were Juliet, Mrs. Haller, Jane Shore, and Mrs. Beverley; and on the occasion of her first appearance, the old scene of the Siddons *furore* was renewed, and porters and livery servants were again seen bivouacking all night, on straw or pallets, under the portico of the house, or in the adjacent square, for the purpose of securing seats for their employers the moment the doors were open. Again it became a recognised amusement for people to proceed thither after breakfast to see, about the time of the box-office unclosing, the fights that ensued between the liverymen and the irritable Highland porters.



THE OLD THEATRE ROYAL. (*From a Drawing by T. H. Shepherd, published in* 1829.)

But in the year 1819 Miss O'Neill quitted the stage, and became eventually Lady Becher of Ballygiblin Castle, in the county of Cork.

The Appeal, a tragedy by John Galt, was played in February, 1818, and Scott wrote an epilogue thereto, expressly for Mrs. Henry Siddons.

In 1816 Edmund Kean appeared in Edinburgh, to startle and delight the people by his vivid action; then came the elder Matthews, with his wondrous humour and power of mimicry, and then Miss Stephens and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kemble; yet with all this excellence the management did not prosper, and when the season of 1819 opened, matters seemed so gloomy that it was doubtful if Mrs. Henry Siddons could collect the £2,000 which she had to pay yearly as rent and purchase-money.

Thus one day she was shocked and startled by a harsh, cold letter, in the usual legal form, arresting all moneys in her hands until certain claims were settled, at a time when she had scarcely a penny wherewith to make payment.

It was at this desperate crisis that Walter Scott came to the rescue. His *Rob Roy,* operatically dramatised, had already proved a marked success at Covent Garden, and it was now prepared for the Edinburgh Theatre, with an excellent cast and much new and, what was then deemed, valuable scenery. On the 15th of February, 1819, the play was first presented to the Edinburgh audience, and made one of the greatest hits in the annals of the Theatre Royal; and it was announced in the following day's advertisements that the success had been so triumphant that it would be repeated "every evening till further notice;" yet it ran only forty-one nights consecutively, which seems trifling when compared with the run of many pieces in London.

But the national element delighted the people; Mr. Homerton's dignified Rob Roy, Mrs. Renaud's tragic dignity as Helen Macgregor (always an unattractive part), Duff's Dougal Cratur, Murray's Captain Thornton, and more than all, the Bailie Jarvie of old Mackay (who now rests in the Calton burying-ground) were loudly extolled. Sir Walter Scott was in the boxes with his whole family, and his loud laugh was heard from time to time, and he ever after declared that the Bailie was a complete realisation of his own conception of the character. All the Waverley dramas, as they were named, followed in quick succession; the Scottish feeling of the plays, and the music that went with them, completed their success; the treasury was filled well-nigh to overflowing, and Mrs. Henry Siddons had no more difficulties with her patent or lease.

When George IV. visited Edinburgh in August, 1822, he ordered *Rob Roy* to be played at this house on the 27th, and scenes such as it had never presented before were exhibited both within and without the edifice. At an early hour in the morning vast crowds assembled at every door, and the rain which fell in torrents till six in the evening had no effect in diminishing their numbers, and when the doors were slowly opened, the rush for a moment was so tremendous that most serious apprehensions were entertained, but no lives were lost; while the boxes had been let in such a way as to preclude all reasonable ground of complaint. In the pit and galleries the audience were so closely packed, that it would have been difficult, according to eye-witnesses, to introduce even the point of a sabre between any two. All the wealth, rank, and beauty of Scotland, filled the boxes, and the waving of tartan plaids and plumed bonnets produced hurricanes of acclamation long before the arrival of the king, who occupied a species of throne in the centre box, and behind him stood the Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Fife, and other nobles. He wore the uniform of a marshal, and at his entrance nearly the entire audience joined the orchestra in the national anthem.

On this night Mr. Calcraft (long a Dublin manager, and formerly an officer of cavalry) played Rob Roy, and Mrs. Henry Siddons was Diana Vernon; but the king was observed to applaud the faithful Dougal as much as any of the others. Up to 1851 *Rob Roy* had been acted about four hundred times in this house; but at Perth, in 1829, it was represented by Ryder's company for five hundred nights! One of the original cast of the play was "Old Miss Nicol," as she was named in latter years, who then took the part of the girl Mattie.

To attempt to enumerate all the stars who came in quick succession to the boards of the old Royal (as the facilities for travel by land and sea increased) would be a vain task, but the names of a few may suffice. Between 1820 and 1830 there were Vandenhoff, for tragedy, as Sir Giles Overreach, and Sir William Wallace in the Battle of Falkirk, &c.; Jones for Mercutio and Charles Surface; the bulky Denham with his thick voice to play James VI. to Murray's Jingling Geordie; Mason and Stanley, both excellent in comedy, though well-nigh forgotten now; and always, of course, Mrs. Henry Siddons, "beautiful and graceful, with a voice which seemed to penetrate the audience;" and there were Mrs. Renaud for tragedy, Mrs. Nicol as a leading old lady, Miss Paton, and Miss Noel with her Scottish melodies; while the scenery amid which they moved came from the master-hand of David Roberts, "and the orchestra included hautbois of Mr. T. Fraser, which had witched the soul and flooded the eyes of Burns." Among other favourites was Miss M. Tree (sister of Ellen the future Mrs. Charles Kean), who used to delight the playgoers with her Rosina in the *Barber of Seville*, or the *Maid of Milan*, till she retired in 1825, on her marriage with Mr. Bradshaw, some time M.P. for Canterbury.

Terry, Sinclair, and Russell, were among the stars in those days. The last took such characters as Sir Giles Overreach. On his re-appearance in 1823, after several years' absence, "to our surprise," says the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, "the audience was thin, but among them we noticed Sir Walter Scott." Thither came also Maria Foote (afterwards Countess of Harrington), who took with success such parts as Rosalind, Imogen, and Beatrice.

The Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, for the relief of decayed actors, was instituted at this prosperous time, and at its first dinner in February, 1827, under the presidency of Lord Meadowbank, Sir Walter Scott, ever the player's friend, avowed himself, as most readers know, the author of the "Waverley Novels." Though it had been shrewdly suspected by many before, "the rapturous feeling of the company, on hearing the momentous secret let forth from his own lips," says a writer, "no one who was present can ever forget. Scott, it may be remarked, was sensible to various impulses which are utterly blank to other men. There were associations about Mr. Murray and his sister as 'come of Scotland's gentle bluid' and the grandchildren of a man prominent in the Forty-five which helped not a little to give him that strong and peculiar interest in the Theatre Royal, which he constantly displayed from 1809 downwards."

The association here referred to was the circumstance that Mrs. Henry Siddons and her brother were the grandchildren of John Murray of Broughton, who was secretary to Prince Charles Edward, and gained a somewhat unenviable notoriety by turning king's evidence against Lord Lovat and others, when he was taken prisoner subsequent to the battle of Culloden.

Mrs. Henry Siddons' twenty-one years of the patent ended in 1830; but her completion of twenty-one annual payments of £2,000 to the representatives of Mr. John Jackson made her sole proprietor of the house; and on the 29th of March she took farewell of the Edinburgh stage, in the character of Lady Townley in the *Provoked Husband*, and retired into private life, carrying with her, as we are told, "the good wishes of all in Edinburgh, for they had recognised in her not merely the accomplished actress, but the good mother, the refined lady, and the irreproachable member of society."

Her brother, Mr. Murray, obtaining a renewal of the patent, leased the house from her for twenty-one years; but, save *Rob Roy* and *Guy Mannering*, the day of the Waverley dramas was past, yet to him the speculation did not prove an unsuccessful one; and the supernumerary house, the Adelphi in Leith Walk, was alike a rival, and a dead weight on his hands, till, on the expiring of his lease, he retired, in the zenith of his favour with the Edinburgh public, in 1851, and with a moderate competency, withdrew to St. Andrews, where he died not long after.

After being let for a brief period to Mr. Lloyd the comedian, Mr. Rollinson, and Mr. Leslie, all of whom failed to make the speculation a paying one, it passed into the management of its last lessees, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wyndham, the greatest favourites, as managers, and in public and private life, that the Royal had ever possessed, not even excepting Mrs. Henry Siddons.

Mr. Wyndham, a gentleman by education and position, who adopted the stage by taste as a profession, came to Edinburgh, about 1845, as a member of Mr. Murray's company, to support Miss Helen Faucit, and after being in management at the Adelphi, he obtained that of the Royal in succession to Messrs. Rollinson and Leslie, and, as managed by him and Mrs. Wyndham, it speedily attained the rank and character of one of the best-conducted theatres in the three kingdoms. The former, always brilliant in light or genteel comedy, was equally pleasing and powerful in his favourite delineations of Irish character, while Mrs. Wyndham was ever most touching and pathetic in all tender, wifely, and motherly parts, and could take with equal ease and excellence Peg Woffington or Mrs. Haller, Widow Smilie or Lady Macbeth.

Under their *régime*, the scenery and properties attained a pitch of artistic excellence of which their predecessors could have had not the slightest conception; and some of the Waverley dramas were set upon the stage with a magnificence and correctness never before attempted. While pleasing the public with a constant variety, these, the last lessees of this famous old theatre, did much for the intellectual enlightenment of Edinburgh by producing upon their boards all the leading members of the profession from London, and also giving the citizens the full benefit of Italian opera almost yearly.

Kean and Robson, Helen Faucit, old Paul Bedford in conjunction with Wright, and latterly J. L. Toole, the unfortunate Gustavus V. Brooke, Madame Celeste, Alfred Wigan, Mrs. Stirling, Sothern, Mesdames Ristori and Titiens, Mario and Giuglini, and all the most famous artistes in every branch of the modern drama, actors and singers, were introduced to the Edinburgh public again and again; and, though last, not least in stature, Sir William Don, of Newton-Don, "the eccentric Baronet."

In recognition of these services, and their own worth, a magnificent service of plate was presented to them in 1869. It was unquestionably under Mr. Wyndham's management that the Edinburgh stage was first raised to a perfect level with the stages of London and Dublin, and it was under his auspices that both Toole the comedian and Irving the tragedian first made a name on the boards.

The acquisition of the site occupied by the old theatre by the Government for the sum of £5,000 for the erection of a new General Post Office thereon, though the latter had long been most necessary, and the former was far from being an ornament to the city, was a source of some excitement, and of much regret to all old playgoers; and when the night came that the curtain of fate was to close upon it, after a chequered course of ninety years, and a farewell address from the pen of Lord Neaves was to be delivered, the house was filled in every quarter; and to those who remember it the bill of the last performance may not be without interest.

THEATRE ROYAL, EDINBURGH.
Sole Lessee, R. H. Wyndham, 95, Princes Street.
Final Closing of this Theatre
On Wednesday, May 25th, 1859.

MR. CLINCH AND MRS. YATES AS THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BRAGANZA. (*After Kay*)

The Performance will commence with the celebrated Comedy written by Tom Taylor and Charles Reade, Esqs., entitled

MASKS AND FACES.
Sir Charles Pomander, by Mr. Wyndham.

Triplet, by Mr. Edmund Glover, Theatre Royal, Glasgow—Ernest Vane, by Mr. E. D. Lyons—Colley Cibber, by Mr. Foote—Quin, by Mr. Errser Jones—Snarl, by Mr. Fisher—Call Boy, Mr. R. Saker—Soaper, by Mr. Irving—Hunsdon, by Mr. Vandenhoff—Colander, by Mr. James—Burdoch, by Mr. Carroll.

Peg Woffington, by Mrs. Wyndham.

Kitty Clive, by Miss M. Davis—Mrs. Triplet, by Mrs. E. Jones—Roxalana, by Miss M. Foote—Maid, by Miss Thompson — Mabel Vane, by Miss Sophia Miles.

After which Mr. Wyndham will Deliver
A FAREWELL ADDRESS.
To be followed by the Laughable Farce of
HIS LAST LEGS.

Felix O'Callaghan, a man of genius, by Mr. Wyndham—Charles, by Mr. Irving—Mr. Rivers, by Mr. Errser Jones—Dr. Banks, by Mr. Foote—John, by Mr. R. Saker—Thomas, by Mr. Davis—Mrs. Montague, by Miss Nicol—Julia, by Miss Jones—Mrs. Bank, by Mrs. E. Jones—Betty, by Miss S. Davis.

After which the National Drama of
CRAMOND BRIG.
James V., King of Scotland by Mr. G. Melville.

Jock Howieson, by Mr. Fisher—Birkie of that Ilk, by Mr. Rogerson—Murdoch, by Mr. Wallace—Officer, by Mr. Banks—Grime, by Mr. Douglas—Tam Maxwell, by Mr. Davis—Tibbie Howieson, by Miss Nicol—Marion, by Miss M. Davis, in which character she will sing the incidental song,

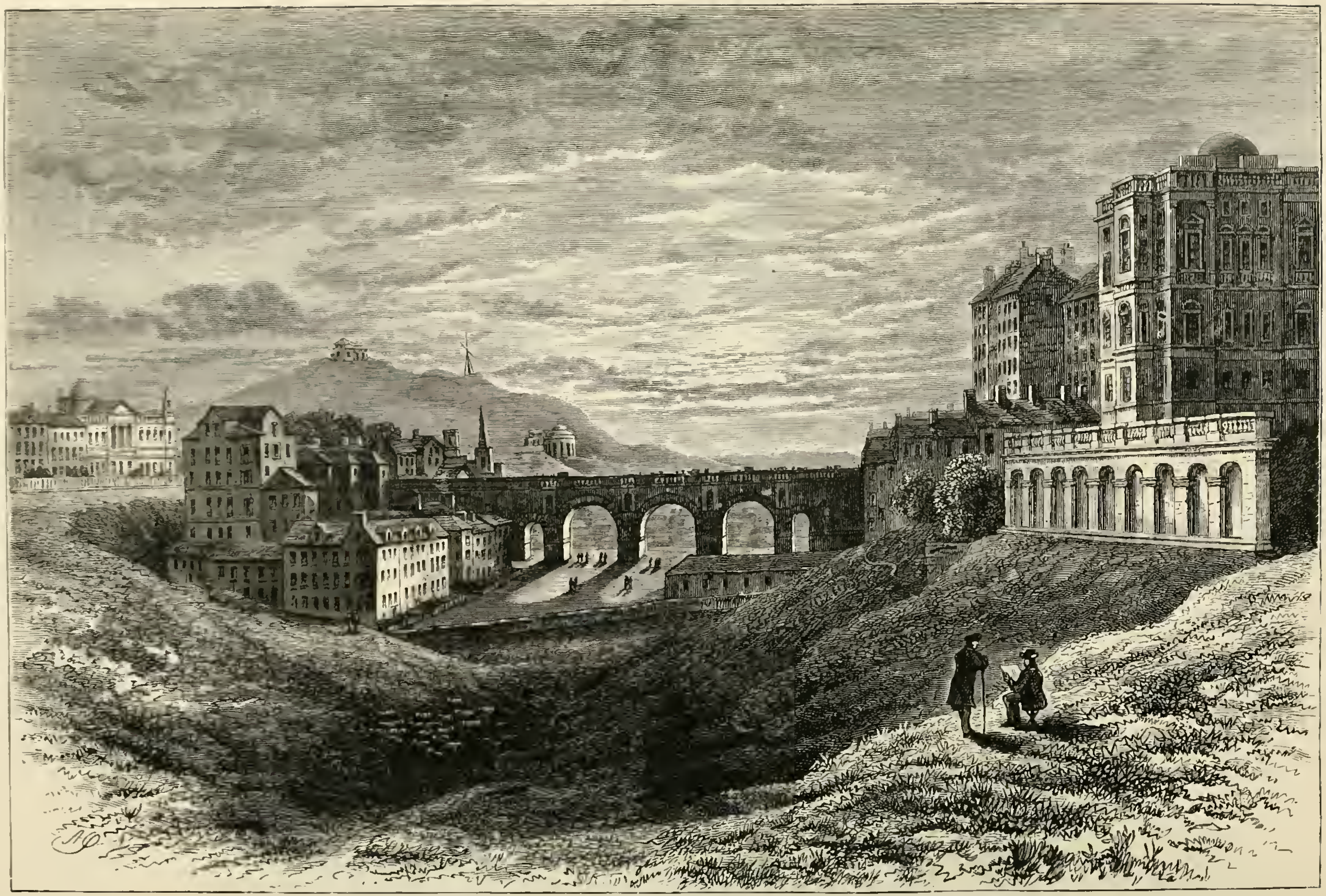
"*A Kiss ahint the Door.*"

To Conclude with a Moving and Removing Valedictory Sketch,

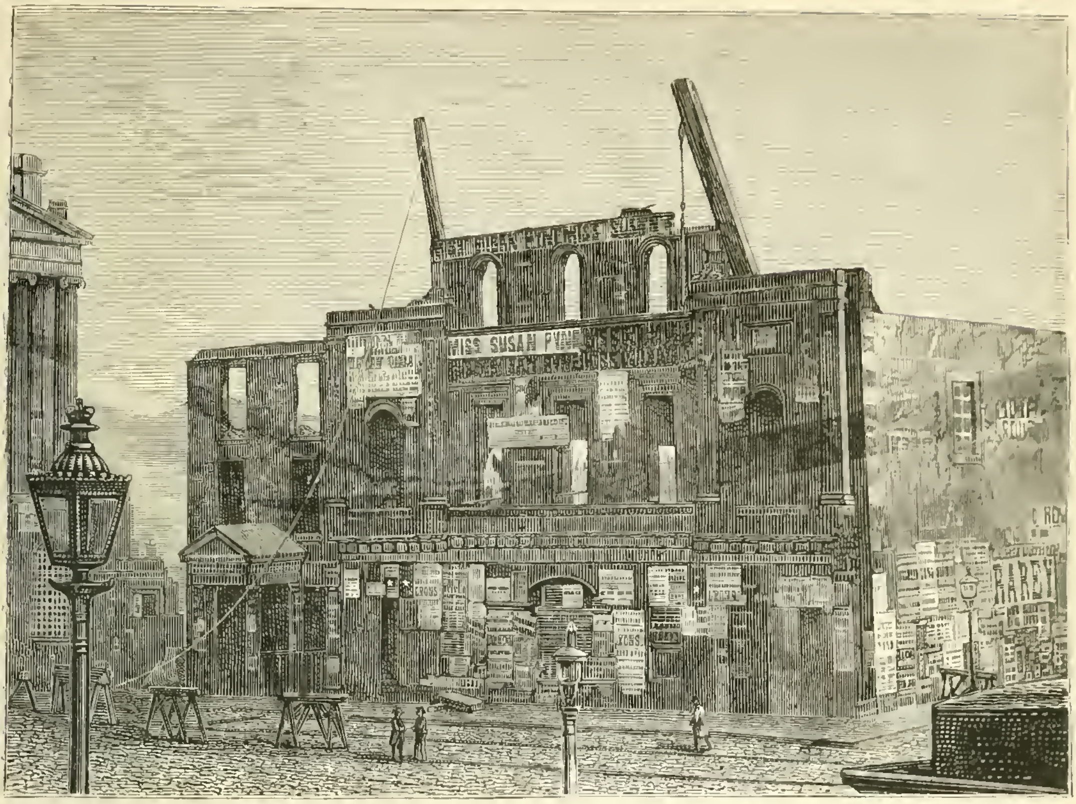
Mr. Wyndham, by himself—Mrs. Wyndham, by herself.

Spirit of the Past, Miss Nicol—Spirit of the Future, Miss Davis.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM BY THE ENTIRE COMPANY



THE NORTH BRIDGE AND THE BANK OF SCOTLAND. *(From a Drawing by Sir John Carr, published in 1809)*



THE OLD THEATRE ROYAL, IN PROCESS OF DEMOLITION.

CHAPTER XLV.

EAST SIDE OF THE NORTH BRIDGE (*continued*).

Memorabilia of the General Post Office—First Postal System in Scotland—First Communication with Ireland—Sanctions given by the Scottish Parliament—Expenses of the Establishment at various Periods—The Horse Posts Violation of Letter Bags—Casualties of the Period—The First Stage Coach—Peter Williamson—The Various Post Office Buildings—The Waterloo Place Office—Royal Arms Removed—New Office Built –Staff and Fiscal Details.

THE demolition of the old theatre was proceeded with rapidly, and with it passed away Shakespeare Square, on its southern and eastern sides, a semi-rectangle, alike mean in architecture and disreputable in character; and on the sites of both, and of Dingwall's ancient castle, was erected the present General Post Office, a magnificent building, prior to describing which we propose to give some memorabilia of the development of that institution in Edinburgh.

The year 1635 was the epoch of a regular postal system in Scotland, under the Scottish ministry of Charles I. This system was probably limited to the road between Edinburgh and Berwick, the main object being to establish a regular communication with London. Mails were despatched once and sometimes twice weekly, and the postage of a single letter was 6d. From Rushworth's "Collections" it appears that in that year Thomas Witherings, his Majesty's Postmaster of England and foreign parts, was directed to adjust "one running post or two, to run day and night between Edinburgh and London, to go thither and back again in six days, and to take with them all such letters as shall be directed to any post town on the said road." Three years after these posts became unsafe; the bearers were waylaid and robbed of their letters, for political reasons.

In 1642, on the departure of the Scottish troops to protect the Ulster colonists, and put down the rebellion in Ireland, a line of posts was established between Edinburgh and Port Patrick, where John M'Caig, the postmaster, was allowed by the Privy Council to have a "post bark"; and in 1649 the posts were improved by Cromwell, who removed many, if not all the Scottish officials; and in 1654 the postage to England was lowered to 4d.; and to 2d. for a single letter within eighty miles. On the 16th of December, 1661, Charles II. reappointed Robert Muir "sole keeper of the letter-office in Edinburgh," from which he had been dismissed by Cromwell, and £200 was given him to build a packet-boat for the Irish mail.

In 1662 Sir William Seaton was succeeded as Postmaster-General of Scotland by Patrick Grahame of Inchbraikie, surnamed the *Black*, who bore the Garter at the funeral of Montrose, and who, according to the Privy Seal Register, was to hold that office for life, with a salary of £500 Scots yearly. In 1669 the Privy Council established a post between Edinburgh and Aberdeen, twice weekly, "wind and weather serving." A letter was conveyed forty miles (about sixty English) for 2s. Scots; and for one an ounce weight the charge was 7s. 6d. Scots; for every single letter carried above eighty miles within Scotland the rate was 4s. Scots; while for one an ounce weight 10s. Scots (*i.e.* 10d. English) was charged. In 1678 the coach with letters between Edinburgh and Glasgow was drawn by six horses, and performed the journey there and back in six days!

In 1680 Robert Muir, the postmaster, was imprisoned by the Council for publishing the *News Letter*, before it was revised by their clerk. "What offended them was, that it bore that the Duke of Lauderdale's goods were shipping for France, whither his Grace was shortly to follow, which was a mistake."

In 1685 the intelligence of the death of Charles II., who died on the 7th of February, was received at Edinburgh about one in the morning of the 10th, by express from London. In 1688 it occupied three months to convey the tidings of the abdication of James VII. to the Orkneys.

In 1689 the Post-office was put upon a new footing, being sold by roup "to John Blair, apothecary in Edinburgh, he undertaking to carry on the entire business on various rates of charge for letters, and to pay the Government 5,100 merks (about £255 sterling) yearly for seven years." And in October that year William Mean of the Letter Office was committed to the Tolbooth, for retaining certain Irish letters until the payment therefor was given him. In 1690 the Edinburgh post-bag was robbed in the lonely road near Cockburnspath, and that the mails frequently came in with the seals broken was a source of indignation to the Privy Council. In 1691, John Seton (brother of Sir George Seton of Garlton) was committed to the Castle for robbing the post-bag at Hedderwick Muir of the mail with Government papers.

To improve the system of correspondence throughout the kingdom, the Scottish Parliament, in 1695, passed a new "Act for establishing a General Post-office in Edinburgh, under a Postmaster-General, who was to have the exclusive privilege of receiving and despatching letters, it being only allowed that carriers should undertake that business on lines where there was no regular post until such should be established. The rates were fixed at 2s. Scots for a single letter within fifty Scottish miles, and for greater distances in proportion. It was also ordained that there should be a weekly post to Ireland, by means of a packet at Port Patrick, the expense of which was to be charged on the Scottish office. By the same law the Postmaster and his deputies were to have posts, and furnish post-horses along all the chief roads to all persons 'at three shillings Scots for ilk horse-hire for postage, for every Scottish mile,' including the use of furniture and a guide. It would appear that on this footing the Post-office in Scotland was not a gainful concern, for in 1698 Sir Robert Sinclair of Stevenston had a grant of the entire revenue with a pension of £300 sterling per annum, under the obligation to keep up the posts, and after a little while gave up the charge as finding it disadvantageous. . . . Letters coming from London for Glasgow arrived at Edinburgh in the first place, and were thence dispatched westward at such times as might be *convenient*." *

The inviolability of letters at the Post-office was not held in respect as a principle. In July, 1701, two letters from Brussels, marked each with a cross, were taken by the Postmaster to the Lord Advocate, who deliberately opened them, and finding them "of no value, being only on private business," desired them to be delivered to those to whom they were addressed; and so lately as 1738, the Earl of Islay, in writing to Sir Robert Walpole from Edinburgh, said, "I am forced to send this letter by a servant, twenty miles out of town, where the Duke of Argyle's attorney *cannot handle it*;" and in 1748 General Bland, commanding the forces in Scotland, complained to the Secretary of State "that his letters at the Edinburgh Post-office were *opened by order of a noble duke*."

From 1704 till the year of the Union, George Main, jeweller, in Edinburgh, accounted "for the duties of the Post-office within Scotland, leased him by the Lords of the Treasury and Exchequer in Scotland" during the three years ending at Whit Sunday, for the yearly rent of 21,500 merks Scots, or £1,194 8s. 10d. sterling, subject to deduction for expenses, among which are £60 for the Irish packet boat.

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* "Domestic Annals of Scotland," Vol. III.

In 1708 the whole business of the General Post-office was managed by seven persons—viz., George Main, manager for Scotland, who held his commission from the Postmaster General of Great Britain, with a salary of £200 per annum; his accountant, £50 per annum; one clerk, £50; his assistant, £25; three letter-runners at 5s. each per week. The place in which it was conducted was a common shop.

In 1710 an Act of the newly-constituted British Parliament united the Scottish Post-office with that of the English and Irish under one Postmaster-General, but ordained "that a chief letter office be kept at Edinburgh, and the packet boats between Donaghadee and Port Patrick be still maintained." The postage of a letter to London was then raised to 6d. sterling.

In 1715, James Anderson, W.S., the well-known editor of *Diplomata Scotiæ*, obtained the office of Deputy Postmaster-General, in succession to Main, the jeweller. When he took office, on the 12th of July, there was not a single horse post in Scotland, foot-runners being the conveyers of the mails, even so far north as Thurso, and so far westward as Inverary.

"After his appointment," to quote Lang's privately-printed history of the Post-office in Scotland, "Mr. Anderson directed his attention to the establishment of the horse posts on the Western road from Edinburgh. The first regular horse post in Scotland appears to have been from Edinburgh to Stirling; it started for the first time on the 29th November, 1715. It left Stirling at 2 o'clock afternoon, each Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, reaching Edinburgh in time for the night mail for England. In March, 1717, the first horse post between Edinburgh and Glasgow was established, and we have details of the arrangement in a memorial addressed to Lord Cornwallis and James Craggs, who jointly filled the office of Postmaster-General of Great Britain. The memorial states, that 'the horse post will set out for Edinburgh each Tuesday and Thursday at 8 o'clock at night, and on Sunday about 8 or 9 in the morning, and be in Glasgow—a distance of 36 miles (Scots) by the post road at that time—by 6 in the morning, on Wednesday and Friday in summer, and by 8 in winter, and both winter and summer, will be in on Sunday night.'"

At this period it took double the time for a mail to perform the journey between the two capitals that it did in the middle of the 17th century. When established by Charles I., three days was the time allowed for special couriers between Edinburgh and London.

In 1715 it required six days for the post to perform the journey. This can easily be seen, says Mr. Lang, by examining the post-marks on the letters of that time.

In that year Edinburgh had direct communication with sixty post-towns in Scotland, and in August the total sum received for letters passing to and from these offices and the capital was only £44 3s. 1d. The postage on London letters in the same month amounted to £157 3s. 2d.

In 1717 Mr. Anderson was superseded at Edinburgh by Sir John Inglis as Deputy-Postmaster-General in Scotland, from whom all appointments in that country were held direct. The letter-bags, apart from foot-pads and robbers, were liable to strange contingencies. Thus, in November, 1725, the bag which left Edinburgh was never heard of after it passed Berwick—boy, horse, and bag, alike vanished, and were supposed to have been swallowed up in the sands between Coquet-mouth and Holy Island. A mail due at Edinburgh one evening, at the close of January, 1734, was found in the Tyne at Haddington, in which the post-boy had perished; and another due on the 11th October of the following year was long of reaching its destination. "It seems the post-boy," according to the *Caledonian Mercury*, "who made the stage between Dunbar and Haddington, being in liquor, fell off. The horse was afterwards found at Linplum, but without mail, saddle, or bridle."

The immediate practical business of the Post-office of Edinburgh (according to the "Domestic Annals"), down to the reign of George I., appears to have been conducted in a shop in the High Street, by a succession of persons named Main or Mein, "the descendants of the lady who threw her stool at the bishop's head in St. Giles's in 1637." Thence it was promoted to a flat on the east side of the Parliament Close; then again, in the reign of George III., behind the north side of the Cowgate. The little staff we have described as existing in 1715 remained unchanged in number till 1748, when there were added an "apprehender of letter-carriers," and a "clerk to the Irish correspondents." "There is a faithful tradition in the office, which I see no reason to doubt," says Dr. Chambers, "that one day, not long after the Rebellion of 1745, the bag came to Edinburgh with but *one* letter in it, being one addressed to the British Linen Company."

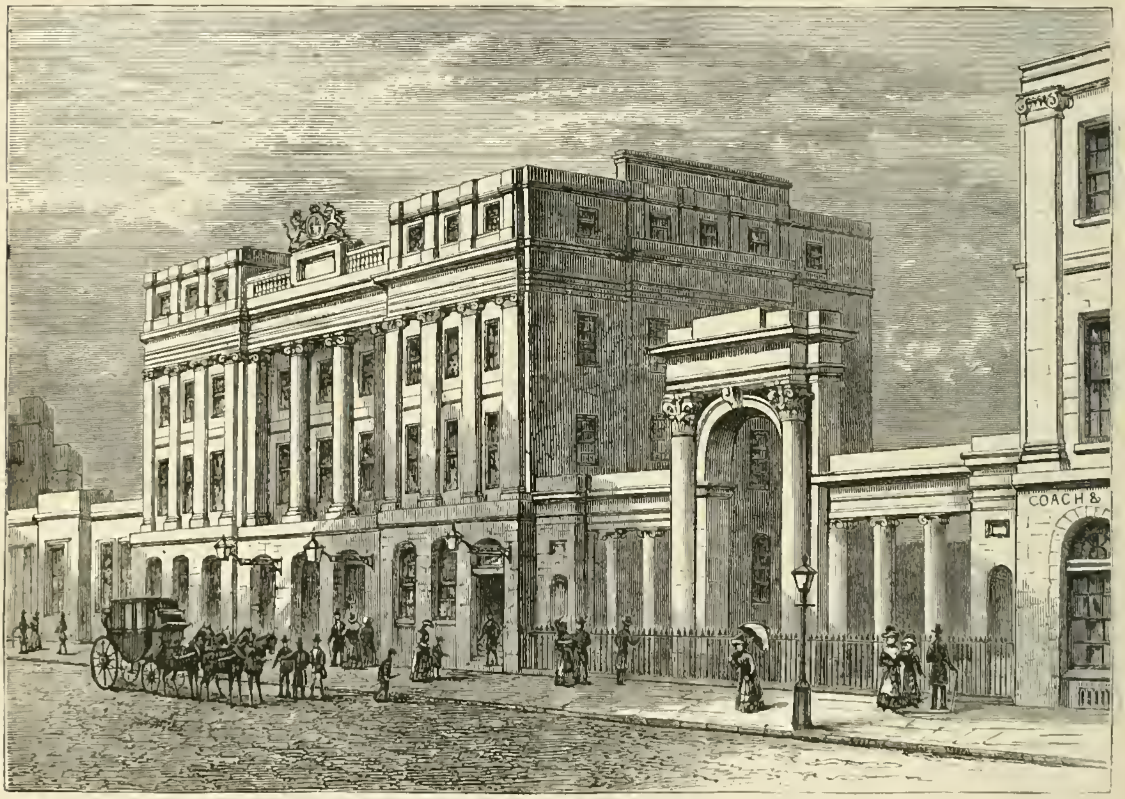
In 1730 the yearly revenue of the Edinburgh Office was £1,194, according to "The State of Scotland;" but Arnot puts the sum at £5,399.

In 1741 Hamilton of Innerwick was Deputy

Postmaster-General, and nine years after, the mails began to be conveyed from stage to stage by relays of fresh horses, and different post-boys, to the principal places in Scotland; but the greater portion of the bags were conveyed by foot-runners; for the condition of the roads from Edinburgh would not admit of anything like rapid travelling. The most direct, at times, lay actually in the channels of streams. The common carrier from Edinburgh to Selkirk, 38 miles, required a fortnight for his journey there and back, the channel of the Gala, which, for a considerable distance was parallel with the road, being, when not flooded, the track chosen as most level and easy for the traveller. At this period and long before, there was a set of horse "cadgers," who plied regularly between different places, and in defiance of the laws, carried more letters than ever passed through the Edinburgh office in those days.

In 1757 the revenue amounted to £10,623, according to Arnot; in that year the mail was upon the road from London 87 hours, and, oddly enough, from Edinburgh back 131 hours; but by the influence of the Convention of Royal Burghs, these hours were reduced to 82 and 85 respectively; and 1763 beheld a further improvement, when the London mails were increased from three to five. Previously they had travelled in such a dilatory manner, that in the winter the letters which left London on Tuesday night were not distributed in Edinburgh till the Sunday following, *between sermons.*

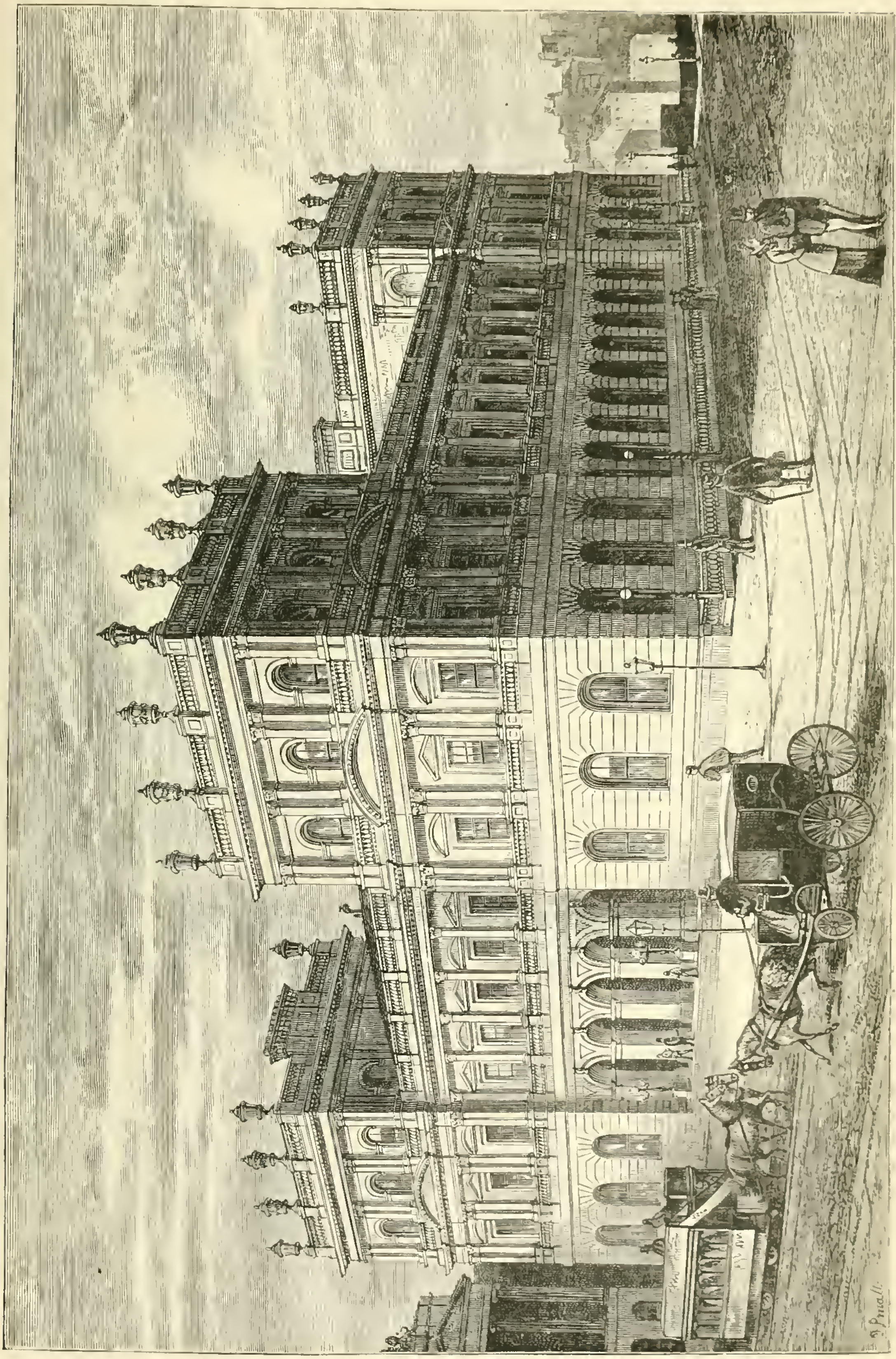
In 1765 there was a penny postage for letters borne one stage; and in 1771, when Oliphant of Rossie was Deputy Postmaster-General, the Edinburgh staff consisted of ten persons, exclusive of the letter carriers.



THE POST OFFICE IN WATERLOO PLACE. (*From a Drawing by T. H Shepherd, published in* 1829.)

In 1776 the first stage coach came to Edinburgh on the 10th April, having performed the journey from London in sixty hours. In the same year the penny post was established in Scotland by Peter Williamson, to whom we have referred elsewhere. This man was the Rowland Hill of his day, and the postal authorities seeing the importance of such a source of revenue, gave him a pension for the goodwill of the business, and the Scottish penny posts were afterwards confirmed to the General Post by an Act of Parliament in 1799.

In 1781 the number of post-towns in Scotland consisted of 140, and the staff at Edinburgh



THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, EDINBURGH.

amounted to twenty-three persons, including letter-carriers. Ten years afterwards thirty-one were required, and in 1794 the Inland Office, including the letter-carriers' branch, consisted of twenty-one persons.

The Edinburgh Post-office, for a long time after its introduction and establishment, was conducted solely with a view to the continuance and security of the correspondence of the people, and thus it frequently had assistance from the Scottish Treasury; and if we except the periods of civil war, when a certain amount of surveillance was exercised by the Government, as a measure of State security, the office seems to have been conducted with integrity and freedom from abuse.

In 1796, Thomas Elder of Forneth, at one time Lord Provost, was Deputy Postmaster-General; in 1799 and 1802, William Robertson, and Trotter of Castlelaw, succeeded to that office respectively. It was held in 1807 by the Hon. Francis Gray, afterwards fifteenth Lord Gray of Kinfauns; and in 1810 the staff amounted to thirty-five persons, letter-carriers included.

In April, 1713, the Post-office was in the first flat of a house opposite the Tolbooth, on the north side of the High Street—Main's shop, as we have stated. At a later period it was in the first floor of a house near the Cross, above an alley, to which it gave the name of the Post-office Close. From thence it was removed to the Parliament Close, where its internal fittings were like those of a shop, the letters were dealt across a counter, and the whole out-door business of the city was conducted by one letter-carrier. After being for a time in Lord Covington's house, it was removed to one already mentioned on the west side of the North Bridge, and from thence to a new office (now an hotel) on the Regent Bridge in 1821. For ten years before that period James twelfth Earl of Caithness was Deputy Postmaster-General; and in the year preceding the removal there, the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* says, that by order of the Depute Lyon King of Arms, and the Usher of the White Rod, the new coat of the royal arms of Britain, put thereon, was torn down and removed, "as derogatory to the independance of Scotland," *i.e.*, wrongly quartered, giving England precedence. Another and correct coat of arms was substituted, and remained there till the present building was erected.

In 1823, Sir David Wedderburn, Bart., of Ballendean, was appointed Postmaster-General of Scotland, an office afterwards abolished.

In 1856 the establishment on the Regent Bridge consisted of 225 officials, of whom 114 were letter-carriers, porters, and messengers, and the average number of letters passing through and delivered in Edinburgh daily was estimated at 75,000. The number of mail-bags received daily was 518, and the number despatched 350. The amount of money orders issued and paid showed a sum of £1,758,079 circulating annually through the department in Scotland.

On the 23rd of October, 1861, the foundation-stone of the new General Post-office was laid, on the east side of the North Bridge, by the late Prince Consort, amid much state and ceremony, the letter-carriers, all clad for the first time in blue, in lieu of their old scarlet, being drawn up in double rank within the galleries which occupied the site of the old Theatre and which were crowded by a fashionable audience. This was almost the last act of Prince Albert's public life, as he died two months subsequently. At his suggestion the crowning row of vases was added to the façade.

As finished now, it stands behind a pavement of Caithness slabs forty-three feet broad, and is from designs by the late Mr. Robert Matheson, of H.M. Board of Works in Scotland. Built of fine white stone from Binny quarry, in the neighbourhood of the city, its style of architecture is a moderately rich Italian type. It presents an ornamental main front of 140 feet to Princes Street, and another equally ornamental front, or flank, of 180 feet to the North Bridge, with a rear-front, which is also ornate, of 140 feet, to the deep valley where once the North Loch lay.

The flank to the Waterloo Place Buildings is somewhat plainer than the others, and measures 160 feet. The edifice rises in the central part of each of these three ornamental fronts, to the height of two stately storeys above the street level, and has at the corners wings, or towers, a storey higher, and crowned with rows of massive and beautifully sculptured vases. On the south front it descends to the depth of 125 feet from the summit of these towers, and thus presents a very imposing appearance.

This office, the chief one for all Scotland, cost, including the site, £120,000, and was first opened for business on the 7th of May, 1866. The entire staff, from the Surveyor-General downwards, consisted in 1880 of 429 persons; whose salaries, wages, and allowances, amounted to £38,427. Connected, of course, with the head office, there were in Edinburgh, Leith, and the suburbs, in 1880, receiving-offices and pillar-boxes.[*]

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[*] By a Government return it appears that in 1880 there passed through the Scottish Post-office 101,948,300 letters, 12,284,700 post-cards, 22,140,500 book-parcels, and 14,570,700 newspapers. In the same year, the average number of letters delivered to each person in the population of the three kingdoms was 35 in England, 26 in Scotland, and 13 in Ireland.

CHAPTER XLVI.

EAST SIDE OF THE NORTH BRIDGE (*concluded*).

The Old Orphan Hospital—Its Foundation, Object, and Removal—Lady Glenorchy's Chapel—Her Disputes with the Presbytery—Dr. Snell Jones—Demolition of the Chapel and School—Old Physic Gardens Formed—The Gardens—Sir Andrew Balfour—James Sutherland—Inundated in 1689—Sutherland's Efforts to Improve the Gardens—Professor Hope.

ABOUT 100 feet east of the bridge, and the same distance south of the theatre which Whitefield to his dismay saw built in the park of the Orphan Hospital, stood the latter edifice, the slender, pointed spire of which was a conspicuous object in this quarter of the city.

A hospital for the maintenance and education of orphan children was originally designed by Mr. Andrew Gardiner, merchant, and some other citizens, in 1732. The suggestion met with the approval of the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, then located in what was anciently named Bassandyne's Close; and it was moreover assisted by liberal subscriptions and collections at the church doors. At first a house was hired, and thirty orphans placed in it. According to Maitland, in November, 1733, the hospital was founded; it stood 340 feet north-west of the Trinity College Church, and in its formation a part of the burial ground attached to the latter was used.

In 1738 the Town Council granted the hospital a seal of cause, and in 1742 they obtained royal letters patent creating it a corporation, by which most of the Scottish officers of State, and the heads of different societies in Edinburgh, are constituent members. This charity is so extensive in its benevolence, that children from any part of the British Empire have the right of admission, so far as the funds will admit—indigence, and the number of children in a poor family being the best title to it.

None, however, are admitted under the age of seven, or retained after they are past fourteen, as at that time of life the managers are seldom at a loss to dispose of them, "the young folks," says Arnot, "choosing to follow trades, and the public entertaining so good an opinion of the manner in which they have been brought up, that manufacturers and others are very ready to take them into their employment. There are about," he adds, in 1779, "one hundred orphans maintained in this hospital."

This number was increased in 1781, when Mr. Thomas Tod, merchant in Edinburgh, became treasurer. It was then greatly enlarged for the better accommodation of the children, "and to enable them to perform a variety of work, from the produce of which the expenses of their education and maintenance were lessened, and healthy and cheerful exercise furnished, suitable to their years."

"It is remarkable," says Kincaid, "that from January, 1784, to January, 1787, out of from 130 to 140 young children not one has died. A particular account of the rise, progress, present state, and intended enlargement of this hospital was published by the treasurer (Mr. Tod), wherein is a print of the elevation, with two wings, which the managers intend to build so soon as the funds will permit, when there will be room for 200 orphans."

In its slender spire hung two bells, and therein also stood the ancient clock of the Netherbow Port, now in use at the Dean.

The revenues were inconsiderable, and it was chiefly supported by benefactions and collections made at the churches in the city. Howard, the philanthropist, who visited it more than once, and made himself acquainted with the constitution and management of this hospital, acknowledged it to be one of the best and most useful charities in Europe. A portrait of him hangs in the new Orphan Hospital at the Dean, the old building we have described having been removed in 1845 by the operations of the North British Railway, and consequently being now a thing of the past, like the chapel of Lady Glenorchy, which shared the same fate at the same time.

This edifice stood in the low ground, between the Orphan Hospital and the Trinity College Church, about 300 feet eastward of the north arch of the Bridge.

Wilhelmina Maxwell, Viscountess Dowager of John Viscount Glenorchy, who was a kind of Scottish Countess of Huntingdon in her day, was the foundress of this chapel, which was a plain, lofty stone building, but neatly fitted up within with two great galleries, that ran round the sides of the edifice, and was long a conspicuous object to all who crossed the Bridge. It was seated for 2,000 persons, and the middle was appropriated to the poor, who sat there gratis to the number of some hundreds. "Whether," says Arnot, "before Lady Glenorchy founded this institution there were churches sufficient for accommodating the inhabitants we shall not pretend to determine. Such, indeed, is the demand for seats, and so little are they occupied when obtained, that we are tempted to conclude the genteeler part of the congregations in Edinburgh deem the essential duties of religion to be concentrated in holding and paying rent for so many feet square in the inside of a church."

Lady Glenorchy, whom Kincaid describes as "a young lady eminent for good sense and every accomplishment that could give dignity to her rank, and for the superior piety which made her conspicuous as a Christian," in 1772 feued a piece of ground from the managers of the Orphan Hospital, at a yearly duty of £15, on which she built her chapel, of which (following the example of Lady Yester in another part of the city) she retained the patronage, and the entire management with herself, and certain persons appointed by her.

In the following year she executed a deed, which declared that the managers of the Orphan Hospital should have liberty (upon asking it in proper time) to employ a preacher occasionally in her chapel, if it was not otherwise employed, and to apply the collections made on these occasions in behalf of the hospital. On the edifice being finished, she addressed the following letter to the Moderator of the Presbytery of Edinburgh :—

"Edin., April 25th, 1774.

"REVEREND SIR,—It is a general complaint that the churches of this city which belong to the Establishment are not proportioned to the number of its inhabitants. Many who are willing to pay for seats cannot obtain them ; and no space is left for the poor, but the remotest areas, where few of those who find room to stand can get within hearing of any ordinary voice. I have thought it my duty to employ part of that substance with which God has been pleased to entrust me in building a chapel within the Orphan House Park, in which a considerable number of our communion who at present are altogether unprovided may enjoy the benefit of the same ordinances which are dispensed in the parish churches, and where I hope to have the pleasure of accommodating some hundreds of poor people who have long been shut out from one of the best and to some of them the only means of instruction in the principles of our holy religion.

"The chapel will soon be ready to receive a congregation, and it is my intention to have it supplied with a minister of approved character and abilities, who will give sufficient security for his soundness in the faith and loyalty to Government.

"It will give me pleasure to be informed that the Presbytery approve of my design, and that it will be agreeable to them that I should ask occasional supply from such ministers and probationers as I am acquainted with, till a congregation be formed and supplied with a stated minister.—I am, Rev. Sir, &c.

"W. GLENORCHY."

The Presbytery being fully convinced not only of the piety of her intentions, but the utility of having an additional place of worship in the city, unanimously approved of the design, and in May, 1774, her chapel was opened by the Rev. Robert Walker of the High Church, and Dr. John Erskine of the Greyfriars ; but a number of clergy were by no means friendly to the erection of this chapel in any way, on the plea that the footing on which it was admitted into connection with the Church was not sufficiently explicit, and eventually they brought the matter before the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale. Lady Glenorchy acquainted the Presbytery, in 1775, that she intended to place in the chapel an English dissenting preacher named Grove. The Presbytery wrote, that though they approved of her piety, they could give no countenance whatever to a minister who was not a member of the Church of Scotland ; and Mr. Grove foreseeing a contest, declined the charge, and now ensued a curious controversy.

Lady Glenorchy again applied to the Presbytery, wishing as incumbent the Rev. Mr. Balfour, then minister of Lecroft ; but he, with due respect for the Established Church and its authority, declined to leave his pastoral charge until he was assured that the Presbytery of the city would instal him in the chapel. The latter approved of her selection, but declined the installation, unless there was a regular "call" from the congregation, and security given that the offerings at the chapel were never to be under the administration of the managers of the charity workhouse.

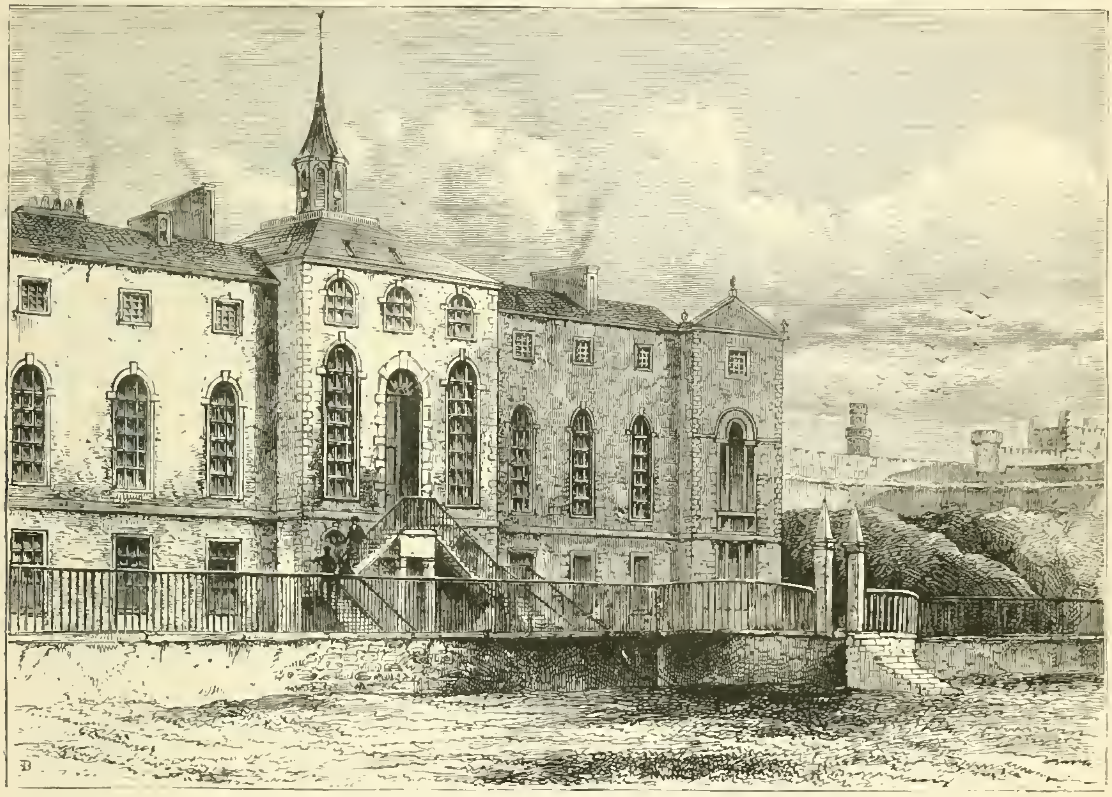
With this decision she declined to comply, and wrote, "That the chapel was her own private property, and had never been intended to be put on the footing of the Establishment, nor connected with it as a chapel of ease to the city of Edinburgh : That having built it at her own expense, she was entitled to name the minister : That she wished to convince the Presbytery of her inclination, that her minister, though not on the Establishment, should hold communication with its members : That, with respect to the offerings, everybody knew that she had appointed trustees for the management of them, and that those who were not pleased with this mode of administration might dispose of their alms elsewhere ; adding that she had once and again sent part of these offerings to the treasurer of the charity workhouse."

A majority of the Presbytery now voted her reply satisfactory, agreed to instal her minister, and that he should be in communion with the Established Church. "Thus," says Arnot, who seems antagonistic to the founders, "did the Presbytery give every mark of countenance, and almost every benefit arising from the Established Church, while this institution was not subject to their jurisdiction ; while they dispensed with the 'moderation of the call,' a form about which they stickle zealously, if by it they could get a minister presented by the legal patron to be rejected; while they did not insist upon the stipend being properly secured; while they agreed to permit Lady Glenorchy to dispose without control, upon those pious offerings which should have been applied towards the support of the charity workhouse; while they, in fact, eluded that right of patronage over all churches in this city, holding communion with the Established ministers, which is vested in the magistrates of Edinburgh; and while they had no power to depose from the benefice in this chapel the minister installed by them in case of his errors in life or doctrine!"

To avoid unpleasantness, Mr. Balfour, like Mr. Grove, declined the charge.

It was now that the matter came before the Synod, which not only gave judgment in the matter, but forbade all ministers or probationers within their bounds to preach in this unlucky chapel, or to employ the minister of it in any capacity. From this sentence the Presbytery of Edinburgh appealed to the next General Assembly of the Church, which reversed it, and restored the chapel to all the privileges it had enjoyed by the countenance and protection of the Presbytery.

In 1776 Lady Glenorchy invited Dr. Thomas Snell Jones, a Wesleyan Methodist, to accept the charge of her chapel, and after being ordained to the office of pastor by the Scottish Presbytery of London he became settled as incumbent on the 25th of July, 1779, and from that date continued to labour as such, until about three years before his death, which occurred on the 3rd of March, 1837, a period of nearly fifty-eight years.



THE ORPHAN HOSPITAL. (*From a Drawing by Storer, published in* 1820.)

He preached the funeral sermon on the demise of Lady Glenorchy on the 17th July, 1786, in her forty-fourth year. She was buried, by her own desire, in a vault in the centre of the chapel. By a settlement made some time before her death, she endowed the latter with a school which was built near it. Therein, a hundred poor children were taught to read and write. It was managed by trustees, with instructions which secure its perpetuity. Lady Glenorchy's Free Church school is now at Greenside.

In 1792 Dr. Jones had as a colleague, Dr. Greville Ewing, afterwards editor of *The Missionary*

Magazine (started in Edinburgh), and minister of the Congregational church in Glasgow.

In 1828, on the 8th of June—the fiftieth year of his ministry being complete—a hundred gentlemen, connected with Lady Glenorchy's chapel, entertained Dr. Jones at a banquet given in his honour at the Waterloo Tavern, and presented him "with an elegant silver vase, as a tribute of the respect and esteem which the people entertained for the uniform uprightness of his conduct during the long period they had enjoyed his ministry."

Lady Glenorchy's chapel and school were alike demolished in 1845, as stated. The former, as a foundation, is now in Roxburgh Place, as a chapel in connection with the Establishment. "It has now a *quoad sacra* district attached to it," says *Fullarton's Gazetteer;* "the charge in 1835 was collegiate. There is attached to the chapel a school attended by 100 or 120 poor children."

In the same quiet and secluded hollow, overlooked by the Trinity Church and Hospital, the Orphan Hospital, and the Glenorchy Chapel—in the very bed of what was once the old loch, and where now prevail all the bustle and uproar of one of the most confused of railway termini, and where, ever and anon, the locomotive sends up its shriek to waken the echoes of the Calton rocks or the enormous masses of the Post-office buildings, and those which flank the vast Roman-like span of the Regent Bridge—lay the old Physic Gardens, for the creation of which Edinburgh was indebted to one or two of her eminent physicians in the seventeenth century.

They extended between the New Port at the foot of Halkerston's Wynd, *i.e.*, from the east side of the north bridge to the garden of the Trinity College Hospital, which Lord Cockburn describes as being "about a hundred feet square; but it is only turf surrounded by a gravel walk. An old thorn, and an old elm, destined never to be in leaf again, tell of old springs and old care. And there is a wooden summer house, which has heard many an old man's crack, and seen the sun soften many an old man's wrinkles."

In Gordon of Rothiemay's view this particular garden (now among the things that were) is shown as extending from the foot of Halkerston's Wynd to the west gable of the Trinity Hospital, and northward in a line with the tower of the church.

From the New Port, the Physic Garden, occupying much of that we have described, lay north across the valley, to where a path between hedgerows led to the Orphan Hospital. It is thus shown in Edgar's plan, in 1765.

It owed its origin to Sir Andrew Balfour, the son of Sir Michael Balfour of Denmylne. An eminent physician and botanist, he was born in 1630, graduated in medicine at St. Andrews, prosecuted his medical studies under the famous Harvey in London, after which he visited Blois, to see the celebrated botanical garden of the Duke de Guise, then kept by his countryman Dr. Robert Morison, author of the "Hortus Regius Bloisensis," and afterwards, in 1669, professor of botany at Oxford.

In 1667 Balfour commenced to practise as a physician in St. Andrews, but in 1670 he removed to Edinburgh, where among other improvements he introduced the manufacture of paper into Scotland. Having a small botanical garden attached to his house, and chiefly furnished with rare seeds sent by his foreign correspondents, he raised there many plants never before seen in Scotland. His friend and botanical pupil, Mr. Patrick Murray of Livingstone, had formed at his seat a botanic garden containing fully a thousand specimens of plants; and after his death Dr. Balfour transferred the whole of this collection to Edinburgh, and, joining it to his own, laid the foundation of the first botanic garden in Scotland, for which the magistrates allotted him a part of the Trinity garden, and then, through the patronage of Sir Robert Sibbald, the eminent physician and naturalist, Mr. James Sutherland, an experienced botanist, was appointed head-gardener.

After this Balfour was created a baronet by Charles II. He was the first who introduced the dissection of the human body into Scotland; he planned the present Royal College of Physicians, projected the great hospital now known as the Royal Infirmary; and died full of honours in 1694, bequeathing his museum to the university.

It was in September, 1676, that he placed the superintending of the Physic Garden under James Sutherland, who was by profession a gardener, but of whose previous history little is known. "By his own industry," says Sir Robert Sibbald, "he obtained to great knowledge of plants," and seems to have been one of those self-made men of whom Scotland has produced so many of whom she may well be proud. In 1683 he published his "*Hortus Medicus Edinburgensis,* or a catalogue of the plants in the Physic Gardens at Edinburgh, containing the most proper Latin and English names," dedicated to the Lord Provost, Sir George Drummond. In his little garden in the valley of the North Loch he taught the science of herbs to the students of medicine for small fees, receiving no other encouragement than a salary of £20 from the city, which did not suffice to pay rent and servants' wages, to say nothing of the cost of new plants, so difficult to procure in those non-travelling times.

In the spring of 1689, during the siege of the Castle, a woeful mishap befell him. For certain strategic reasons it had been thought necessary by Sir John Lanier and other leaders to drain the North Loch, and, as the water thereof ran through the Botanic Gardens, as it had done of old through that of the Hospital, it came to pass that for several days the place was completely inundated, and when left dry was found to be covered with mud, and the rubbish of the city drains, so that nearly all the delicate and costly plants collected by Balfour, by Sibbald, and by Sutherland, were destroyed; and it cost the latter and his assistants nearly a whole season to clear the ground, and in his distress he appealed to the Privy Council.

That body considered his memorial, and the good services he was rendering, "whereby not only the young physicians, apothecaries, and chirurgeons, but also the nobility and gentry, are taught the knowledge of herbs, and also a multitude of plants, shrubs, and trees, are cultivated, which were never known in this nation before, and more numerous," continues the Privy Council Record, "than in any other garden in Britain, as weel for the honour of the place as for the advantage of the people." They therefore awarded him a pension of £50 yearly out of the fines accruing to them.

Encouraged by this, and further aided by the Lords of the Scottish Treasury, James Sutherland, in 1695, extended his operations to a piece of ground lying between the porch of Holyrood palace and the old road to Restalrig, near where the great dial stands now, where in that year he raised "a good crop of melons," and many "other curious annuals, fine flowers, and other plants not ordinary in this country." In a few years he hoped to rival London, if supplied with means to procure "reed hedges to divide, shelter, and lay the ground 'lown,' and warm, and a greenhouse and store to preserve oranges, myrtles, and lemons, with other tender plants and fine exotics in winter." He entreated the Lords of Council to further aid him, "without which the work must cease, and the petitioner suffer in reputation and interest, what he is doing being more for the honour of the nation, and the ornament and use of his majesty's palace, than his own private behoof."

This place remained still garden ground till about the time of Queen Victoria's first visit, when the new north approach to the palace was run through it.

James Sutherland is supposed to have died about 1705, when his collection of Greek, Roman, Scottish, Saxon, and English coins and medals, was purchased by the Faculty of Advocates, and is still preserved in their library.

The old Physic Garden, which had been his own, eastward of the bridge, continued to be used as such till the time when the chair of botany was occupied by Dr. John Hope, who was born at Edinburgh in 1725, and was the grandson of Sir Alexander Hope, Lord Rankeillor. On the 13th April, 1761, he was appointed king's botanist for Scotland, and elected a few days after, by the town council, Professor of materia medica, and of botany. He was the first who introduced into Scotland the Linnæan system; and in 1768 he resigned the professorship of materia medica, that, in the end, he might devote himself exclusively to botany, and his exertions in promoting the study of it in Edinburgh were attended with the most beneficial results. His immediate predecessor, Dr. Alston, was violently opposed to the Linnæan system, against which he published an essay in 1751.

It was in the humble garden near the Trinity College that he taught his students, and, for the purpose of exciting emulation among them, he annually, towards the close of the session, gave a beautiful medal to the student who had displayed most diligence and zeal in his studies. It was inscribed—"*A cedro hysopum usque.* J. Hope, *Bot. Prof., dat* . . ." In Kay's portraits we have a clever etching of the Professor superintending his gardeners, in a roquelaure and cocked hat. Besides some useful manuals for facilitating the acquisition of botany by his students, two valuable dissertations by him, the one on the "*Rheum Palmatum*," and the other on the "*Ferula Assafœtida*," were published by him in the "Philosophical Transactions."

Finding that the ancient garden was unsuited to advancing science, he used every exertion to have it removed to a more favourable situation. To further his objects the Lords of the Treasury granted him, says Arnot, "£1,330 1s. 2½d. to make it, and for its annual support the sum of £69 3s. At the same time the magistrates and town council granted the sum of £25 annually for paying the rent of the ground."

The place chosen was on the west side of Leith Walk. It was laid out under the eye of Professor Hope, who died in November, 1786. After the formation of the new garden, the old one was completely abandoned about 1770, and continued to be a species of desolate waste ground, enclosed by a rusty iron railing, with here and there an old tree dying of neglect and decay, till at length innovations swept it away.

CHAPTER XLVII.

MOULTRAY'S HILL—HER MAJESTY'S GENERAL REGISTER HOUSE.

The Moultrays of that Ilk—Village of Moultray's Hill—The Chapel of St. Ninian—St. James's Square—Bunker's Hill—Mr. Dundas—Robert Burns's House—State of the Scottish Records—Indifference of the Government in 1740—The Register House built—Its Objects and Size—Curious Documents preserved in this House—The Office of Lord Clerk Register—The Secretary's Register—The Register of Sasines—The Lyon King of Arms—Sir David Lindesay—Sir James Balfour—Sir Alexander Erskine—New Register House—Great and Privy Seals of Scotland—The Wellington Statue.

At the north end of the bridge, and immediately opposite it and the New General Post Office, the ground forming the east end of the main ridge on which the New Town is built rises to some elevation, and bore the name of Multrie's or Moultray's Hill, which Lord Hailes in his "Annals" supposes to be the corruption of two Gaelic words "signifying the covert or receptacle of the wild boar;" but it would appear rather to have taken its name from the fact of its being the residence of the Moultrays of Seafield, a baronial Fifeshire family of eminence in the time of James IV., whose lonely old tower stands in ruins upon a wave-washed rock near Kinghorn. Alexander Stewart of Grenane (ancestor of the Earls of Galloway), who fell at Flodden, left sixteen daughters, one of whom was married to Moultray of Seafield, and another to Tours of Inverleith, whose castle in those days would be quite visible from the height where St. James's Square stands. The name first occurs in Scottish records, in the time of David II., when "Henry Multra" had the lands of Greenhill, near Edinburgh, of Henry Braid of that ilk.

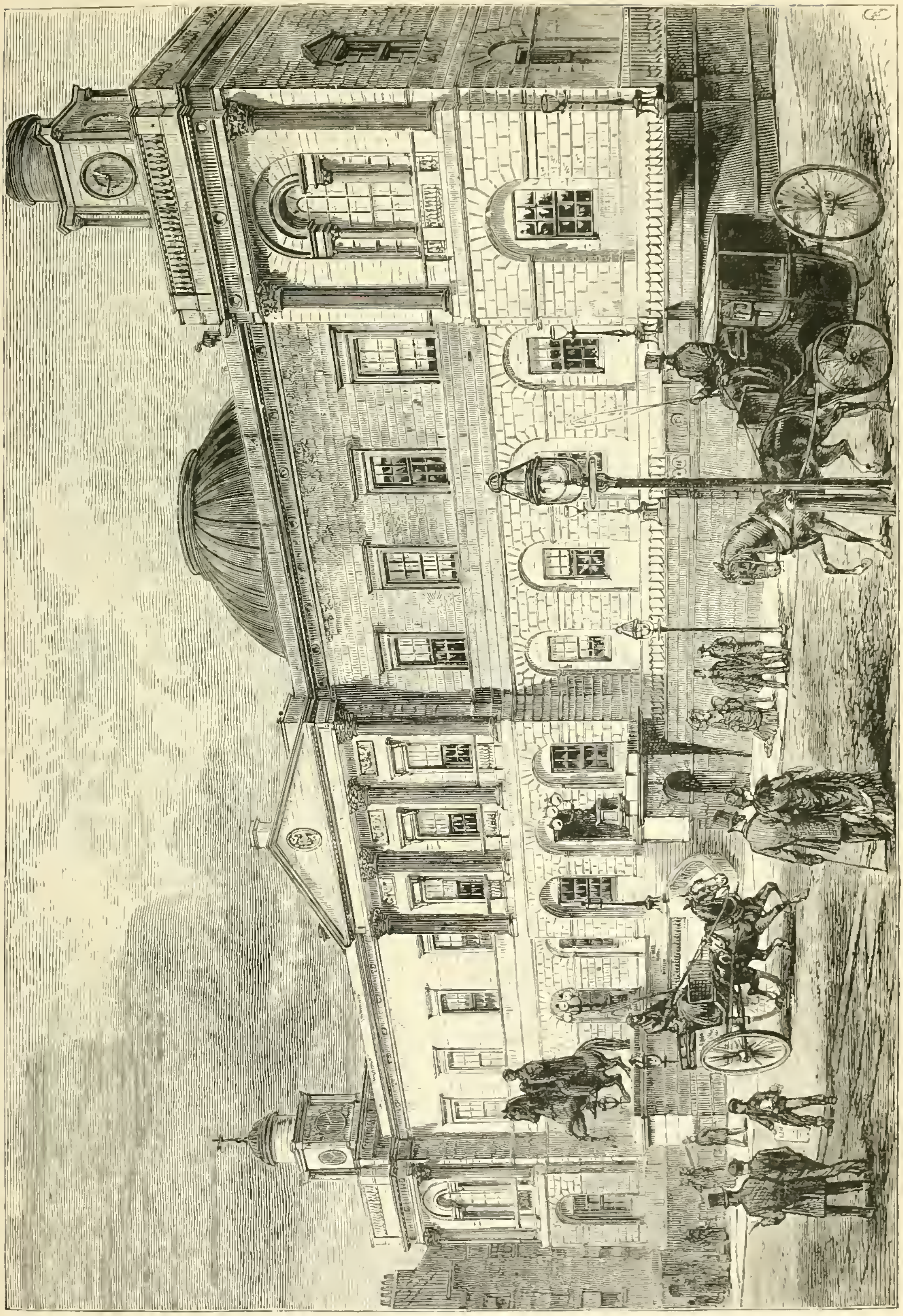
DR. JOHN HOPE. (*After Kay.*)

On the 7th of February, 1549, John Moultray of Seafield signed a charter in the chartulary of Dunfermline. In 1559, the laird being of the Catholic faction, had to furnish the insurgent lords with corn and cattle. They besieged his tower, and took him prisoner, but released him on parole not to assist the queen regent's French troops. In 1559 Moultray of Seafield was chancellor of "ane assize," in a criminal trial, as recorded by Pitcairn. In 1715 Alexander Malloch of Moultray's Hill quitted this ancient house at Edinburgh, to join the Highlanders under Brigadier Macintosh of Borlum, but was shot dead in mistake by them near the village of Jock's Lodge; and after 1739 the older family, which became extinct, was represented by the Moultrays of Rescobie.

From the abode of this old race, then, Moultray's Hill took its name. Gordon of Rothiemay's map shows a large quadrangular edifice, with gables and dormer windows crowning the apex of the hill, which may be the residence of the family referred to; but by 1701 quite a suburban village had sprung up in that quarter, the occupants of which, weavers and other tradesmen, had the quarrel, recorded elsewhere, with the magistrates of Edinburgh, who, to punish them, closed Halkerston's Wynd Port, and, by the loch sluice, flooded the pathway that led to their houses.

In 1765 the village seems to have consisted of at least ten distinct blocks of several houses each, surrounded by gardens and parks, on each side of the extreme east end of the Long Gate (now Princes Street), and from thence Leith Street takes precisely the curve of the old road, on its way to join the Walk.

At the eastern foot of this hill, exactly where now stands the western pier of the Regent Bridge, deep down in a narrow hollow, stood the ancient chapel of St. Ninian (or St. Ringan, "whose fame," says Nimmo, "has been embalmed in the many churches



THE REGISTER HOUSE. (*From a Photograph by Messrs. G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen.*)

dedicated to him,") but by whom founded or when, is quite unknown; and from this edifice an adjacent street was for ages named St. Ninian's Row. "The under part of the building still remains," to quote Arnot; "it is the nearest house to the Register Office on the south-east, except the row of houses on the east side of the theatre. The lower storey was vaulted, and the vaults still remain. On these a mean house has been superstructed, and the whole converted into a dwelling-house. The baptismal font, which was in danger of being destroyed, was this year (1787) removed to the curious tower, built at Dean Haugh, by Mr. Walter Ross, Writer to the Signet." The "lower part" of the building, was evidently the crypt, and the font referred to, a neatly-sculptured basin with a beautiful Gothic canopy, is now among the many fragments built by Sir Walter Scott into the walls of Abbotsford. The extinct chapel appears to have been a dependency of Holyrood abbey, from the numerous notices that appear in licences granted by the abbots of that house to the Corporations of the Canongate, for founding and maintaining altars in the church; and in one of these, dated 1554, by Robert Stewart, abbot of Holyrood, with reference to St. Crispin's altar therein, he states, "it is our will yat ye Cordinars dwelland within our regalitie. . . . besyde our chapell of Sanct Ninian, out with Sanct Andrews Port besyde Edinburcht, be in bretherheid and fellowschipe with ye said dekin and masters of ye cordinar craft."

In 1775 one or two houses of St. James's Square were built on the very crest of Moultray's Hill. The first stone of the house at the south-east corner of the square was laid on the day that news reached Edinburgh of the battle of Bunker's Hill, which was fought on the 17th of June in that year. "The news being of course very interesting, was the subject of popular discussion for the day, and nothing but Bunker's Hill was in everybody's mouth. It so happened that the two builders founding this first tenement fell out between themselves, and before the ceremony was concluded, most indecorously fell to and fought out the quarrel on the spot, in presence of an immense assemblage of spectators, who forthwith conferred the name of Bunker's Hill upon the place, in commemoration of the combat, which it retains to this day. The tenement founded under these curious circumstances was permitted to stand by itself for some years upon the eminence of Bunker's Hill; and being remarkably tall and narrow, as well as a solitary *land*, it got the popular appellation of 'Hugo Arnot' from the celebrated historian, who lived in the neighbourhood, and whose slim, skeleton-looking figure was well known to the public eye at the period."

So lately as 1804 the ground occupied by the lower end of Katharine Street, at the north-eastern side of Moultray's Hill, was a green slope, where people were wont to assemble, to watch the crowds returning from the races on Leith sands.

In this new tenement on Bunker's Hill dwelt Margaret Watson of Muirhouse, widow of Robert Dundas, merchant, and mother of Sir David Dundas, the celebrated military tactician. "We used to go to her house on Bunker's Hill," says Lord Cockburn, "when boys, on Sundays between the morning and the afternoon sermons, when we were cherished with Scottish broth and cakes, and many a joke from the old lady. Age had made her incapable of walking even across the room; so, clad in a plain silk gown, and a pure muslin cap, she sat half encircled by a high-backed black-leather chair, reading, with silver spectacles stuck on her thin nose, and interspersing her studies and her days with much laughter and not a little sarcasm. What a spirit! There was more fun and sense round that chair than in the theatre or the church."

In 1809 No. 7 St. James's Square was the residence of Alexander Geddes, A.R.S.A., a well-known Scottish artist. He was born at 7 St. Patrick Street, near the Cross-causeway, in 1783. In 1812 he removed to 55 York Place, and finally to London, where he died, in Berners Street, on the 5th of May, 1844. His etchings in folio were edited by David Laing, in 1875, but only 100 copies were printed.

A flat on the west side of the square was long the residence of Charles Mackay, whose unrivalled impersonation of Bailie Nicol Jarvie was once the most cherished recollection of the old theatre-going public, and who died on the 2nd November, 1857.

This square was not completed till 1790. In 1787 Robert Burns lived for several months in No. 2 (a common stair now numbered as 30) whither he had removed from Baxter's Close in the Lawnmarket, and from this place many of the letters printed in his correspondence are dated. In one or two he adds, "Direct to me at Mr. W. Cruikshank's, St. James's Square, New Town, Edinburgh." This gentleman was one of the masters of the High School, with whom he passed many a happy hour, and to whose daughter he inscribed the verses beginning—

"Beauteous rosebud, young and gay,
Blooming in thy early May," &c.

It was while here that he joined most in that brilliant circle in which the accomplished Duchess of Gordon and the beautiful Miss Burnet of Monboddo made him ever welcome.

A proper place for the retention and safety of the historical records and registers of Scotland had long been a desideratum in Edinburgh. In more ancient times the Register House was in one of the towers of the Castle. From the Acts of Sederunt many would appear to have been there in 1676. In after years the few documents that had escaped pillage or destruction at the hands of Edward I. and Oliver Cromwell were kept below the Parliament House. "A Memoriall anent the Records of Scotland, 1740," preserved among "The Culloden Papers," reports them then to be in "very bad condition, for want of boards to cover them; many of the first and last leafs of each book being so much obliterat as they cannot be easily read, and in a little time will be entirely defaced. For preventing whereof, it may be thought expedient, that application be made to Government for procuring a fund, in order to re-bind all the Records of Charters, Records of Parliament, Records of Privy Seal, Records of Privy Council, &c., and for the more sure preservation of the ancient charters, Sasins and Records of Parliament, and that these be bound in Russia leather which no vermin will kill."

Another memorial in the same year, from William Smith, Clerk to the Chancellor, "anent the ancient rolls, registers, charters, patents of honour, &c., in the Lower Parliament House," states that "till ordered up to London by Oliver Cromwell they were in exceeding good order;" but that now, "after consideration of the miserable circumstances these rolls and registers were in, and daily growing worse, occasioned by the dampness of that low house, and thereby incredibly productive of moths, these eating the parchments upon which they are writ, and the other washing out the ink; and the great trouble and expense it must put any person to, who would, for the love of antiquity and his country, take upon him to redeem them; upon these considerations, I say, wee gave over further thoughts of the matter. *But* however troublesome, yea, impracticable to some, the redemption of these rolls and registers from their present misery, and the restoration of some of them to their primary circumstances, may appear, the memorialist, despising the trouble, is of opinion that the work may be put in practice, and to a very good purpose, if the following proposals are agreed to."

The latter were of an extremely moderate character, as they merely involved a grant for only £253; yet, the Government, though perfectly ready to absorb yearly the whole revenue of Scotland, utterly ignored the petition.

The idea of a New Register House was actively urged by James Earl of Morton, who died in 1774, and who was Lord Clerk Register. Seeing that it was vain to hope for any direct government grant, he obtained £12,000 out of the money accruing from the forfeited estates of the Jacobites, and laid it at interest till 1765, when Robert Adam, architect, and then M.P. for Kinross, having made a design of the present building, it was completely approved of, and on the 27th of June, 1774, the foundation stone was laid, under a royal salute of cannon, by Lord Frederick Campbell, Lord Register of Scotland, in presence of the magistrates, the judges of the Court of Session and Exchequer, Thomas Millar of Barskimming, Lord Justice Clerk, and James Montgomery, Lord Advocate, the three trustees appointed by the crown to see the design put in execution.

As the estimated expense of the building was £40,000 (and it is said to have cost twice that sum) its progress was slow, as the Treasury seldom favour a Scottish project much. It combines the utmost internal commodiousness, with exterior architectural beauty of a Palladian kind; while all chance of fire is totally precluded by the passages and apartments being walled and vaulted with massive stone.

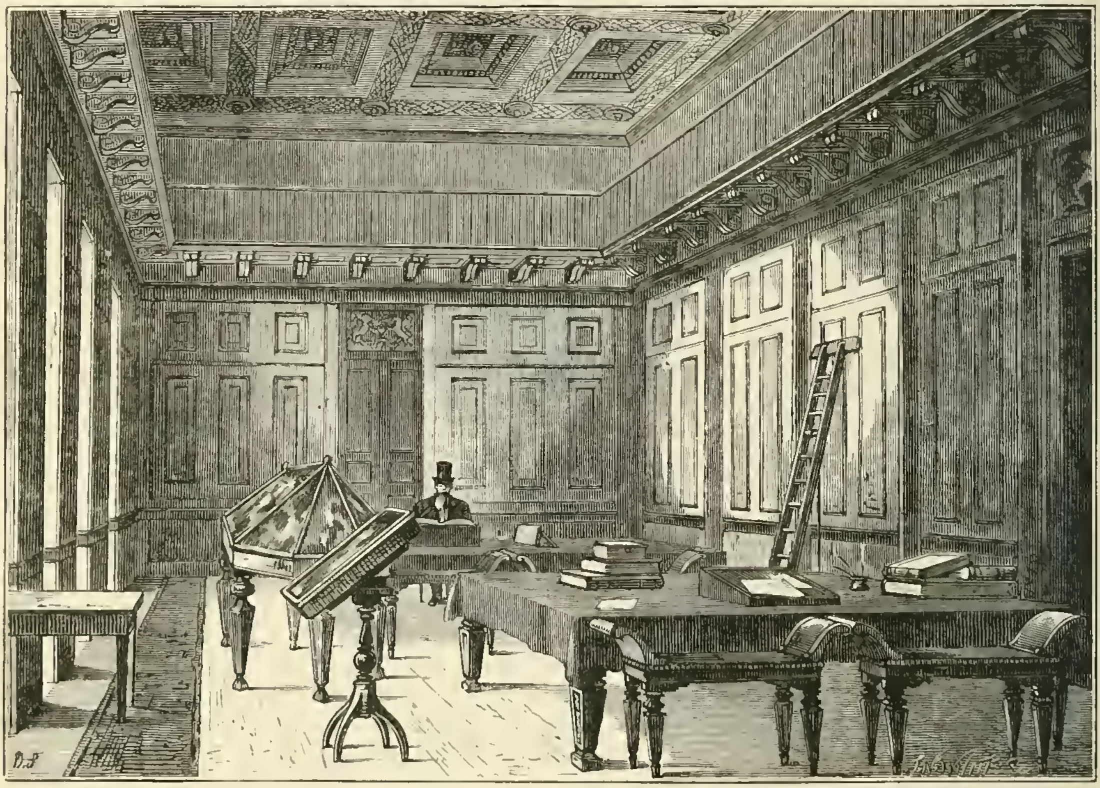
The building, which stands forty feet back from the line of Princes Street, and is screened by an ornamental parapet having two sentry boxes, and divided in the centre by a double flight of stately steps, has a smooth ashlar front two hundred feet in length, by one hundred and twenty in depth, having a tetrastyle portico of four fluted Corinthian columns, half sunk in the wall. In the centre is a circular saloon, fifty feet in diameter, wherein is the library under a dome, from the top of which it is lighted, and here, until its removal to another part of the edifice, stood a marble statue of George III., by the Hon. Mrs. Damer. Upwards of a hundred vaulted rooms are occupied in the conservation of the national and legal documents of the kingdom, which have been received at the Register House for many years to the present times.

At each of the four corners, equidistant from the central dome, rises a spire or square turret, having clock-dials on the exterior sides, and a cupola and vane on the top. The royal arms of Britain occupy the centre pediment. In addition to the rooms mentioned, which open off long intersecting corridors, are smaller ones for the use of functionaries connected with the Supreme

Courts, and large apartments for the stowage of registers. In 1869 the folio record volumes numbered 42,835, occupying the shelves of twenty-one chambers.

In one of the largest rooms are preserved the rolls of ancient Parliaments, the records of the Privy Council, charters of the sovereigns of Scotland from William the Lion to the days of Queen Anne, and on the central table lies the Scottish duplicate of the Treaty of Union. In these fireproof chambers is deposited a vast quantity of valuable and curious legal and historical documents, such as the famous letter of the Scottish barons to the Pope in 1320, declaring that "so long as one hundred Scotsmen remained alive, they would never submit to the dominion of England," adding, "it is not for glory, riches, or honour, that we fight, but for that liberty which no good man will consent to lose but with life!" There, too, is preserved the Act of Settlement of the Scottish crown upon the House of Stuart, a document through which the present royal family inherits the throne; the original deed initiating the College of Justice by James V.; &c. Of all the mass of records preserved here some relate more immediately to the transmission of landed property in Scotland, and to the condition of Scottish society. Others illustrate the relations of Scotland with foreign countries, but more especially with England.

The Lord Clerk Register and Keeper of the Signet, who is a Minister of State of Scotland, and whose office is of great antiquity, has always been at the head of this establishment, which includes various offices, such as those of the Lord Lyon, the Lords Commissioners of Tiends, the Clerk and Extractors of the Court of Session, the Jury Court, and Court of Justiciary, the Great or Privy Seal, and the Register General.


ANTIQUARIAN ROOM, REGISTER HOUSE.

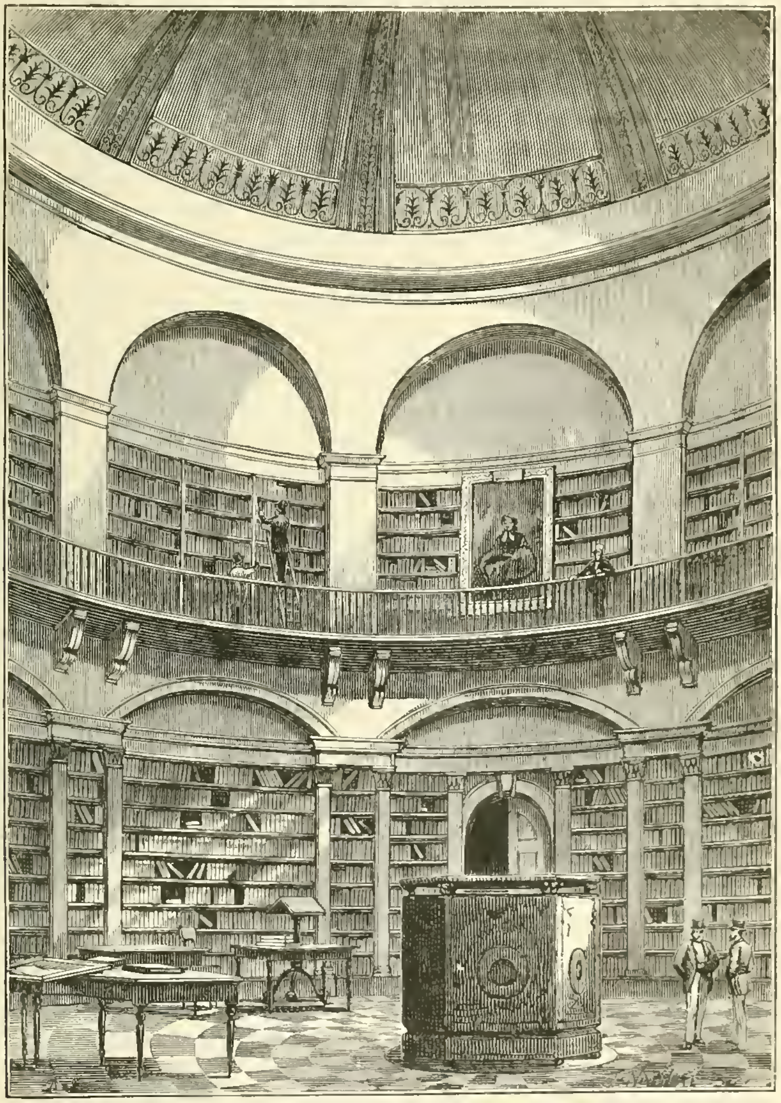
In 1789, at the request of Lord Frederick Campbell, a military guard was first placed upon this important public building, and two sentinels were posted, one at the east and the other at the west end. In the same year lamps were first placed upon it.

In modern times the two chief departments of the Lord Clerk Register's duty was the registration of title deeds and the custody of historical documents. Originally, like the Master of the Rolls in England, he occasionally exercised judicial functions; but, unlike that official, these functions did not become permanently a part of his office. At the Union the office of Clerk Register was preserved with all its dignity and emoluments, and it was provided by one of the articles of the Treaty, that the records of Scotland should always remain in that kingdom.

The salary of the office was abolished between 1861 and 1868; but a select committee was so strongly in favour of its maintainance, that it was restored by the 25th section of the Writs' Registration Act of the latter year.

Under the Act passed together with the Treaty of Union, no election of representative peers can take place in Scotland without the presence of the Lord Clerk Register.

Perhaps no holder of this important office rendered better service than the late Sir William Gibson Craig, Bart., of Riccarton, who was equally well known for his talents, energy, and great urbanity of manner. He was born in 1797, and in 1837 represented Midlothian in the Whig interest. In 1841 he was returned for the city as one of its representatives along with Lord Macaulay, and continued to sit till 1852, and ten years after was appointed Lord Clerk Register and one result of the careful charge and supervision he took of his department, was that the historical documents



DOME ROOM, OR LIBRARY, REGISTER HOUSE.

of the realm have been open to all genuine scholars. Another result of his tenure of office has been the publication of a series of documents and works of the utmost value to students of Scottish history—the completion of the Acts of Parliament begun by Thomas Thomson and finished by Cosmo Innes, the Treasurer's accounts of the time of James IV., the Exchequer Rolls, &c.

No person sleeps in any part of the building generally, the whole being allotted to public purposes only. In the sunk storey under the dome, when the house was built, four furnaces were constructed, from each of which proceeded a flue in a spiral direction, under the pavement of the dome, for the purpose of securing the records from damp.

Among other offices under the same roof are the Privy Seal, the Lord Keeper of which was, in 1879, the Marquis of Lothian; the signet officer; the Register of Deeds and Protests; and the Sasine Office, in the large central front room up-stairs, where a numerous staff of clerks are daily at work, under the Keeper of the General Register and his five assistant-keepers.

The Register of Sasines, the corner-stone of the Scottish system of registration, was instituted in 1617. It had, however, been preceded by another record, called the Secretary's Register, which existed for a short period, being instituted in 1599, but abolished in 1609, and was under the Scottish Secretary of State, and is thus referred to by Robertson in his "Index of Missing Charters," 1798:—

"The Secretary's Register, as it is called, was the first attempt to introduce our most useful record, that of sasines. But having been committed to the superintendence of the Secretary of State instead of the Lord Clerk Register, and most of the books having remained concealed, and many of them having been lost in consequence of their not being made transmissible to public custody, the institution became useless, and was abolished by Act of Parliament. The Register of Sasines in its present form was instituted in the month of June, 1617."

In the register of this office the whole land writs of Scotland are recorded, and the correctness of it is essential to the validity of title. To it all men go to ascertain the burdens that affect land, and the whole of such registration is now concentrated in Edinburgh. In 1876 the fees of the sasine office amounted to £30,000, and the expense was £17,000, leaving a profit to the Treasury of £13,000.

In a part of the general register house is the office of the Lyon King-of-arms. This office is one of high rank and great antiquity, his station in Scotland being precisely similar to that of the Garter King in England; and at the coronation of George III. the Lord Lyon walked abreast with the former, immediately preceding the Lord Great Chamberlain. Though heraldry now is little known as a science, and acquaintance with it is, singular to say, not necessary in the Lyon Office, in feudal times the post of a Scottish herald was held of the utmost importance, and the inauguration of the king-at-arms was the mimicry of a royal one, save that the unction was made with wine instead of oil.

In "The order of combats for life," ordained by James I. of Scotland in the early part of the fifteenth century, the places assigned for the "King-of-Arms, Heraulds, and other officers," are to be settled by the Lord High Constable. In 1513 James IV. sent the Lyon King with his defiance to Henry VIII., then in France, and the following year he went to Paris with letters for the Duke of Albany. Accompanied by two heralds he went to Paris again in 1558, to be present at the coronation of Francis and Mary as King and Queen of Scotland.

Of old, and before the College of Arms was reconstructed, and the office of Lord Lyon abolished by a recent Act of Parliament, it consisted of the following members:—

The Lord Lyon King-of-Arms.
The Lyon-Depute.

Heralds.	*Pursuivants.*
Rothesay.	Kintyre.
Marchmont.	Dingwall.
Albany.	Unicorn.
Ross.	Bute.
Snowdon.	Carrick.
Islay.	Ormond.

Six trumpeters; a Lyon Clerk and Keeper of Records, with his deputy; a Procurator Fiscal, Macer, and Herald Painter.

According to the "Montrose Peerage" case in 1850 there would appear to have been, about 1488, another official known as the "Montrose Herald," connected in some manner with the dukedom of old Montrose.

By Acts of Parliament passed in the reign of James VI. the Lyon King was to hold two courts in the year at Edinburgh—on the 6th of May and 6th of November. Also, he, with his heralds, was empowered to take special supervision of all arms used by nobles and gentlemen, to matriculate them in their books, and inhibit such as had no right to heraldic cognisances, "under the pain of escheating the thing whereupon the said arms are found to the king, and of one hundred pounds to the Lyon and his brethren, or of imprisonment during the Lyon's pleasure."

Under the Lord Lyon were the messengers-at-arms, whose duty is still to execute all summonses before the Court of Session, to apprehend the persons of debtors, and generally to perform the executive parts of the law. By the twelfth Parliament of James VI. and the second Parliament of Charles II. it is defined that the province of the Lyon—who takes his name from the emblem in the royal standard—is to adjust matters of precedence, and marshal public processions; also to inspect the coats of arms of the nobility and gentry; to punish those who assume arms to which they have no hereditary right; to bestow coats of arms upon the deserving; to grant supporters in certain cases; and to take cognisance of, and to punish, offences committed by messengers-at-arms in the course of their office.

Of old, and before it degenerated into a mere legal sinecure, the office was one of great dignity, and the person of the holder was deemed almost sacred. Thus, Bishop Lesly tells us in his history that in 1515 the aged Lord Drummond was forfeited "for striking the Lyon, and narrowly escaped the loss of his life and dignity."

In 1530 the office of Lord Lyon was bestowed by James V. upon Sir David Lindesay of the Mount, the celebrated poet, moralist, and reformer, whom, four years after, he sent as an ambassador to Germany, and in 1548 in a similar capacity to Denmark. It was an office imposed upon the Lord Lyon to receive foreign ambassadors, and Lindesay did this honour to Sir Ralf Sadler, who came from England in 1539–40; and in 1568 Sir David Lindesay of Rathuleit was solemnly crowned King-of-arms, in presence of the Regent and nobility; and in 1603, as Balfour tells us, "Sir David Lindesay of Mount, Lyone King-of-arms," proclaimed at the Cross the accession of James VI. to the English throne.

On the 15th of June, 1630, Sir Jerome Lyndsay of Annatland resigned the office in favour of Sir James Balfour of Denmylne, who was crowned as Lyon King by George Earl of Kinnoul, Chancellor of Scotland, acting as royal commissioner, and in 1633 he was created a baronet. Balfour, an eminent antiquary and annalist, was well versed in heraldry, to perfect the study of which, before his appointment, he proceeded to London and became acquainted with Sir Robert Cotton, and Sir William Segar the Garter King, who obtained for him from the heralds' college a highly honourable testimonial, signed and sealed by all the members of that corporation. When the Civil War broke out, though a staunch Presbyterian, Sir James remained loyal to the king, for whose Scots Guards he designed colours in 1649; but was deprived of his office by Cromwell, after which he retired to Fifeshire, and collected many manuscripts on the science of heraldry and connected with Scottish history, prior to his death in 1657, and these are now preserved in the Advocates' Library. A fine portrait of him is prefixed to his "Annales," published at Edinburgh in 1824.

The installation of a Lyon King is given fully in an account of "The order observed at the coronation of Sir Alexander Erskine of Cambo, Baronet, Lord Lyon King-of-arms, at the royal palace of Holyrood House, on the 27th day of July, 1681, his Royal Highness James Duke of Albany and York being his Majesty's High Commissioner."

In the ceremony of installation the Lord Lyon is duly crowned; and Sir Alexander was the last who was thus crowned. His father, Sir Charles Erskine of Cambo, had previously been Lyon King, of which office he obtained a "ratification," by Parliament in 1672, with remainder to his son.

In 1703 the chief Scottish work on heraldry was published by Alexander Nisbet of that ilk, to whom the Scottish Parliament gave a grant of £248 6s. 8d. to assist him in bringing it forth.

It is related in MacCormick's "Life of Principal Carstairs," that when the latter was a prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh in 1685, an engaging boy about twelve years of age, son of Erskine of Cambo, then constable of the fortress, used to come almost daily to the open grating of his dungeon, and was wont to sit there for hours, "lamenting his unhappy situation, and endeavouring by a thousand innocent and childish means to divert him. Sometimes the boy brought him packages of fruit and provisions (more delicate than the coarse fare of the prison), and, what were of more importance, pens, ink, and paper, and when the prisoner wrote letters carried them to the post."

Years elapsed ere the unfortunate Carstairs could testify his gratitude; but when the Revolution came and the hand of misfortune fell heavily on the Cavalier Erskines of Cambo, the Principal, then high in favour with William III., remembered his little friend of the bitter past in the Castle of Edinburgh; and one of the first favours he asked the new king was to bestow the office of Lord Lyon upon the young heir of Cambo. The request was granted, with the additional favour that it was made hereditary in the family; but it was soon after forfeited by their joining the Earl of Mar in 1715.

"The office of Lord Lyon has of late," says Arnot, "been held as a sinecure. . . . . The business, therefore, is entirely committed to deputies, who manage it in such a manner that, in a country where pedigree is the best ascertained of any in the world, the national record of armorial bearings, and memoirs concerning the respective families inserted along with them, are far from being the pure repository of truth. Indeed, there have of late been instances of genealogies inrolled in the books of the Lyon Court, and coats of arms with supporters and other marks of distinction being bestowed in such a manner as to throw ridicule upon the whole science of heraldry."

For a time the office was held by John Hooke Campbell, Esq., with a salary of £300 yearly. Robert ninth Earl of Kinnoul, and Thomas tenth Earl, held it as a sinecure in succession, with a salary of £555 yearly; for each herald £25 yearly, and for each pursuivant £16 13s. 4d. yearly were paid; and on the death of the last-named earl, in 1866, the office of Lord Lyon was reduced to a mere Lyon King, while the heralds and pursuivants were respectively reduced to four each in number, who, clad in tabards, proclaim by sound of trumpet and under a guard of honour, at the market cross, as of old, war or peace with foreign nations, the proroguing and assembly of Parliament, the election of peers, and so forth.

The new Register House stands partly behind the old one, with an open frontage in West Register Street, towards Princes Street. It was built between 1857 and 1860, at a cost of £27,000, from designs by Robert Matheson. It is in a species of Palladian style, with Greek details. It serves chiefly as the General Registry Office for births, deaths, and marriages, with the statistical and index departments allotted thereto. A supplemental building in connection with both houses was built in 1871, from designs by the same architect. It is a circular edifice, fifty-five feet in diameter, and sixty in height, relieved by eight massive piers and a dado course, surmounted by a glazed dome, that rises within a cornice and balustrade. It serves for the reception of record volumes in continuation of those in the old Register House.

In the new buildings are various departments connected with the law courts—such as the Great Seal Office, the Keeper of the Seal being the Earl of Selkirk; and the office of the Privy Seal, the keeper of which is the Marquis of Lothian.

The latter was first established by James I., upon his return to Scotland in 1423. In ancient times, in the attestation of writings, seals were commonly affixed in lieu of signatures, and this took place with documents concerning debt as well as with writs of more importance. In writs granted by the king, the affixing of his seal alone gave them sufficient authority without a signature. This seal was kept by the Lord High Chancellor; but as public business increased, a keeper of the Privy or King's Seal was created by James I., who wished to model the officials of his court after what he had seen in England; and the first Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, in 1424, was Walter Footte, Provost of Bothwell. The affixing of this seal to any document became preparatory to obtaining the great seal to it. It was, however, in some cases, a sufficient sanction of itself to several writs which were not to pass the great seal; and it came at length to be an established rule, which holds good to this day, that the rights of such things as might be conveyed among private persons by assignations were to pass as grants from the king under his privy seal alone; but those of lands and heritages, which among subjects are transmitted by dispositions, were to pass by grants from the king under the great seal. "Accordingly, the writs in use to pass under the privy seal alone were gifts of offices, pensions, presentation to benefices, gifts of escheat, ward, marriage and relief, *ultimus hæres*, and such like; but as most of the writs which were to pass under the great seal were first to pass the privy seal, that afforded great opportunity to examine the king's writs, and to prevent His Majesty or his subjects from being hurt by deception or fraud."

In the new Register House are also the Chancery Office, and the Record of Entails, for which an Act was first passed by the Parliament of Scotland in 1685, the bill chamber and extractor's chamber, the accountant in bankruptcy, and the tiend office, &c.

In front of the flights of steps which lead to the entrance of the original Register House stands the bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, executed by Sir John Steell, R.S.A., a native sculptor. The bust taken for this figure so pleased the old duke that he ordered two to be executed for him, one for Apsley House, and the other for Eton. It was erected in 1852, amid considerable ceremony, when there were present at the unveiling a vast number of pensioners drawn up in the street, many minus legs and arms, while a crowd of retired officers, all wearing the newly-given war-medal, occupied the steps of the Register House, and were cheered by their old comrades to the echo. Many met on that day who had not seen each other since the peace that followed Waterloo; and when the bands struck up such airs as "The garb of old Gaul," and "The British Grenadiers," many a withered face was seen to brighten, and many an eye grew moist; staffs and crutches were brandished, and the cheering broke forth again and again.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE, REGISTER HOUSE.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE SOUTH BRIDGE.

Marlin's Wynd—Legend of the Pavior—Peebles Wynd—The Bridge Founded—Price of Sites—Laing's Book Shop—The Assay Office and Goldsmith's Hall—Mode of Marking the Plate—The Corporation, and old Acts concerning it—Hunter's Square—Merchant Company's Hall—The Company's Charter—"The Stock of Broom"—Their Monopoly and Progress—The Great Schools of the Merchant Company—The Chamber of Commerce—Adam Square—Adam's Houses—Dr. Andrew Duncan—Leonard Horner and the Watt Institution—Its Progress and Vitality.

No sooner was the North Bridge completed than the utility of building one to the south appeared. So early as 1775 the idea of erecting such a bridge was contemplated, at the cost of £8,600 sterling, to raise which it was proposed to have a port at the southern end at which tolls were to be levied, in consequence of which, according to Kincaid, the idea was abandoned.

No steps were taken in the matter till 1784, when Sir James Hunter Blair was elected Lord Provost, and he caused the site to be examined and a report made to the Council of the manner in which it would be proper to have the design carried out. Some time after this, a publication signed "A Citizen," appeared, addressed to the public, containing proposals for the erection of a bridge across the Cowgate, and establishing a permanent fund for the support of the city poor, and this gave a great impetus to the undertaking. All parties concerned having met, the design was approved of, and an Act of Parliament obtained for carrying it on; and the necessary demolitions were forthwith made. In the course of these were swept away the old Poultry Market, which appears in Edgar's plan in 1765, and two ancient thoroughfares, the Wynds of Marlin and Peebles, with the east side of Niddry's Wynd.

In Queen Mary's time the corn-market was removed from the corner of Marlin's Wynd to the east end of the Grass-market, where it continued to be held till the present century. This wynd led to the poultry-market, and ran south from the back of the Tron church to the Cowgate, and at the time of its demolition contained many book shops and stalls, the favourite lounge of all collectors of rare volumes, and had connected with it a curious legend, recorded by Maitland's History in 1753.

John Marlin, a Frenchman, is said to have been the first who was employed to pave or causeway the High Street, and was so vain of his work that, as a monument to his memory, he requested to be buried under it, and he was accordingly buried at the head of the wynd, which from that time took his name. The tradition was further supplemented by the fact that till the demolition of the wynd, a space in the pavement at that spot was always marked by six flat stones in the form of a grave. "According to more authentic information," says Chambers, "the High Street was first paved in 1532, by John and Bartoulme Foliot, who appear to have had nothing in common with this legendary Marlin, except country. The grave of at least Bartoulme Foliot is distinctly marked by a flat monument in the chapel royal at Holyrood."

The pavior's name is perhaps not quite "legendary" after all, as in the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer we have a sum stated as being paid to "John Merlyoune," in 1542, for building a Register House in the Castle of Edinburgh.

The father of Sir William Stirling, Bart., who was Lord Provost of the city in 1792, and who had the merit of being the architect of his own fortunes, was a fishmonger at the head of the wynd, where his sign, a large clumsy wooden black bull, now preserved as a relic in the Museum of Antiquities, was long a conspicuous object as it projected over the narrow way.

It was at the head of Peebles Wynd, the adjoining thoroughfare, in 1598, that Robert Cathcart, who ten years before had been with Bothwell, when the latter slew Sir William Stewart in Blackfriars Wynd, was slain by the son of the latter, according to Birrel.

During the demolitions for the projected bridge an ancient seal of block-tin was found, of which an engraving is given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1788, which says: "It is supposed to be the arms of Arnot, and is a specimen of the seals used for writings, impressions of which were directed to be given to the sheriffs' clerks of the different counties in Scotland in the time of Queen Mary."

In digging the foundation of the central pier, which was no less than twenty-two feet deep, many coins of the three first English Edwards were found. The old buildings, which were removed to make room for this public work, were, according to Stark, purchased at a trifling cost, their value being fixed by the verdict of juries, while the areas on which they stood were sold by the city for the erection of new buildings on each side of the bridge for £30,000. "It has been remarked," he adds, "that on this occasion the ground sold higher in Edinburgh than perhaps ever was known in any city, even in Rome, during its most flourishing times. Some of the areas sold at the rate of £96,000 per statute acre; others at £109,000 per ditto; and some even so high as £150,000 per acre."

The foundation stone of the bridge was laid on the 1st of August, 1785, by George Lord Haddo, Grand Master Mason of Scotland, attended by the brethren of all the lodges in town, and the magistrates and council in their robes, who walked in procession from the Parliament House, escorted by the soldiers of the City Guard—those grim old warriors, who, says Lord Cockburn, "had muskets and bayonets, but rarely used them."

The bridge was carried on with uncommon despatch, and was open for foot-passengers on the 19th of November, 1786, but only partially, for the author above quoted mentions that when he first went to the old High School, in 1787, he crossed the arches upon planks. In the following year it was open for carriages. It consists of nineteen arches. That over the Cowgate is thirty-one feet high by thirty wide; the others, namely, seven on the south and eleven on the north, are concealed by the buildings erected and forming it into a street. From the plan and section published by the magistrates at the time, it would appear that the descent from Nicolson Street is one foot in twenty-two to the south pier of the Cowgate arch; and from thence on the north, the ascent to the High Street is one foot in twenty-eight. From the latter to the southern end, where the town wall stood, extends South Bridge Street, "in length 1,075 feet by fifty-five wide," says Kincaid, "including the pavement on each side."

The first house built here was that numbered as 1, forming the corner building at the junction with the High Street. It was erected by Mr. James Cooper, a jeweller, who resided in the upper flat, and died in 1818.

Except at the central arch, which spans the narrow and picturesque old Cowgate, and where there are open railings, nothing is seen upon the bridge, but two lines of neat buildings with spacious shops, forming a level, a bustling, and in every respect ordinary street.

The continuation of it, opposite the College, is erected on five then vacant storeys, exposed for sale by the trustees of the bridge in February, 1800, at the upset price of £1,500 each lot, which fetched £9,140.

No. 49 on this bridge is somewhat celebrated as being intimately associated with the name of the late David Laing, librarian of the Signet Library, who, in October, 1878, closed a long, useful, and studious career, and the mere enumeration of whose contributions to Scottish history, antiquities, and literature, would form a long catalogue. In No. 49 he was long in partnership with his father (whose shop had formerly been at the Canongate-head, near St. Mary's Wynd), under the designation of "William and David Laing," in 1826; but long before that period he had become known to the frequenters of the shop as a young man possessing an immense amount of bibliographic information. John Gibson Lockhart gives us a descriptive account of the Laings' establishment, which no doubt was a pleasant lounge for him and other *literati* of the day.

In "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk" he writes thus:—

"As for shops of old books, classics, black-letter, foreign literature, and the like, I never was in a great town which possesses so few of them as this. There is, however, one shop of this sort which might cut a very respectable figure, even in places where attainments are more in request. It is situated, as it ought to be, in the immediate vicinity of the College, and consequently quite out of the way of all fashionable promenades and lounges; but, indeed, for anything that I have seen, it is not frequented much by young gentlemen of the University. The daily visitors of Mr. Laing seem rather to be a few scattered individuals of various classes and professions, among whom, in spite of the prevailing spirit and customs of the place, some love of classical learning is still found to linger—retired clergymen and the like, who make no great noise in the world, and, indeed, are scarcely known to exist by the most part, even by the literary people of Edinburgh. The shop, notwithstanding, is a remarkably neat and comfortable one, and even a lady might lounge in it without having her eye offended or her gown soiled. It consists of two apartments, which are both completely furnished with valuable editions of old authors; and I assure you the antique vellum bindings or oak boards of these ponderous folios are a very refreshing sight to me after visiting the gaudy and brilliant stores of such a shop as I have just described (referring to Messrs. Manners and Miller). Mr. Laing himself is a quiet, sedate looking old gentleman, who, although he has contrived to make very rich in his business, has still the air of being somewhat dissatisfied that so much more attention should be paid by his fellow-citizens to the flimsy novelties of the day than to the solid and substantial articles which his magazine displays. But his son is the chief enthusiast—indeed, he is by far the most genuine specimen of the true old-fashioned bibliopole that I ever saw exhibited in the person of a young man. My friend Wastle (Lockhart) has a prodigious liking for him. Here Wastle commonly spends one or two hours every week he is in Edinburgh, turning over, in the company of his young friend, all the Aldines, Elzevirs, Wynkin de Wordes, and Caxtons, in the collection, nor does he often leave the shop without taking some little specimen of its treasures home with him. David Laing is still a very young man, but Wastle tells me that he possesses a truly remarkable degree of skill and knowledge in almost all departments of bibliography. Since Lunn's death, he says, he does not think there is any of the booksellers in London superior to him in this way. He publishes a catalogue almost every year, and thus carries on a very extensive trade with all parts of the island. I believe he has no rival in the whole country. This old gentleman and his son are distinguished by their classical taste in regard to other things besides books. They give an annual dinner to Wastle, and he carried me with him the other day to one of these anniversaries. I have seldom seen a more luxurious display. David and Wastle entertained us with a variety of stories about George Buchanan, the admirable Crichton, and all the more forgotten heroes of the *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum*."

William Laing was the first Edinburgh bookseller who introduced Continental works to any extent into the country, and he broke up a trade ring which then existed in Holland. David's book lore brought him into frequent intercourse with Sir Walter Scott; and when, in 1823, the Bannatyne Club (on the model of the Roxburghe) started, he was made secretary, and speedily raised its members from thirty-one to one hundred. Over thirty-eight years he worked in the literary interests of the club, and was the intimate friend of Scott, Thomas Thomson, Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, Lords Cockburn, Jeffrey, and others, who belonged to it.

In 1837 he succeeded Professor Macvey Napier as Librarian to the Signet Library; and when the new and noble library of the University was opened he volunteered to arrange it, which he did with all the ardour of a bibliomaniac. He was made LL.D. of his native university in 1864, and is believed to have edited and annotated fully 250 rare works on Scottish history and antiquities. True to its old tradition, No. 49 is still a bookseller's shop, held by the old firm of Ogle and Murray.

In No. 98 of the Bridge Street are the Assay Office and Goldsmith's Hall. The former is open on alternate days, when articles of gold and silver that require to be guaranteed by the stamp of genuineness, are sent in and assayed. The assay master scrapes a small quantity of metal off each article, and submits it to a test in order to ascertain the quality. The duty charged here on each ounce of gold plate is 17s. 6d., and on silver plate 1s. 6d.

One of the earliest incorporated trades of Edinburgh was that of the hammermen, under which were included the goldsmiths, who, in 1586, were formed into a separate company. By the articles of it, apprentices must serve for a term of seven years, and masters are obliged to serve a regular apprenticeship of three years or more to make them more perfect in their trade. They were, moreover, once bound to give the deacon of the craft sufficient proof of their knowledge of metals, and of their skill in the working thereof. By a charter of James VI., all persons not of the corporation are prohibited from exercising the trade of a goldsmith within the liberties of Edinburgh.

King James VII. incorporated the company by a charter, with additional powers for the regulation of its trade. Those were granted, so it runs, "because the art and science of goldsmiths is exercised in the city of Edinburgh, to which our subjects frequently resort, because it is the seat of our supreme Parliament, and of the other supreme courts, and there are few goldsmiths in other cities."

In virtue of the powers conferred upon it, the company, from the date of its formation, tested and stamped all the plate and jewellery made in Scotland. The first stamp adopted was the triple-towered castle, or city arms. "In 1681," says Bremner, in his "Industries of Scotland," "a letter representing the date was stamped on as well as the castle. The letter **A** indicates that the article bearing it was made in the year between the 29th of September, 1681, and the same day in 1682; the other letters of the alphabet, omitting j and w, representing the succeeding twenty-three years. Each piece bore, in addition to the castle and date letter, the assay-master's initials. Seven alphabets of a different type have been exhausted in recording the dates; and the letter of the eighth alphabet, for 1869, is an Egyptian capital **M**. In 1759 the standard mark of a thistle was substituted for the assay-master's initials, and is still continued. In 1784 a 'duty-mark' was added, the form being the head of the sovereign. The silver mace of the city of Edinburgh is dated 1617; the High Church plate, 1643."

The making of spoons and forks was at one time an extensive branch of the silversmith trade in Edinburgh; but the profits were so small that it has now passed almost entirely into the hands of English manufacturers.

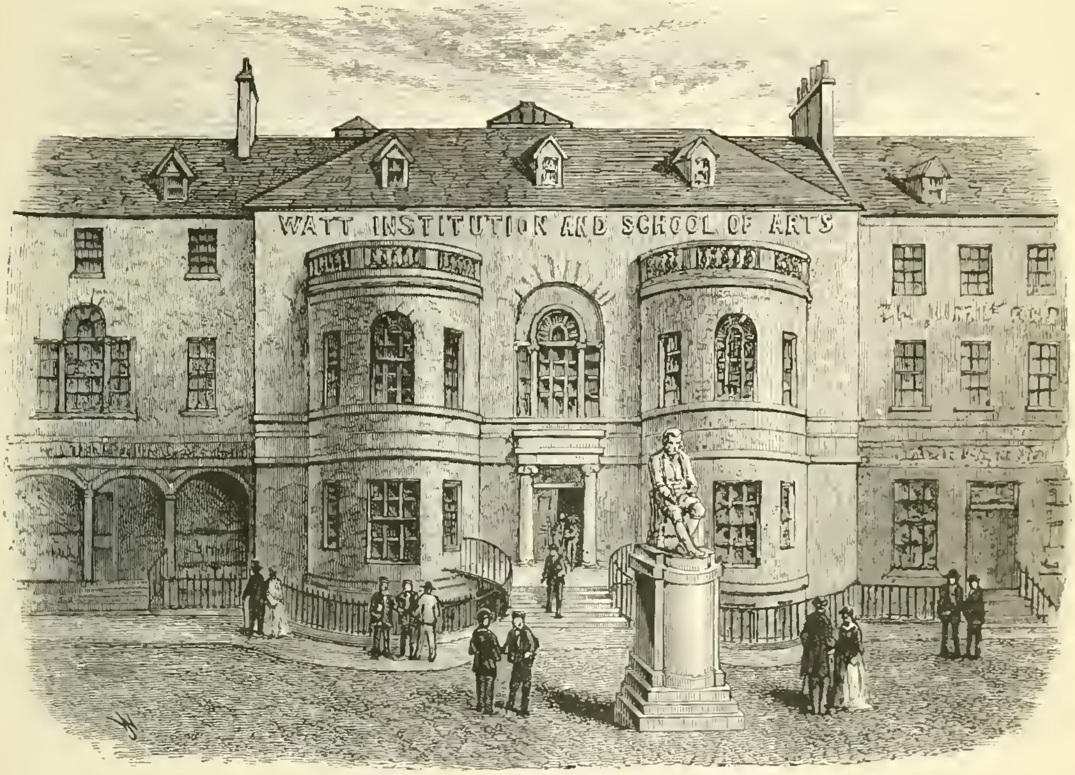
The erection of this bridge led to the formation of Hunter's Square and Blair Street, much about the same time and in immediate conjunction with it. The square and street (where the King's printing-office was placed) were both named from Sir James Hunter Blair, who was Provost of the city when the bridge was commenced, but whose death at Harrogate, in 1789, did not permit him to see the final completion of it.

Number 4 in this small square, the north side of which is entirely formed by the Tron Church, contains the old hall of the Merchant Company of Edinburgh, which was formed in 1681.

But long previous to that year the merchants of the city formed themselves into a corporation, called the guildry, from which, for many ages, the magistrates were exclusively chosen; and, by an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of James III., each of the incorporated trades in Edinburgh was empowered to choose one of their number to vote in the election of those who were to govern the city, and this guildry was the parent of the Merchant Company. "It was amidst some of the most distressing things in our national history—hangings of the poor 'hill folk' in the Grassmarket, trying of the patriot Argyle for taking the test-oath with an explanation, and so forth—that this company came into being. Its nativity was further heralded by sundry other things of a troublous kind affecting merchandise and its practitioners."

The merchants of Edinburgh, according to Arnot, were erected into a body-corporate by royal charter, dated 19th October, 1681, under the name of *The Company of Merchants of the City of Edinburgh.* By this charter they were empowered to choose a Preses, who is called "The Master," with twelve assistants, a treasurer, clerk, and officer. The company were further empowered to purchase land, and to make bye-laws for their good government, &c. But a saving clause was inserted of the rights of the different incorporations of the city.

The money payable to the funds of this Company was, upon admission of a member, ten shillings, his yearly quota two shillings, and by a lad entering apprentice with a member, five shillings; but the funds arising from these payments were chiefly designed for the support of their own poor—decayed members and their widows and children.


WATT INSTITUTION AND SCHOOL OF ARTS

WATT INSTITUTION AND SCHOOL OF ARTS, ADAM SQUARE.

Eighty-two of these merchants, so called, but who were chiefly "concerned in the business of cloth or clothing alone," on the 1st of December, 1681, met the Provost, Sir James Fleming, and the magistrates in the High Council House, to hear read the royal charter which had been granted to them by Charles II., forming them into a society for the promotion of commerce and other useful purposes.

That the whole affair was of humble origin is apparent from the smallness of the sum each was to contribute. As their badge, or symbol, the constituent members adopted a *Stock of Broom,* "a modest shrub," says Chambers, "but with a great tendency to increase. As such they regarded their society and plan of charity, and ever since 'the Stock of Broom' has been the first toast at all the convivial meetings of the company." It was ruled in their constitution that none who had not entered their company should be permitted to trade as a merchant in the city, and they were empowered to pound all goods exposed to sale in contravention of their monopolising bye-laws.

One of the first proceedings of the company was to invite the Episcopal Dean of Edinburgh to compose a prayer to be said at all their meetings. The prayer was prepared in due course, and though the company resolved to reward the dean for it, it was not until August, 1686, that they directed Hugh Blair, one of their number, to furnish him with six ells of fine black cloth for a gown, at twenty shillings sterling the ell, if paid within twelve months; and if not, the price was to be augmented till paid, at the discretion of the company—so small were its beginnings.

On the 9th of January, 1688, they realised £36 13s. Scots, by pounding certain goods which had been exposed in the market contrary to law, oblivious of their prayer against "pride, passion, prejudice, and covetousness," and Hugh Blair was then paid for the dean's gown. This Hugh Blair was the grandson of the eminent Covenanting clergyman Robert Blair, who accompanied the Scottish army into England in 1640, and assisted at the negotiations which led to the Peace of Ripon; and he was the grandfather of his namesake, author of the famous *Sermons* and *Lectures on Belles-Lettres.*

One of the earliest movements of any importance in the history of the company was its acquisition of a hall. Bailie Robert Blackwood, who was master in 1691, found a large mansion in the Cowgate, belonging to Robert Macgill, Viscount Oxenford, the price of which would be about 12,000 merks, or £670 sterling; and this house the company purchased with subscriptions. It was a large quadrangle, surrounding a courtyard, and in a portion of it several persons of rank and position had apartments, including the widow of the terrible old "persecutor," Sir Thomas Dalyell of Binns. It contained one large apartment, that was adopted as a hall, which one of the company, Alexander Brand, a bailie of the city—who had a manufactory for stamping Spanish leather with gold, then used for the decoration of rooms, before paper-hangings were known—liberally offered to decorate, and only to charge what was due over and above his own contribution of £150 Scots. "Ten years afterwards, when accounts came to be settled with the then Sir Alexander Brand, it appeared that a hundred and nineteen skins of gold leather with a black ground had been used, at a total expense of £253 Scots, including the manufacturer's contribution. There was also much concernment about a piece of waste ground behind; but the happy thought occurred of converting it into a bowling-green for the use of the members in the first place, and the public in the second. Many years afterwards we find Allan Ramsay making Horatian allusions to this place of recreation, telling us that now in winter, douce folk were no longer seen using the biassed bowls on Thomson's Green (Thomson being a subsequent tenant). It is not unworthy of notice," continues Dr. Chambers, "that from the low state of the arts in Scotland, the bowls required for this green had to be brought from abroad. It is gravely reported to the company on the 6th of March, 1693, that the bowls are 'upon the sea homeward.' Ten pairs cost £6 4s. 3d. Scots."

Brand got himself into trouble in 1697 for making what were called "donations" to the Privy Council. In 1693, he, together with Sir Thomas Kennedy of Kirkhill, Provost in 1685, and Sir William Binning, Provost in 1676, had contracted with the national Government for a supply of 5,000 stand of arms at a pound each; but when abroad for their purchase, he alleged that the arms could not be got under twenty-six shillings a stand. To obtain payment of the extra sum (£1,500), the two knights bribed the Earls of Linlithgow and Breadalbane by a gift of 250 guineas. Hence, when the affair was discovered, the then contractors, "for the compound fault of contriving bribery and defaming the nobles in question," were cast in heavy fines—Kennedy in £800, Binning in £300, and Brand in £500, "and to be imprisoned till payment was made."

It is long since the company's connection with the Cowgate ceased, and even the house they occupied there has passed away, being removed to make room for a pier of George IV.'s Bridge; and in that quarter no memorial of the company now remains but the name of Merchant Street, applied to a petty line of buildings behind the Cowgate; but the company has still a title to ground rents in that part of the city.

Rich members died, leaving bequests to the company for the relief of decayed brethren; but so wealthy and prosperous was the body, that when a legacy of £3,500 was left to them in 1693 by Patrick Aikinhead, a Scottish merchant of Dantzig, they had not a single member in need of monetary aid; and soon after, the company became engaged in the erection of a hospital for the education of the daughters of the less prosperous members, on the ground now occupied by the Industrial Museum. Though originally designed by Mrs. Mary Erskine, a scion of the House of Mar, the principal expense of the institution fell on the company, and the governors were made a body corporate by an Act of Parliament in 1707.

In 1723, a merchant named George Watson, who, in 1696, had commenced life as a clerk with Sir John Dick, died and left the company £12,000 sterling for children of the other sex, and enabled them to found the hospital which still bears his name.

After the Union, long years followed ere national enterprise or industry found a fair field for action, and produced the results that created the Edinburgh of to-day; and it was not till the reign of George III. that her merchants, like those elsewhere, had ceased in any degree to depend upon prohibitions and the exclusive rights of dealing in merchandise.

In the eighteenth century a considerable aristocratic element was infused into mercantile life in Edinburgh. "To take the leading firms," says Chambers, "among the silk mercers: Of John Hope and Company, the said John Hope was a younger son of Hope of Rankeillour, in Fife. Of Stewart and Lindsay, the former was the son of Charles Stewart of Ballechin, and the latter a younger son of Lindsay of Wormiston. Among the leading drapers: In the firm of Lindsay and Douglas, the former was a younger son of Lindsay of Eaglescairnie, and the latter of Douglas of Garvaldfoot. Of Dundas, Inglis, and Callender, the first was a son of Dundas of Fingarth, in Stirlingshire, the family from which the Earl of Zetland and Baron Amesbury are descended; the second was a younger son of Sir John Inglis of Cramond, and succeeded to that baronetage, which, it may be remarked, took its rise in an Edinburgh merchant of the seventeenth century. Another eminent cloth-dealing firm, Hamilton and Dalrymple, comprehended John Dalrymple, a younger brother of the well-known Lord Hailes and a grandson of the first Lord Stair. He was at one time Master of the Merchant Company. In a fourth firm, Stewart, Wallace, and Stoddart, the leading partner was a son of Stewart of Dunearn."

The Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures is an offshoot of the old Merchant Company in 1786, and consists of a chairman and deputy, with about thirty directors and other officers, and has led the van in patronising and promoting liberal measures in trade and commerce generally.

The schools of the Edinburgh Merchant Company are among the most prominent institutions of the city at this day.

More than twenty years before the erection of the South Bridge, the celebrated Mr. Robert Adam, of Maryburgh in Fifeshire, from whose designs many of the principal edifices in Edinburgh were formed, and who was appointed architect to the king in 1762, built, on that piece of ground whereon the south-west end of the Bridge Street abutted, two very large and handsome houses, each with large bow-windows, which, being well recessed back, and having the College buildings on the south, formed what was called Adam Square. In those days the ground in front of these was an open space, measuring about 250 feet one way by 200 the other, nearly to Robertson's Close in the Cowgate, which was concealed by double rows of trees.

In one of these houses there resided for many years, and died on the 28th July, 1828, Dr. Andrew Duncan, First Physician to His Majesty for Scotland, and an eminent citizen in his day, so much so that his funeral was a public one. "The custom of visiting Arthur's Seat early on the morning of the 1st of May is, or rather was, observed with great enthusiasm by the inhabitants of Edinburgh," says the editor of "Kay's Portraits." "Dr. Duncan was one of the most regular in his devotion to the Queen of May during the long period of fifty years, and to the very last he performed his wonted pilgrimage with all the spirit, if not the agility, of his younger years. On the 1st of May, 1826, two years before his death, although aged eighty-two, he paid his annual visit, and on the summit of the hill read a few lines of an address to Alexander Duke of Gordon, the oldest peer then alive." The Doctor was the originator of the Caledonian Horticultural Society, and the first projector of a lunatic asylum in Edinburgh.

Latterly the houses of Adam were occupied by the Edinburgh Young Men's Christian Association, and the Watt Institution and School of Arts, which was founded by Mr. Leonard Horner, F.R.S., a native, and for many years a citizen, of Edinburgh, the son of Mr. John Horner, of Messrs. Inglis and Horner, merchants, at the Cross. The latter years of his useful life were spent in London, where he died in 1864, but he always visited Edinburgh from time to time, and evinced the deepest interest in its welfare. In 1843 he published the memoirs and correspondence of his younger brother, the gifted Francis Horner (the friend of Lansdowne, Jeffrey, and Brougham), who died at Pisa, yet won a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey.

To an accidental conversation in 1821, in the shop of Mr. Bryson, a watchmaker, the origin of the school has been traced. Mr. Horner asked whether the young men brought to Mr. Bryson's trade received any mathematical education, and the latter replied that, "it was seldom, if ever, the case, and that daily experience showed the want of this instruction; but that the expense and usual hours of teaching mathematical classes put it out of the power of working tradesmen to obtain such education." The suggestion then occurred to Mr. Horner to devise a plan by which such branches of science as would benefit the mechanic might be taught at convenient hours and at an expense within his reach; and the idea was the more favourably entertained because such a scheme was already in full operation at Anderson's Institution in Glasgow, and the foundation of the Edinburgh School of Art in the winter of 1821 was the immediate result.

With Mr. Horner many gentlemen well-known in the city cordially co-operated; among these were Sir David Brewster, Principal of the University, Dr. Brunton, Mr. (afterwards Lord) Murray, Professor Pillans, Mr. Playfair, architect, Mr. Robert Bryson, and Mr. James Mylne, brassfounder.

To enable young tradesmen to become acquainted with the principles of chemistry and mechanics, and such other branches of science as were necessary in their various crafts, an association was formed, and with this general object in view the School of Arts was duly inaugurated on the 16th of October, 1821, by a meeting at which the Lord Provost, afterwards Sir William Arbuthnot, Bart., presided. The two leading classes then established, and which continue to this day to be fundamental subjects of education in the school, were Chemistry and Mechanical or Natural Philosophy. The first meetings of the school were in a humble edifice in Niddry Street, but after a time it was moved to one of the large houses described in Adam Square.

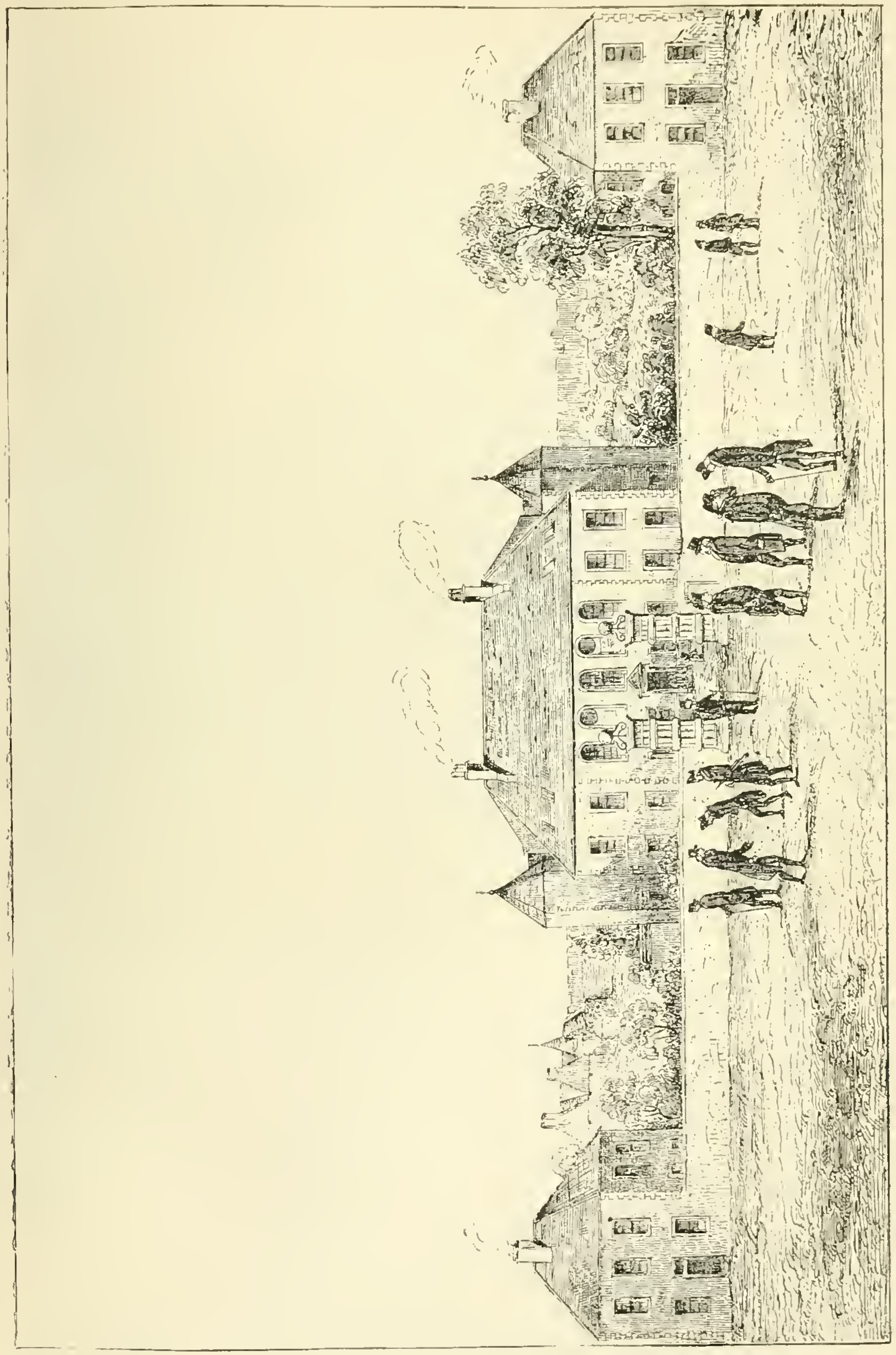
Continued success attended the school from its opening; it had the support of all classes of citizens, particularly those connected with the learned professions; the subscription list showing a sum of £450 yearly, and from this the directors, by thrifty management, were able to put aside money from time to time, as a future building fund.

For the purpose of erecting a memorial in honour of James Watt at Edinburgh, a meeting was held in July, 1824. On the motion of the late Lord Cockburn, seconded by the Solicitor-General Hope, it was resolved that an edifice should be erected with that view, appropriate to the name and character of Watt, and that it should be employed for the accommodation of the School of Arts and to promote the interests of the class from which he sprang.

The directors had by them £400, which they resolved to add as a subscription for this memorial, to the end that their school should have a permanent building of its own; but it was not till 1851 that arrangements were completed, by which, instead of erecting a new house, the old one in Adam Square, which had been occupied by the school for nearly thirty years, was purchased, when the accumulated fund amounted to £1,700, and the directors adding £800, obtained the house for £2,500, after which it took the name of *The Watt Institution and School of Arts.*

In May, 1854, the directors placed a statue of James Watt, on a granite pedestal, in the little square before the school, where both remained till 1871, when the building in Adam Square, which had become too small for the requirements of the institution, was pulled down, with those which adjoined it, to make way for the broad and spacious

SURGEON SQUARE. (*From a Drawing by Shepherd, published in 1829.*)



OLD SURGEON'S HALL, FROM THE NORTH, THE FLODDEN WALL IN THE BACKGROUND.

(From a Drawing by Paul Sandby; the Figures are from Kay's "Portraits.")

thoroughfare named Chambers Street, to which the school was transferred in the winter of 1873–4.

The new edifice cost £3,000, but the accommodation is more suitable and ample than that of the old. Though for many years the directors adhered to their original plan of confining the subjects of instruction to Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, and Mathematics, in later years, at the request of a number of students, the range of education was greatly enlarged. Hence, classes for English Language and Literature were instituted in 1837; for History and Economic Science in 1877; for Physiology in 1863; for French in 1843; German in 1866; Latin in 1874; Botany in 1870; Pitman's Short-hand in 1873; Greek in 1875; Geology in 1872; Biology, Free-hand Drawing, and the Theory of Music, in 1877. In April, 1879, the institution was handed over to the Heriot Trust, as a People's College, at a meeting presided over by the Hon. Lord Shand, a patron of the school.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE PLEASANCE AND ST. LEONARDS.

The Convent of St. Mary—Friends' Burial Place—Old Chirurgeons' Hall—Surgeon Square—"Hamilton's Folly"—The Gibbet—Chapel and Hospital of St. Leonard—Davie Deans' Cottage—"The Innocent Railway"—First Public Dispensary.

AT a period subsequent to the panic after Flodden there was built across the junction of St. Mary's Wynd with the Pleasance, parallel with the south back of the Canongate, an arched barrier named St. Mary's Port. South of this, sixty yards from the south-east angle of the city wall and near the foot of the present Roxburgh Street, stood the convent of St. Mary, which must have been a branch of the Franciscan House of "S. Maria di Campagni," so much patronised by Pope Urban II., in the Parmese city of Placentia—as the latter name was given to the foundation in Edinburgh, long since corrupted into *Pleasance*, though the place was of old called Dearenough. It is unknown by whom or when it was founded, and nothing of it now remains save a fine piece of alabaster carving, representing our Saviour brought before the Jewish high-priest, which was discovered among its ruins, and presented to the Antiquarian Museum in 1781.

The name of Pleasance is borne by the narrow, quaint, and straggling street southward till it joins the other ancient suburb of St. Leonard, of which it seems to have formed a portion, as proved by a charter of Charles I. confirming the magistrates in the superiority of "the town of St. Leonard." In it are many houses, or the basements thereof, that date from the early part of the sixteenth century. St. John's Hill and this now absorbed village occupy the long ridge that overlooks the valley at the base of the Craigs, and the whole of which seems to have been the ecclesiastical property in earlier ages of several foundations, all of which were subject to the Abbots of Holyrood.

On the east side of the street is still a great quadrangular edifice, called Bell's Brewery (long famous for its ale), which is shown as such in Edgar's Map in 1765, and was nearly consumed by fire in 1794; and near it is still the Friends' meeting-house and burial-ground, in which are interred the Millars of Craigantinie, the Hereditary Master Gardeners to the king. This sect, whose members underwent much persecution in the early part of the eighteenth century, and were often arrested by the town guard for preaching in the streets, and thrust into the Tolbooth, had their first place of worship in Peebles Wynd, where it was built in 1730. "Though it was roofed," says the *Courant* for September, "there is as yet no window in it; but some merrily observe these people have light within."

On the west side of the Pleasance, and immediately within the south-east angle of the city wall referred to, stood the old Chirurgeons' Hall, in the High School yards. The surgeons and barbers were formed into a corporation by the town-council on the 1st of July, 1505; under the seal of cause, or charter, certain rules were prescribed for the good order of this fraternity. On the 13th of October in the following year James V. ratified this charter; and Queen Mary, says Arnot, "in consideration of the great attendance required of surgeons upon their patients, granted them an exemption from serving upon juries, and from watching and warding within the city of Edinburgh, privileges which were afterwards confirmed by Parliament."

On the 25th of February, 1657, the surgeons and apothecaries were, at their request, united into one community. This was ratified by Parliament, and from that time the corporation ceased entirely to act as barbers. In consequence, the council, on the 26th July, 1682, recommended the new corporation to supply the city with a sufficient number of persons qualified "to shave and cut hair," and who should continue to be upon it; but in 1722 it ceased to have all connection with the barbers, save that the latter were obliged to enter all their apprentices in a register kept by the surgeons. By a charter of George III., dated 14th March, 1778, the corporation was erected into "The Royal College of Surgeons of the City of Edinburgh," a document which established a scheme of provision for the widows and children of members.

In the old edifice overlooking the Pleasance the College held all its meetings till the erection of the new hall, to be referred to in its place; but the name of the first establishment still survives in the adjacent Surgeon Square. In it was a theatre for dissection, a museum, in which a mummy was long the chief curiosity, and the hall was hung with portraits of surgeons who had grown to eminence after it was built.

DAVIE DEANS' COTTAGE.

(From a Vignette by Lizars, published in the First Edition of Robert Chambers's "Traditions of Edinburgh," 1825.)

William Smellie, F.R.S. and F.A.S., an eminent printer, and well known as the author of the "Philosophy of Natural History" and the translator of Buffon, was born in one of the quaint old houses of the Pleasance in 1740.

A quaint three-storeyed edifice, having a large archway, peaked gables, and dormer windows, bearing the date of 1709, stood on the south side of the Pleasance, and was long known as "Hamilton's Folly," from the name of the proprietor, who was deemed unwise in those days to build a house so far from the city, and on the way that led to the gibbet on which the bodies of criminals were hung. But the latter would seem to have been in use till a much later period, as in the *Courant* for December, 1761, there are advertised for sale four tenements, "lying at the head of the Pleasance, on the east side of the road leading to the gibbet." Here still stands a goodly house of three storeys, which was built about 1724 by a wealthy tailor, and which in consequence has been denominated "the Castle of Clouts," in the spirit of that talent which the Scots have of conferring absurd *sobriquets.*

By the wayside to Duddingstone, south of the Pleasance, a rising piece of ground or slight eminence is called Mount Hooly, a corruption of Mount Holy, which marks the site of the chapel of St. Leonard and of a hospital dedicated to the same saint. As is the case with most of the ecclesiastical edifices in Edinburgh, nothing is known as to when or by whom either the chapel or hospital was built, and not a vestige remains of either now.

The chapel, ere it became a ruin, was the scene of a remarkably traitorous tryst, held by the Douglas faction on the 2nd of February, 1528, having nothing less in view than the assassination of their sovereign, James V., "the Commons King," who was the idol of his people. They were to enter the palace of Holyrood by a window near the head of the king's bed in the night, and under the guidance of Sir James Hamilton, one the monarch loved and trusted much; but the dastardly plot was discovered in time, and by the energetic measures taken to crush the devisers of it, peace and good government were secured to Edinburgh for a period.

At St. Leonard's Loan, which bounded the property of the abbots of Holyrood on the south, separating it on the side from the western flank of the vast Burghmuir, there stood in ancient times a memorial known as Umphraville's Cross, erected in memory of some man of rank who perished there in a conflict of which not a memory remains. The cross itself had doubtless been demolished as a relic of idolatry at the Reformation; but in 1810, its base, a mass of dark whinstone, with a square hole in its centre, wherein the shaft had been fixed, was still remaining on the ancient site, till it was broken up for road metal!

In his "Diary," Birrel records that on the 2nd April, 1600, "being the Sabbath-day, Robert Achmuty, barber, slew James Wauchope at the combat in St. Leonard's Hill, and upon the 23rd the said Robert was put in ward in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. In the meantime of his being in ward, he hung ane cloak without the window of the Iron House, and another within the window there, and saying that he was sick, and might not see the light, he had acquafortis continually seething at the iron window, while (till) at last the iron was eaten through." Then, one morning, he desired his apprentice-boy to watch when the town guard should be dismissed, and to give him a sign thereof by waving his handkerchief. This was done, and tying "ane tow," or rope, to the window, he was about to lower himself into the street; but the guard "spied the wave of the handcurch, and sae the said Robert was disappointit of his intention and device." On the 10th of April he was conveyed down to the Market Cross, and there beheaded on the scaffold, by the Maiden probably.

In 1650, when Cromwell's army was repulsed by the Scottish under Leslie, he made an attempt to turn the flank of the latter at this point. "Encircling Arthur's Seat, a strong column of infantry, a brigade of cavalry, and two pieces of cannon attempted to enter the city by the southern road that led from the Pleasance. On this Campbell of Lawers brought his regiment of musketeers at double-quick march up the glen by the base of Salisbury Craigs to the ruins of St. Leonard's chapel, and taking an alignment behind the hedges and walls of the King's Park, poured from thence a deadly fire, which drove back the infantry in disorder. They threw aside their muskets, pikes, and collars of bandoliers, and fled, abandoning their cannon, which were brought off by the horse brigade."

St. Leonard's Hill corresponds somewhat in position, but not in contour, with the locality of Davie Deans' story in Sir Walter Scott's "Heart of Midlothian," and an ancient cottage is actually indicated as being his in the Post-office maps. Eastward of this, the ridge of the hill bears the name of Kaim Head, indicating that of old a camp had been there.

St. Leonard's coal depôt and railway station have destroyed all the old and picturesque amenities of the locality. The station was erected here on the formation of a railway from Edinburgh to Dalkeith in 1826, but the traffic did not begin until 1831. It is still in existence, but has undergone great changes.

To see the train start by successive carriages for Dalkeith was then one of "the sights" of Edinburgh. "Towards the close of its 'horsy' days," says Bremner (in his "Industries of Scotland"), "when railways worked by locomotives became common, this railway, with its lumbering carriages, slow-paced steeds, and noisy officials, was laughed at as an old-fashioned thing; but many persons have pleasant recollections of holiday trips made over the line. Then, as now, people took advantage of the fast days to spend a few hours outside the city, and it was no uncommon thing for the Dalkeith railway to bear away four or five thousand pleasure-seekers on such occasions." No accident ever having occurred on this line, it bears the name of the "Innocent Railway," under which title it appears in one of Robert Chambers's pleasant essays.

St. Leonard's Hill and all its locality are inseparably connected with the boyhood of the celebrated philosopher and phrenologist, George Combe, who spent the summer months of his earlier years with his aunt, Mrs. Margaret Sinclair, whose husband was proprietor of a brewery, a garden, and other ground there.

At the junction of the Pleasance with St. Leonards, an old street, known as the East Cross Causeway branches north-westward. Here was to be found the latest example of the legendary doorhead so peculiar to Edinburgh:—"1701 GOD'S PROVIDENCE." It was over the door of a house in which Lady Jane Douglas, wife of Sir John Stewart, of Grandtully, is said to have resided during some of the years of her long-contested peerage case with the Duke of Hamilton; and where she—the sister of the last duke of the grand old Douglas line—was in circumstances so reduced that she was compelled to work at the wash-tub while rocking with her foot the cradle wherein lay her son, who became Lord Douglas of Douglas in 1790.

In this quarter of the city there was founded in West Richmond Street, in 1776, the first public dispensary in Edinburgh, chiefly through the exertions of Andrew Duncan, M.D., whose portrait, painted by Raeburn, now hangs in the hall. The good doctor lived long enough to see his generous labours crowned with complete success.

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